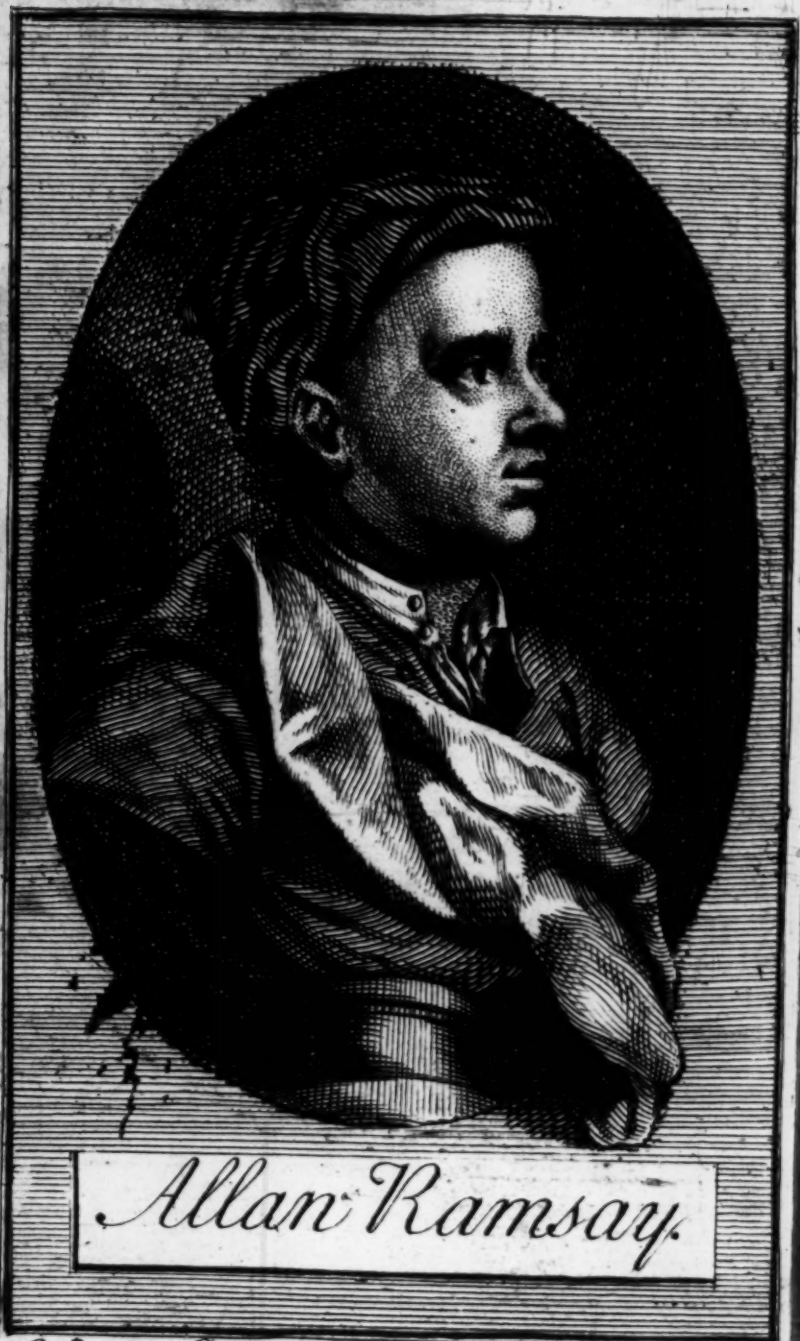


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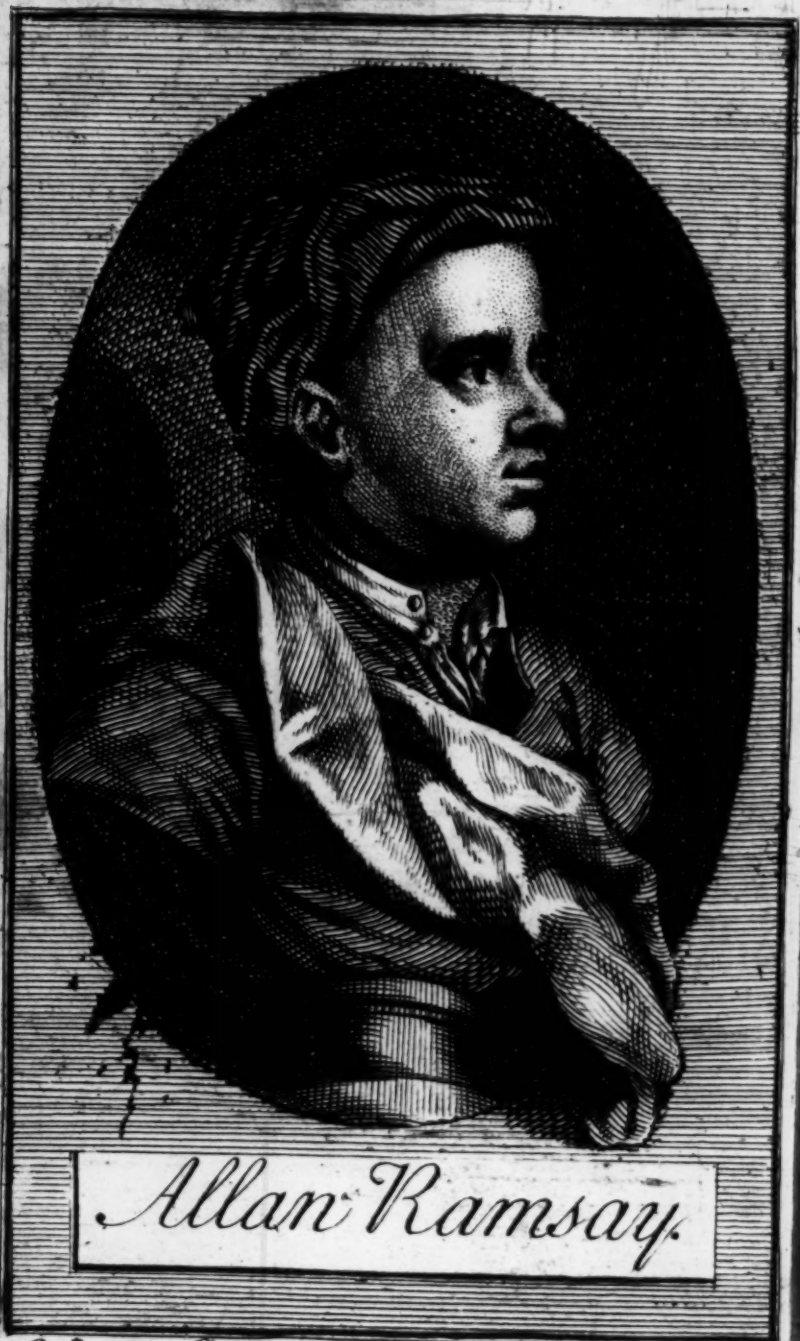


Allan Ramsay.

A. Ramsay Junr. del.

R. Cooper. sculp.

M



Allan Ramsay.

A. Ramsay Junr. del.

R. Cooper. sculp.



# POEMS

B Y

ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

*Let them censure, what care I?  
The Herd of Criticks I defy.  
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,  
Govern the Numbers of my Song:  
All that they approve is sweet,  
And all is Sense that they repeat.*

PRIOR from ANACREON.

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The Fourth Edition.

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EDINBURGH,

Printed by Mr. THOMAS RUDDIMAN, for and sold by  
the AUTHOR at *Hawthornden's* and *Ben Johnson's* Heads,  
East end of the *Lichenbooths*, by Mr. *Longman* at the Ship  
in *Pater-noster-row*, London, and by *Martin Bryson* in  
*Newcastle*.

M. DCC. XXVII.



B



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sp



*To the most Beautiful*  
 T H E  
 BRITISH LADIES.

*Fair Patronesses,*

**F**OR your innocent Diversion,  
 and to invite those engaging  
 Smiles which heighten your o-  
 ther Beauties, the most part of  
 my Poems were wrote, having had the  
 Pleasure to be sometimes approved of by  
 you, which was the Mark I chiefly aim'd  
 at. Allow me then to lay the following  
 Collection at your Feet; accept of it as  
 a grateful Return of every Thought hap-  
 pily express'd by me, they being less ow-  
 ing to my natural Genius, than to the In-  
 spiration of your Charms.

iv    *The DEDICATION.*

I shall hope to be excused, when I drop the common Form, and enter not into a Detail of your Qualities, altho' the fairest Field for Panegyrick; but too extensive for a Dedication, and many of them the Subjects which embelish the whole Book.

With Difficulty I curb my self, and decline so delightful a Theme: The ravishing Images croud upon me; but I'll reserve them for Numbers. Prose is too low, and looks affected, when dress'd in the Ornaments of Panegyrick.

*Dear Ladies*, pardon my Faults, honour me with your indulgent Protection, and allow me ever to be,

*May it please your Ladyships,*

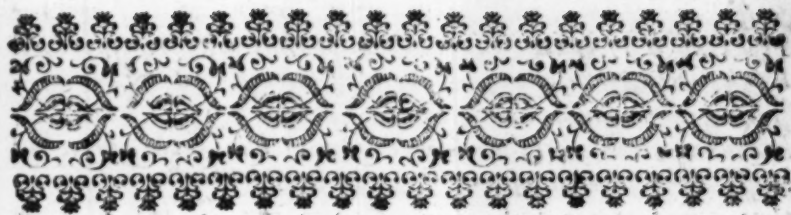
*Your most humble,*

*Most obedient,*

*And most faithful*

*Servant,*

**ALLAN RAMSAY.**



# THE PREFACE.

**T**IS none of the least of my Diversions to see one Part of the World laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own Opinions and Abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any Man whose Temper is the Reverse of mine, and enters not into the Taste of the same Pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disobliged at another's different Way of Thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a Nose not of a Shape with his. Every Man is born with a particular Bent which will discover itself in Spite of all Opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged my self in the Pursuit, tho' many Difficulties lay in my Way.

Whether Poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous Study in the World, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent Character that belongs to the Epick Master, whose Fire and Elegance is equally blended. — But Anacreon, Horace, and Waller were Poets, and had Souls warmed with true poetick Flame, altho' their Patience fell short of those who could



could bestow a Number of Years on the finishing one Heroick Poem, and justly claim the Preeminence.

If I know any Faults in my own Productions, I am not Fool enough to blaze them: Perhaps they may be overlook'd by the Indulgence of my best Friends for whom I write. —

'Tis not to be doubted that I have Enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four Satyrs; but such wretched Stuff, that several of my Friends would alledge upon me, that I had wrote and published them my self (none of the worst Politicks I own) to make the World believe I had no Foes but Fools. Such Pedants as confine Learning to the critical understanding of the dead Languages, while they are ignorant of the Beauties of their Mother-Tongue, do not view me with a friendly Eye: But I'm even with them, when I tell them to their Faces, without blushing, That I understand Horace but faintly in the Original, and yet can feast on his beautiful Thoughts dress'd in British; — and do not see any great Occasion for every Man's being made capable to translate the Classics, when they are so elegantly done to his Hand. Nor do I value tho' Dr. Bently heard this. And perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the Latin Tongue as little as I.

My chearful Friends will pardon (a very essential Qualification of a Poet) my Vanity, when in Self-Defence I inform the Ignorant, that many of the finest Spirits, and of the highest Quality and Distinction, eminent for Literature, and Knowledge of Mankind, from an Affability which ever accompanies great Minds, tell me, They are pleased with what I have done; and add, That my small Knowledge of the dead or foreign Languages, is nothing to my Disadvantage: Pursue your own natural Manner, say they, and be an Original. One may very easily imagine, that I hear this with Abundance of secret Satisfaction and Joy. The Ladies too are on my Side, they grace my Song with the Sweetness of their Voices, conn over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry Tale.

Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,  
My Foes may envy, but despair.

That

That I have express my Thought in my native Dialect, was not only Inclination, but the Desire of my best and wisest Friends; and most reasonable, since good Imagery, just Similies, and all manner of ingenious Thoughts, in a well laid Design, disposed into Numbers, is Poetry. — Then good Poetry may be in any Language. — But some Nations speak rough, and their Words are confounded with a Multitude of hard Consonants, which make the Numbers unharmonious. Besides, their Language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable Repetition of the same Words. — These are no Defects in our's, the Pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the English, of which we are Masters, by being taught it in our Schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native Words, of eminent Significancy, makes our Tongue by far the completest: For instance, I can say, An empty House, a toom Barrel, a bols Head, and, a hollow Heart. — Many such Examples might be given, but let this one suffice.

I cannot here omit a Paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, to a London Edition of one of my Pastorals, after he has said some Things very handsomely in my Favour, — In Behalf of our Language he expresses himself thus, The following Poem, if I am not mistaken (for I set up for no Critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those Beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the best esteem'd Pastorals.

The *Scotticisms*, which perhaps may offend some over-nice Ear, give new Life and Grace to the Poetry, and become their Place as well as the *Doric* Dialect of *Theocritus*, so much admired by the best Judges. When I mention that Tongue, I bewail my own little Knowledge of it, since I meet with so many Words and Phrases so expressive of the Ideas they are intended to represent. A small Acquaintance with that Language, and our old *English* Poets, will convince any Man, that we spend too much Time in looking abroad for trifling Delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant Entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon *English* Poetry; such as, the Morning Interview,  
Content,

Content, &c. but all their Difference from the others is only in the Orthography of some Words; such as, from for frae, bold for bauld, and some few Names of Things: And in those, tho' the Words be pure English, the Idiom or Phraseology is still Scots.

Throughout the Whole, I have only copied from Nature, and with all Precaution have studied, as far as it came within the Ken of my Observation and Memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, tho' it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little Love-Plots of a Song. — There are towards the End of this Miscellany, five or six Imitations of Horace, which any acquainted with that Author will presently observe. — I have only snatched at his Thought and Method in gro's, and dress'd them up in Scots, without confining my self: So that these are only to be reckoned a following of his Manner.

This is all I think needful in Defence of my Book, and to keep it in Countenance with a Preface.



T O

Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on his *Poetical Works.*

HAIL Northern Bard, thou Fav'rite of the Nine,  
 Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* shine.  
 In every Part of what thou'st done, we find  
 How they, and great *Apollo* too, have join'd  
 To furnish thee with an uncommon Skill,  
 And with Poetick Fire thy Bosom fill.

THY *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught  
 With tuneful Numbers and Majestick Thought :  
 And *Celia*, who her Lovers Suit disdain'd,  
 Is by all-powerful Gold at length obtain'd,

WHEN Winter's hoary Aspect makes the Plains;  
 Unpleasant to the Nymphs and jovial Swains;  
 Sweetly thou dost thy rural Couples call  
 To Pleasures known, within *Edina's* Wall.

WHEN, *Allan*, thou, for Reasons thou know'st best,  
 Doom'd busy *Cowper* to eternal Rest :  
 What Mortal could thine El'gy on him read,  
 And not have sworn he was defunct indeed ?

Yet



Yet that he might not lose accustom'd Dues,  
 You rous'd him from the Grave to open Pews;  
 Such Magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy Muse.

Tn' experienc'd Bawd, in aptest Strains thou'ft made  
 Early instruct her Pupils in their Trade;  
 Lest when their Faces wrinkled are with Age,  
 They should not Cullies, as when young, engage.  
 But on our Sex why art thou so severe,  
 To wish for Pleasure we may pay so dear?  
 Suppose that thou hadst, after chearful Juice,  
 Met with a strolling Harlot wondrous spruce,  
 And been by her prevail'd with to resort  
 Where Claret might be drunk, or, if not, Port;  
 Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,  
 And Freedom took with the enticing Jade;  
 Would'st thou not hope, some Artist might be found  
 To cure, if ought you ail'd, the smarting Wound?

WHEN of the *Caledonian* Garb you sing,  
 (Which from *Tartana's* distant Clime you bring)  
 With how much Force you recommend the Plaid,  
 To ev'ry jolly Swain and lovely Maid?  
 But if, as Fame reports, some of those Wights,  
 Who canton'd are among the rugged Heights,



No Breeks put on; should'st thou not them advise,  
 (Excuse me, *Ramsay*, if I am too nice)  
 To take, as fitting is, some speedy Care,  
 That what should hidden be, appear not bare;  
 Lest Damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance,  
 Their nimble Ogle t'ward the Object glance?  
 If this thou dost, we, who the South possess,  
 May teach our Females how they ought to dress;  
 But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet  
 They should their Legs hide more, if not their Feet,  
 Too much by Help of Whalebone now display'd,  
 Ev'n from the Dutches to the Kitchen-maid;  
 But with more Reason, those who give Distaste,  
 When on their uncouth Limbs our Eyes we cast,

THY other Sonnets in each Stanza shew,  
 What, when of Love you think, thy Muse can do.  
 So movingly thou'st made the am'rous Swain,  
 With on the Moor his Lads to meet again,  
 That I, methinks, find an unusual Pain.  
 Nor hast thou, chearful Bard, express'd less Skill,  
 When the brisk Lads you sang of *Peary's Mill*;  
 Or *Susie*, whom the Lad with yellow Hair  
 Thou'st made, in soft and pleasing Notes, prefer  
 To Nymphs less handsome, constant, gay and fair.

IN lovely Strains kind *Nansy* you address,  
 And make fond *Willie* his coy *Jean* possess :  
 Which done, thou'lt blest the Lad in *Nelly's* Arms,  
 Who long had absent been 'midst dire Alarms.  
 And artfully you've plac'd within the Grove  
*Jamie*, to hear his Mistress own her Love.

A gentle Cure you've found for *Strephon's* Breast,  
 By scornful *Betty* long depriv'd of Rest.  
 And when the blissful Pairs you thus have crown'd,  
 You'd have the Glass go merrily around,  
 To shake off Care, and render Sleep more sound.

Who e'er shall see, or hath already seen,  
 Those bony Lines call'd *Christ's Kirk on the Green*,  
 Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting Praise,  
 Deserv'd as well as Royal *JAMES* the Bays.  
 'Mong other Things, you've painted to the Life,  
 A Sot unactive lying by his Wife,  
 Which oft 'twixt wedded Folks makes woful Strife.

WHEN 'gainst the scribbling Knaves your Pen you drew,  
 How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous Crew !  
 Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,  
 E'er ridicul'd his Knight, or *Ralpho* more;

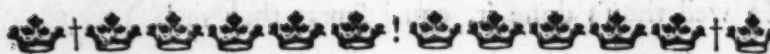
So well thou's done it, equal Smart they feel,  
 As if thou'd pierc'd their Hearts with killing Steel,  
 THEY thus subdu'd, you in pathetick Rhime  
 A Subject undertook that's more sublime;  
 By noble Thoughts, and Words discreetly join'd,  
 Thou'ft taught me how I may Contentment find.  
 And when to *Addie's* Fame you touch'd the Lyre,  
 Thou sang'st like one of the Seraphick Choir.  
 So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural Strains,  
 So sweetly too, you've made the mournful Swains  
 His Death lament, what Mortal can forbear  
 Shedding, like us, upon his Tomb a Tear.

Go on, fam'd Bard, thou Wonder of our Days,  
 And crown thy Head with never-fading Bays;  
 While grateful *Britons* do thy Lines revere,  
 And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.



*To*



To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

**T**Oo blindly partial to my native Song,  
 Fond of the Smoothness of our *English* Tongue,  
 At first thy Numbers did uncouth appear,  
 And shock'd th' affected Niceness of the Ear.  
 Thro' Prejudice's Eye each Page I see;  
 Tho' all were Beauties, none were so to me,  
 Yet sham'd at last, whilst all thy Genius own,  
 To have that Genius hid from me alone;  
 Resolv'd to find for Praise or Censure Cause,  
 Whether to join with all, or all oppose;  
 Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:  
 At length the useful Search requites my Pain;  
 My false Distaste to instant Pleasure turn'd,  
 As much I envy as before I scorn'd:  
 And thus the Error of my Pride to clear,  
 I sign my honest Recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

†  
Y. *To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY on the Publication of his Poems.*

DEAR *Allan*, who that hears your Strains,  
Can grudge that you should wear the Bays,  
When 'tis so long since *Scotia's* Plains  
Could boast of such melodious Lays?  
WHAT tho' the Criticks, snarling Curs!  
Cry out, Your *Pegasus* wants Reins?  
Bid them provide themselves of Spurs:  
Such Riders need not fear their Brains:  
A Muse that's healthy, fair and sound,  
With noble Ardor, fearless hastes  
O'er Hill and Dale; but Carpet-ground  
Was ay for tender-footed Beasts.  
E'EN let the fustian Coxcombs chuse  
Their Carpet-ground; but the green Field  
Was held a Walk for *Virgil's* Muse,  
And *Virgil* was an unco' Chield!  
YOUR Muse, upon her native Stock  
Subsisting, raises thence a Name;  
AM. While they are forc'd to pick the Lock  
Of other Bards, and pilfer Fame.



OF T when I read your joyous Lines,  
 So full of pleasant Jest and Wit,  
 So blyth and gay the Humour shines,  
 It gives me many a merry Fit.

THE N when I hear of *Maggy's* Charms,  
 And *Róger* tholing fair Disdain,  
 The bony Lads my Bosom warms,  
 And meikle I bemoan the Swain.

FOR who can hear the Lad complain,  
 And not participate and feel  
 His artless undissembled Pain,  
 Unless he has a Heart of Steel?

BUT *Paty's* Wiles, and cunning Arts,  
 Appease th' imaginary Grief,  
 Declare him well a Clown of Parts,  
 And bring the wretched Wight Relief.

MORE might be said, but in a Friend  
 Encomiums seem but dull and flat:  
 The Wise approve, but Fools commend,  
 A *Pope's* Authority for that.

ELSE *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,  
 To grudge the Muse's utmost Force,  
 Or spare in such a Cause my Feet,  
 To clinch at least in praise of yours.

JA. ARBUCKLE.

T H E  
*Morning Interview.*  
A N  
HEROI-COMICAL  
P O E M.

---

*By* ALLAN RAMSAY.

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E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for the AUTHOR at the *Mercury* 1724.

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T H E  
*Morning Interview.*

*Such killing Looks, so thick the Arrows fly,  
That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander by:  
Poets approaching to describe the Fight,  
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.*

WALLER 130.



HEN silent Show'rs refresh the pregnant  
Soil,  
And tender Sallats eat with *Tuscan Oyl*,  
Harmonious Sounds now eccho in each  
Grove,

Of bleating Lambs who from their Parents rove;  
While o'er the Plain the anxious Dames do stray,  
Calling their tender Care with hoarser Bac.  
Now cheerful Zephyr from the Western Sky,  
With easy Scud, o'er painted Fields does fly,

To kiss his *FLORA* with a gentle Air,  
Who yields to his Embrace, and looks more fair.

WHEN from Debauch, with sp'rituous Juice oppress'd,  
The Sons of *BACCHUS* stagger home to Rest,  
With tatted Wigs, foul Shoes, and uncock'd Hats,  
And all bedaub'd with Snuff their loose Cravats.  
The Sun began to sip the Morning Dew,  
As *DAMON* from his restless Pillow flew.

HIM late from *CELIA*'s Cheek a Patch did wound,  
A Patch high seated on the blushing Round.  
His painful Thoughts all Night forbid him Rest,  
And he employ'd that Night as one oppress'd;  
Musing Revenge, and how to countermine  
The strongest Force, and ev'ry deep Design  
Of Patches, Fans, of Necklaces and Rings,  
Ev'n Musick's Pow'r, when *CELIA* plays or sings;

FATIGU'd with running Errands all the Day,  
Happy in Want of Thought his Valet lay,  
Recruiting Strength with Sleep.—His Master calls,  
He starts with lock'd up Eyes, and beats the Walls.



A second Thunder rouzes up the Sor,  
 He yawns, and murmurs Curses through his Throat;  
 Stockings awry, and Breeches-knees unlac'd,  
 And Buttons do mistake their Holes for Haste.  
 His Master raves, — Cries, *ROGER* make Dispatch,  
 Time flies apace. He frown'd, and lookt his Watch:  
 Haste, do my Wig, ty't with the careless Knots,  
 And run to *CIVET's*, let him fill my Box:  
 Go to my Landress, see what makes her stay;  
 And call a Coach and Barber in your Way.

THUS Orders juggle Orders in a Throng;  
*ROGER* with laden Mem'ry trots along.  
 His Errands done; with Brushes next he must  
 Renew his Toil amidst perfum'd Dust:  
 He beats and rubs, till scarce one Pile remain,  
 Then six Times more's thrown on the Wig again.  
 The yielding Comb he leads with artful Care  
 Through crook'd Meanders of the flaxen Hair:  
 Ever all's perform'd he's almost chok'd to Death,  
 The Air is thicken'd, and he pants for Breath.  
 So does the Traveller, through *Libya's* Plain,  
 A Conflict with the driving Sands sustain.

Two Hours are past, and *DAMON* is equipt;  
 Pensive he stalks, and meditates the Fight:  
 Arm'd *Cap-a-pee*, in Drefs a killing Beau,  
 Thrice view'd his Glas, and then resolv'd to go,  
 Flusht full of Hope to overcome his Foe.  
 His early Pray'rs were all to *Paphos* sent,  
 That *JOVE*'s Sea-daughter would give her Consent,  
 Cry'd, *Send thy little Son unto my Aid*;  
 Then took his Hat, tript out, and no more said.

WHAT lofty Thoughts do sometimes push a Man  
 Beyond the Verge of his own native Span!  
 Keep low thy Thoughts, frail Clay, nor boast thy Pow'r;  
 Fate will be Fate: And since there's nothing sure,  
 Vex not thy self too much, but catch th' auspicious Hour.

THE tow'ring Lark had thrice his Mattins sung,  
 And thrice were Bells for Divine Service rung.  
 In Plaids muff'd up, Prudes throng the sacred Dome,  
 And leave the spacious Petticoat at Home:  
 While softest Dreams seal'd up fair *CELIA*'s Eyes,  
 She dreams of *DAMON*, and forgets to rise.

A sportive Sylph does lay the subtle Snare;  
 Such know the charming Baits which catch the Fair;  
 She shews him handsome, brawny, rich and young,  
 With Snuff-box, Cane, and Sword-knot finely hung;  
 Well skill'd in Airs of Dangle, Toss, and Rap,  
 Those Graces which do tender Hearts entrap.

WHERE *AULUS* oft makes Law for Justice pass,  
 And *CHARLES*'s Statue stands in lasting Brass,  
 Amidst a Square, which does amaze the Sight,  
 With spacious Fabricks of stupendous Height;  
 Whose sublime Roofs in Clouds advance so high,  
 They seem the Watch-tow'rs of the nether Sky:  
 Where once, alas! where once the Three Estates  
 Of *SCOTLAND*'s Parliament held free Debates:  
 Here *CELIA* dwelt; thither did *DAMON* move,  
 Press'd by his rigid Fate and raging Love.

To her Apartment straight the daring Swain  
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.  
 The Nymph new wak'd, starts from the lazy Down,  
 And wraps her gentle Limbs in Morning Gown:

But

But half awake, she judges it must be  
*FRANKALIA* come to take her Morning Tea;  
 Cries, *Welcome, Cousin.* But she soon began  
 To change her Visage, when she saw a Man:  
 Her unfixt Eyes with various Turnings range,  
 And pale Surprise to modest Red exchange:  
 Doubtful 'twixt Modesty and Love she stands,  
 Then ask'd the bold Impertinent's Demands.  
 Her Strokes are doubled, and the Youth now found  
 His Pains increase, and open ev'ry Wound.  
 Who can describe the Charms of loose Attire!  
 Who can resist the Flames with which they fire!  
 Ah! barbarous Maid! he cries, sure native Charms  
 Are too too much: Why then such Store of Arms?  
 Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy Pains,  
 Caus'd by a Wound from you, and want Revenge;  
 A borrow'd Pow'r was posted on a Charm:  
 A Patch, damn'd Patch! Can Patches work such Harm?

He said; then threw a Bomb lay hid within  
 Love's Mortar-piece, the Dimple of his Chin;  
 It miss'd for once, she lifted up her Head,  
 And blush'd a Smile, that almost struck him dead.

Then

Then cunningly retir'd, and he pursu'd  
 Near to the Toiler, where the War renew'd:  
 Thus the great *FABIUS* often gain'd the Day  
 O'er *HANNIBAL*, by frequent giving Way:  
 So warlike *BRUCE* and *WALLACE* sometime deign'd  
 To seem defeat, yet certain Conquest gain'd.

Thus was he led in Midst of *CELIA*'s Room,  
 Speechless he stood, and waited for his Doom:  
 Words were but vain, he scarce could use his Breath;  
 As round he view'd the Implements of Death.  
 Her dreadful Arms in careless Heaps were laid,  
 In gay Disorder round her tumbled Bed:  
 He often to the soft Retreat wou'd stare,  
 Still wishing he might give the Battle there.  
 Stunn'd with the Thought, his wand'ring looks did stray  
 To where lac'd Shoes and her silk Stockings lay,  
 And Garters which are never seen by Day.  
 His dazzl'd Eyes almost deserted Light;  
 No Man before had ever got the Sight,  
 A Lady's Garters, Earth! their very Name;  
 Tho' yet unseen, set all the Soul on Flame.



The Royal NED knew well their mighty Charms,  
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *English* Arms.  
 Let barb'rous Honours crown the Sword and Lance,  
 Thou next their King does *British* Knights advance,  
 O GARTER! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O who can all these hidden Turns relate,  
 That do attend on a rash Lover's Fate!  
 In deep Distress the Youth turn'd up his Eyes,  
 As if to ask Assistance from the Skies.  
 The PETTICOAT was hanging on a Pin,  
 Which the unlucky Swain star'd up within:  
 His curious Eyes too daringly did rove,  
 Around this oval conick Vault of Love:  
 Himself alone can tell the Pain he found,  
 While his wild Sight survey'd forbidden Ground.  
 He view'd the ten-fold Fence, and gave a Grone,  
 His trembling Limbs bespoke his Courage gone:  
 Stupid and pale he stood, like Statue dumb,  
 The Amber Snuff dropt from his careless Thumb.  
 Be silent here, my Muse, and shun a Plea  
 May rise betwixt old *Bickerstaff* and me;  
 For none may touch a Petticoat but he.

DAMON

*DAMON* thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying Tone,

*Assist ye Powers of Love, else I am gone.*

The ardent Pray'r soon reach'd the *Cyprian* Grove,

Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love.

Fate was propitious too, her Son was by,

Who 'midst his dread Artillery did ly

Of *Flanders* Lace, and Straps of curious Dye,

On *India* Muslin Shades the God did toll,

His Head reclin'd upon a Tinsy Roll.

THE Mother Goddess thus her Son bespoke,

" Thou must, my Boy, assume the Shape of *SHOCK*,

" And leap to *CELIA*'s Lap; whence thou may slip

" Thy Paw up to her Breast, and reach her Lip:

" Strike deep thy Charms, thy pow'rful Art display,

" To make young *DAMON* Conqueror to Day.

" Thou need not blush to change thy Shape, since *JOVE*

" Try'd most of brutal Forms to gain his Love;

" Who that he might his loud *SATURNIA* gull,

" For fair *EUROPA*'s Sake, inform'd a Bull.

SHE spoke.— Not quicker does the Lamp of Day

Jet on the Mountain Tops a gilded Ray,

Swifter than Lightning flees before the Clap,  
 From *Cyprus* Isle he reached *CELIA*'s Lap:  
 Now fawns, now wags his Tail, and licks her Arm;  
 She hugs him to her Breast, nor dreads the Harm.  
 So in *ASCANIUS* Shape, the God unseen  
 Dally'd, and ruin'd the *Carthaginian* Queen.

So now the subtle Pow'r his Time espies,  
 And threw two barbed Darts in *CELIA*'s Eyes:  
 Many were broke before he could succeed;  
 But that of Gold flew whizzing through her Head:  
 These were his last Reserve.--- When others fail,  
 Then the refulgent Metal must prevail.  
 Pleasure produc'd by Money now appears,  
 Coaches and Six run rattling in her Ears.  
 O' Liv'ry Men! Attendant's! Household Plate!  
 Court-posts and Visits! pompous Air and State!  
 How does your Splendor swell the Female's Pride,  
 When o'er their Minds such Gawdry does preside?  
 Success attends, *CUPID* has plaid his Part,  
 And sunk the pow'rful Venom to her Heart.

She cou'd no more, she's catch'd in the Snare,  
Sighing she fainted in her easy Chair.

The sanguine Streams in Blushes no more glow,  
But to support the Heart, all inward flow,  
Leaving the Cheek now cold and white as Snow.

Thus *CELIA* fell, or rather thus did rise;  
Thus *DAMON* made, or else was made a Prize;  
For both were Conquerors, and both did yield;  
First she, now he, is Master of the Field.

Now he resumes fresh Life, abandons Fear,  
Jumps to his Limbs, and does more gay appear.  
Not gaming Heir, when his rich Parent dies,  
Not Zealot reading *Hackney's* Party-lies,  
Not soft Fifteen on her Feet-washing Night,  
Not Poet, when his Muse sublimes her Flight,  
Not an old Maid, for some young Beauty's Fall,  
Not the long tending \* *Sibler*, at his Call,  
Not Husbandman, in Drought, when Rain descends,  
Not Miss, when † *Limberham* his Purse extends,  
E'er knew such Raptures as this joyful Swain,  
When yielding, dying *CELIA* calm'd his Pain.

The

---

\* A Probationer, † A kind Keeper.

The rapid Joys now in such Torrents roul,  
That scarce his Organs can retain his Soul.

VICTOR he's gen'rous, courts the Fair's Esteem,  
And takes a Bafon fill'd with limpid Stream:  
Then from his Fingers form'd an artful Rain,  
Which rous'd the dormant Spirits of her Brain,  
And made the purple Channels flow again.  
She lives, he fings; she fmiles, and looks more tame:  
Now Peace and Friendship is the only Theme.

THE Muse owns freely here, she does not know,  
If Words did pafs between the *Belle* and *Beau*,  
Or, if, in Courtship fuch ufe Words or no.  
But fure it is, there was a Parley beat,  
And mutual Love did end the proud Debate.  
Then to complete the Peace and feal the Blifs,  
He, for a Diamond Ring, receiv'd a Kifs  
Of her foft Hand. — Next, the aspiring Youth,  
With eager Transports, prefs'd her glowing Mouth.  
So, by Degrees, the Eagles teach their Young  
To mount on high, and ftare upon the Sun.

A fumptuous Treat does crown the ended War,  
And all rich Requisites are brought from far.

The



The Table boasts its being from *Japan*,  
 Th' ingenious Work of some great Artisan.  
*China*, where Potters coarsest Mould refine,  
 That Light through the transparent Jar does shine;  
 The costly Plates and Dishes are from thence,  
 And *Amazonia* must her Sweets dispence;  
 To her warm Banks our Vessels cut the Main,  
 For the sweet Product of her luscious Cane:  
 Here *Scotia* does no costly Tribute bring,  
 Only some Kettles full of † *Todian* Spring.

WHERE *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,  
 On odorous Plains the Leaves do grow;  
 Chief of the Treat, a Plant the Boast of Fame,  
 Sometimes call'd *Green*, *BOHEA*'s its greater Name.

O happiest of Herbs! Who would not be  
 Pythagoriz'd into the Form of thee,  
 And with high Transports act the Part of *TEA*?  
 Kisses on thee the haughty *Belles* bestow,  
 While in thy Steams their coral Lips do glow;  
 Thy Virtues and thy Flavour they commend;  
 While Men, even *Beaux*, with parched Lips attend.

EPI.

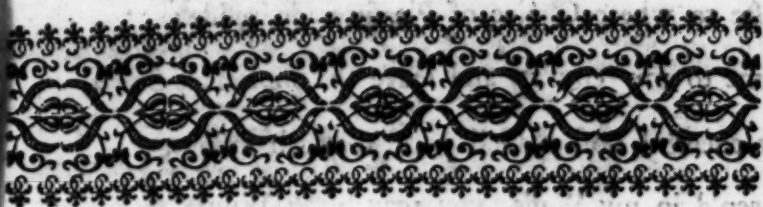
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† *Tod's Well*, which supplies the City with Water.



# EPILOGUE.

**T**HE Curtain's drawn: Now gen'rous Reader say,  
 Have ye not read worse Numbers in a Play?  
 Sure here is Plot, Place, Character and Time,  
 All smoothly wrought in good firm English Rhime.  
 I own, 'tis but a Sample of my Lays,  
 Which asks the Civil Sanction of your Praise.  
 Bestow't with Freedom, let your Praise be ample,  
 And I myself will show you good Example.  
 Keep up your Face, altho dull Criticks squint,  
 And cry, with empty Nod, There's nothing in't:  
 They only mean there's nothing they can use;  
 Because they find most, where there's most Refuse.



# EDINBURGH'S

# ADDRESS

## To the COUNTRY.

**F**ROM me, *EDINA*, to the Brave and Fair,  
 Health, Joy and Love, and Banishment of Care :  
 FORASMUCHAS bare Fields and gurdy Skies  
 Make rural Scenes ungrateful to the Eyes :

When *Hyperborean* Blasts confound the Plain,  
 Driving, by Turns, light Snow and heavy Rain ;  
 Ye Swains and Nymphs, forsake the withered Grove,  
 That no damp Colds may nip the Buds of Love :

Ere Winds and Tempests o'er the Mountains ride,  
 Haste to where Choice of Pleasures do reside;  
 Come to my Tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant Scene,  
 My cheerful Bosom shall your Warmth sustain,  
 Screen'd in my Walls, you may bleak Winter shun,  
 And, for a while, forget the distant Sun:  
 My blazing Fires, bright Lamps, and sparkling Wine,  
 As Summer Sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty Clubs of Minds that move at large,  
 With every Glas can some great Thoughts discharge;  
 When from my Senate and the Toils of Law,  
 T' unbend the Mind from Business you withdraw,  
 With such gay Friends to laugh some Hours away,  
 My Winter Even shall ding the Summer's Day.

One in his Turn, with Strength of Skill defines  
 The universal Use of EUCLID's Lines.

My Schools of Law produce a manly Train  
 Of fluent Orators, who Right maintain,  
 Practis'd t' express themselves a graceful Way,  
 And Eloquence shines forth in all they say.

SOME *Raphael, Ruben, or Vandike* admire,  
 Whose Bosoms glow with such a God-like Fire.  
 Of my own Race I have, who shall ere long  
 Challenge a Place amongst th'ingenious Throng.

OTHERS in smoothest Numbers are profuse,  
 And can in *Mantuan Dactyl's* lead the Muse:  
 And others can with Musick make you gay,  
 With sweetest Sounds, *Correlli's* Art display,  
 While they around in softest Measures sing,  
 Or beat melodious *Solo's* from the String.

WHAT Pleasure can exceed to know what's great,  
 The Hinge of War, and winding Draughts of State?  
 These in my Coffee-Shops, th' aspiring Youth  
 May learn, with Pleasure, from the Sage's Mouth;  
 While they full fraughted Judgments do unload,  
 Relating to Affairs Home and Abroad.  
 The generous Soul is fir'd with noble Flame,  
 To emulate victorious *Eugene's* Fame,  
 Who with fresh Glories decks th' Imperial Throne,  
 Making the haughty *Ottoman* Empire groan.



He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,  
 The *Danes* and *Prussians* shall demit the War;  
 T' observe what mighty Turns of Fate may spring  
 From this new War rais'd by *Iberia's* King.

LONG ere the Morn from Eastern Seas arise,  
 To sweep Night-shades from off the vaulted Skies,  
 Oft Love or Law in Dream your Mind may tost,  
 And push the sluggish Senses to their Post;  
 The *Hautboy's* distant Notes shall then oppose  
 Your phantom Cares, and lull you to Repose.

To visit and take Tea, the well dress'd Fair  
 May pass the Crowd unruffled in her Chair;  
 No Dust or Mire her shining Foot shall stain,  
 Or on the horizontal Hoop give Pain.  
 For *Beaux* and *Belles* no City can compare,  
 Nor shew a *Galaxy* so made, so fair.  
 The Ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the Eyes,  
 When at the Comfort my fair Stars arise.  
 What Poets of fictitious Beauties sing,  
 Shall in bright Order fill the dazling Ring:

From

From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Spouse of *Jove*.  
 They' gain the Prize, judg'd by the God of Love:  
 Their Sun-burnt Features wou'd look dull, and fade,  
 Compar'd with my *sweet White*, and *blushing Red*,  
 The Character of Beauties so Divine,  
 The MUSE for want of Words cannot define,  
 The panting Soul beholds with awful Love,  
 Impres'd on Clay, th' angelick Forms above;  
 Whose glancing Smiles can pow'rfully impart  
 Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the Heart.

THE Strength of all these Charms if ye defy,  
 My Court of Justice shall make you comply.  
 Welcome, my *Session*, thou my Bosom warms,  
 Thrice three Times welcome to thy Mother's Arms.  
 Thy Father, long, rude Man! has left my Bed;  
 Thou'rt now my Guard, and Support of my Trade.  
 My Heart Yearns after thee with strong Desire,  
 Thou dearest Image of thy ancient Sire;  
 Should proud *Augusta* take thee from me too,  
 So great a Loss would make *Edina* bow;  
 I'd sink beneath a Weight I cou'd not bear,  
 And in a Heap of Rubbish disappear.

Vain

VAIN are such Fears; I'll rear my Head in State;  
 My bodding Heart fortells a glorious Fate:  
 New stately Structures on new Streets shall rise,  
 And new-built Churches tow'ring to the Skies.  
 From utmost *Thule* to the *Dover* Rock,  
*Britain's* best Blood in Crowds to me shall flock;  
 A num'rous Fleet shall be my *Fortna's* Pride,  
 While they in her calm Roads at Anchor ride:  
 These from each Coast shall bring what's great and rare,  
 To animate the *Brave*, and please the *Fair*.



Writ-



Written beneath

*The Historical Print of the wonderful  
Preservation of Mr. DAVID BRUCE,  
and others his School-fellows ;*

St. ANDREWS 19. *August*, 1710.

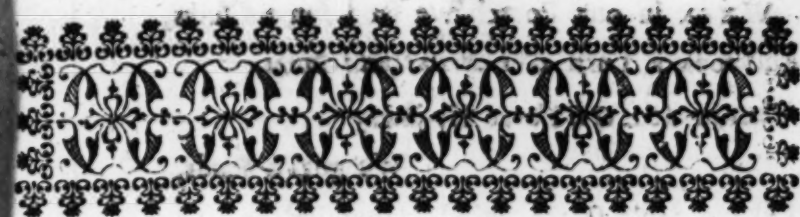
SIX Times the Day with Light and Hope arose,  
As oft the Night her Terrors did oppose.  
While toss'd on roaring Waves, the tender Crew  
Had nought but Death and Horrour in their View;  
Pale Famine, Seas, bleak Cold at equal Strife,  
Conspiring all against their Bloom of Life:  
Whilst like the Lamp's last Flame, their trembling Souls  
Are on the Wing to leave their mortal Goals;  
And Death before them stands with frightful Stare,  
Their Spirits spent, and sunk down to Despair.

BEHOLD

BEHOLD, th' indulgent providential Eye,  
 With watchful Rays descending from on High,  
 Angels come posting down the Divine Beam,  
 To save the Helpless in their last Extreme :  
 Unseen the heavenly Guard about them flock ;  
 Some rule the Winds, some lead them up the Rock,  
 While other two attend the dying Pair,  
 To waft their young white Souls thro' Fields of Air.







ELEGY on MAGGY JOHN-  
STON, *who died Anno 1711.*



ULD REEKY mourn in Sable Hue,  
Let Fount of Tears dreepe like May Dew,  
To braw Tippony bid Adieu,  
Which we with Greed  
Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,  
But ah! she's dead.

To tell the Truth, now MAGGY dang,  
Of Customers she had a Bang;  
For Lairds and Souters a' did gang,  
To drink bedeen;  
The Barn and Yard was aft sae thrang,  
We took the Green;

AND there by Dizens we lay down,  
Synce sweetly ca'd the Healths arown,  
To bonny Lasses black or brown,  
As we loo'd best;  
In Bumpers we dull Cares did drown,  
And took our Rest.

D

WHEN

WHEN in our Pouch we fand some Clinks,  
And took a Turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,  
Aften in *MAGGY's* at Hy-jinks,

We guz'd Scuds,  
Till we cou'd scarce, wi' hale out Drinks,  
Cast aff our Duds.

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,  
O wow! but we were blyth and fain,  
When ony had their Count mistain,

O it was nice  
To hear us a' cry, Pike your Bain,  
And spell ye'r Dice.

Fou clofs we us'd to drink and rant,  
Until we did baith glowre and gaunt,  
And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,  
Right swash I trow,  
Then of auld Stories we did cant  
Whan we were fou.

WHAN we were weary'd at the Gouff,  
Then *MAGGY JOHNSTON's* was our Houff;  
Now a' our Gamesters may fit douff,

Wi' Hearts like Lead ;  
Death wi' his Rung rax'd her a Youff,  
And sae she died.

MAUN

MAUN we be forc'd thy Skill to tine,  
For which we will right fair repine?  
Or hast thou left to Bairns of thine

The pauky Knack  
Of brewing Ale amaisht like Wine,  
That gar'd us crack?

SAE brawly did a Pease-scon Toast  
Biz i'the Queff, and flie the Frost;  
There we gat fou wi' little Cost,  
And muckle Speed:  
Now, wae-worth Death, our Sport's a' lost,  
Since *MAGGR*'s dead.

A Simmer Night I was fae fou,  
Amang the Riggs I geed to spew;  
Syne down on a green Bawlk, I trow,  
I took a Nap,  
And foucht a' Night Balillilow,  
As sound's a Tap.

AND when the Dawn begoud to glow,  
I hirsl'd up my dizzy Pow  
Frae 'mang the Corn, like Wirry-kow,  
Wi' Bains fae fair,  
And ken'd nae mair than if a Ew,  
How I came there.

SOME said it was the Pith of Broom,  
 That she stow'd in her Masking-loom,  
 Which in our Heads rais'd sic a Foom,  
 Or some wild Seed,  
 Which aft the Chaping Stoup did toom,  
 But fill'd our Head.

BUT now since 'tis sae that we must  
 Not in the best Ale put our Trust,  
 But whan we're auld, return to Dust,  
 Without Remead,  
 Why shou'd we tak it in Disgust,  
 That MAGGY's dead.

OF worldly Comforts she was rife,  
 And liv'd a lang and hearty Life,  
 Right free of Care, or Toil, or Strife,  
 Till she was stale,  
 And ken'd to be a kanny Wife  
 At brewing Ale.

THEN farewell MAGGY douce and fell,  
 Of Brewers a' thou boor the Bell;  
 Let a' thy Gossies yelp and yell,  
 And without Feed,  
 Guess whether ye're in Heaven or Hell,  
 They're sure ye're dead.

---

E P I T A P H.  
 O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

ELEGY on JOHN COWPER,  
*Kirk-Treasurer's Man*, Anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,  
JOHN COWPER's dead, Ohon! Ohon!  
To fill his Post alake there's none,  
That with sic Speed,  
Cou'd sa'r Sculdudry out like *John*,  
But now he's dead.

HE was right nacky in his Way,  
And eydent baith be Night and Day,  
He we the Lads his Part cou'd play,  
When right fair flee'd,  
He gart them good Bill-filler pay,  
But now he's dead.

OF Whore-hunting he gat his Ill,  
And made be't mony Pint and Gill;  
Of his braw Post he thought nae Ill,  
Nor did na need:  
Now they may make a Kirk and Mill  
O't, since he's dead.

ALTHOUGH



ALTHOUGH he was nae Man of Weir,  
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking Fear,  
Durst scarce afore his Face appear,  
But hide their Head.

The wylie Carle he gather'd Geer,  
And yet he's dead.

A Y now to some Part far awa,  
Alas! he's gane and left it a',  
May be to some sad Whilliwha  
O' fremit Blood.

'Tis an ill Wind that dis nae blaw,  
Some Body good.

FR upon Death, he was to blame,  
To whirle JOHN to his lang Hame:  
But tho' his Arse be cauld, yet Fame,  
Wi' Tout of Trumpet,  
Shall tell how COWPER's awfou Name  
Cou'd flee a Strumpet.

HE kend the Bawds and Lowns fou weell,  
And where they us'd to rant and reel,  
He pawkily on them cou'd steal,  
And spoil their Sport,  
Aft did they wish the muckle De'll  
Might tak him for't.

BUT

BUT ne'er a ane of them he spar'd, :  
 Even tho' there was a drunken Laird,  
 To draw his Sword and make a Faird  
 In their Defence.

JOHN quietly put them in the Guard  
 To learn mair Sense.

THERE maun they ly till sober grown,  
 The Lad neist Day his Fault maun own;  
 And to keep a' Things hush and lown,  
 He minds the Poor,  
 Syne after a' his Ready's flown,  
 He damns the Whore.

AND she, poor Jade, withoutten Din,  
 Is sent to *Leith*-Wynd Fit to spin,  
 With heavy Heart and Cleathing thin,  
 And hungry Wame,  
 And ilka Month a well paid Skin  
 To mak her tame.

BUT now they may scour up and down,  
 And safely gang their Waks arown,  
 Spreading the Clap throw a' the Town,  
 But Fear or Dread:  
 For that great Kow to Bawd and Lown,

JOHN COWPER's dead.

SHAME saw ye're Chandler Chafts, O Death,  
For stapping of JOHN COWPER's Breath;  
The Loss of him is publick Skaith:

I dare well say,  
To quat the Grip he was right laith  
This mony a Day.

P O S T S C R I P T.

O F Umquhile JOHN to lie or bann,  
Shaws but ill Will, and looks right shan,  
But some tell odd Tales of the Man,  
For Fifty Head  
Can giv'e their Aith they've seen him gawn  
Since he was dead.

KEEK but up through the *Stinking Style*,  
On *Sunday* Morning a wee While,  
At the Kirk Door out frae an Isle,  
It will appear :  
But tak good Tent ye dinna file  
Ye'r Breeks for Fear.

FOR well we wat it is his Ghaist,  
Wow, wad some Fouk that can do't best  
Speak till't and hear what it confest;  
'Tis a good Deed  
To send a wandering Saul to Rest  
Among the Dead.

ELEGY on *Lucky Wood* in the  
Canongate, May 1717.

O Cannigate! poor elritch Hole,  
What Loss, what Crosses does thou thole?  
London and Death gars thee look drole,  
And hing thy Head;  
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld Coal  
To blaw indeed.

HEAR me, ye Hills, and every Glen,  
Ilk Craig, ilk Cleugh, and hollow Den,  
And Echo shril, that a' may ken  
The wacfou Thud,  
Be rackless Death, wha came unsenn  
To Lucky *WOOD*:

SHE's dead o'er true, she's dead and gane,  
Left us and *Willie* Burd alane,  
To bleer and greet, ro sob and mane,  
And rug our Hair;  
Because we'll ne'r see her again  
For evermair.

SHE gae'd as fair as a new Prin,  
And kept her Housie snod and beert;  
Her Peuther glanc'd upo' your Een,  
Like Siller Plate;  
She was a donsie Wife and clean,  
Without Debate.

It did ane good to see her Stools,  
 Her Board, Fire-side, and facing Tools;  
 Rax, Chandlers, Tangs, and Fire-Shools,  
 Basket wi' Bread.  
 Poor Facers now may chew Pea-hools,  
 Since Lucky's dead.

SHE ne'er gae in a Lawin fause,  
 Nor Stoups a Froath aboon the Hauise,  
 Nor kept dow'd Tip within her Waws,  
 But reaming Swats:  
 She never ran sour Jute, because  
 It gee's the Batts.

SHE had the Gate sae well to please,  
 With *gratis* Beef, dry Fish, or Cheese;  
 Which kept our Purfes ay at Ease,  
 And Health in Tift,  
 And lent her fresh Nine Gallon Trees  
 A hearty Lift.

SHE ga'e us aft hail Legs o' Lamb,  
 And did nae hain her Mutton Ham;  
 Than ay at Yule, when e'er we came,  
 A bra' Goole Pye,  
 And was na that good Belly Baum?  
 Nane dare deny.



THE Writer Lads fow well may mind her,  
Furthy was she, her Luck design'd her  
Their common Mither, sure nane kinder

Ever brake Bread;

She has na left her Make behind her,

But now she's dead.

To the sma' Hours we aft sat still,  
Nick'd round our Toasts and Snifhing Mill;  
Good Cakes we wanted ne'er at Will,

The best of Bread,

Which aften cost us mony a Gill

To Aikenhead.

Cou'd our saut Tears like *Clyde* down rin,  
And had we Cheeks like *Corra's* Lin,  
That a' the Warld might hear the Din

Rair frae ilk Head;

She was the Wale of a' her Kin,

But now she's dead,

O Lucky *Wood*, 'tis hard to bear  
The Lofs; but Oh! we maun forbear:  
Yet fall thy Memory be dear

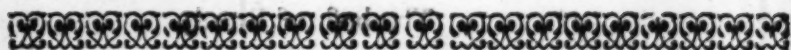
While blooms a Tree,

And after Ages Bairns will speer

'Bout Thee and Me.

## E P I T A P H.

*Beneath this Sod  
Lies Lucky Wood,  
Whom a' Men might put Faith in :  
Who was na sweer,  
While she winn'd here,  
To eramm our Wammes for naithing,*



## Lucky Spence's Last Advice.

**T**HREE Times the Carline grain'd and risted,  
Then frae the Cod her Pow she listid,  
Is Bawdy Policy well giftid,  
When she now saun,  
That Death na langer wad be shiftest,  
She thus began.

**M**Y loving Lasses, I mann leave ye,  
But dinna wi' ye'r Greeting grieve me,  
Nor wi' your Draunts and Droning deave me,  
But bring's a Gill;  
For Faith, my Bairns, ye may believe me,  
'Tis 'gainst my Will,

O black Ey'd Bess and mim Mou'd Meg,  
O'er good to work or yet to beg;  
Lay Sunkots up for a fair Leg,

For whan ye fail,  
Ye'r Face will not be worth a Feg,  
Nor yet ye'r Tail.

WHAN e'er ye meet a Fool that's fow,  
That ye're a Maiden gar him trow,  
Seem nice, but stick to him like Glew;  
And whan set down,  
Drive at the Jango till he spew,  
Syn he'll sleep soun.

WHAN he's asleep then dive and catch  
His ready Cash, his Rings or Watch;  
And gin he likes to light his Match  
At your Spunk-box,  
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling Wretch  
E'en take the Pox.

CLEEK a' ye can be Hook or Crook,  
Ryp ilky Poutch frae Nook to Nook;  
Be sure to truff his Pocket-book,  
Saxty Pounds Scots  
Is nae deaf Nits; In little Bouk  
Lie great Bank-Notes.

To get a Mends of whinging Fools,  
That's frightened for Repenting-Stools,  
Wha often, whan their Metal cools,

Turn sweer to pay,

Gar the Kirk-boxie hale the Dools

Anither Day.

BUT dawt Red Coats, and let them scoup,  
Free for the Fou of cutty Stoup;  
To gee them up, ye need na hope

E'er to do well:

They'll rive ye'r Brats and kick your Doup,

And play the Deed.

THERE's ae fair Crofs attends the Craft,  
That curst Correction-houfe, where aft  
Vild Hangy's Taz ye'r Riggins fast

Makes black and blae,

Enough to pit a Body daft;

But what'll ye say?

NANE gathers Gear withoutten Care,  
Ilk Pleasure has of Pain a Skare;  
Suppose then they should tirl ye bare,

And gar ye fike,

E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair

Ye're Nibour like.

FORBY,

FORBY, my Looves, count upo' Loffes,  
 Ye'r Milk-white Teeth and Cheeks like Roses,  
 Whan Jet-black Hair and Brigs of Noses  
     Faw down wi' Dads;  
 To keep your Hearts up 'neath sic Crosses,  
     Set up for Bawds.

Wi' well crish'd Loofs I hae been canty,  
 Whan e'er the Lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye;  
 To try the auld Game *Taunty Raunty*,  
     Like Coosers keen,  
 They took Advice of me your Aunty,  
     If ye were clean.

THEN up I took my Siller Ca',  
 And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa;  
 Roun'd in his Lug, That there was a  
     Poor Country *Kate*,  
 As halefom as the Well of *Spaw*,  
     But unka blate.

SAE when e'er Company came in,  
 And were upo' a merry Pin,  
 I flade away wi' little Din,  
     And muckle Menfe;  
 Left Conscience Judge, it was a' ane  
     To Lucky *Spence*.



My Bennison come on good Doers  
Who spend their Cash on Bawds and Whores;  
May they ne'er want the Wale of Cures

For a fair Snout:  
Foul fa' the Quacks wha that Fire smoores,  
And puts nae oot.

My Malison light ilka Day  
On them that drink, and dinna pay,  
But tak a Snack and rin away;  
May't be their Hap  
Never to want a *Gonnorrhoea*,  
Or rotten Clap.

Lass, gi'e us in anither Gill,  
A Mutchken, Jo, let's tak our Fill;  
Let Death sync registrate his Bill :  
Whan I want Sense,  
I'll slip away with better Will,  
Quo' Lucky Spence.



*TARTANA:*  
OR, THE  
*PLAID.*

---

*By* ALLAN RAMSAY.

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*E D I N B U R G H:*  
Printed for the AUTHOR, 1724.

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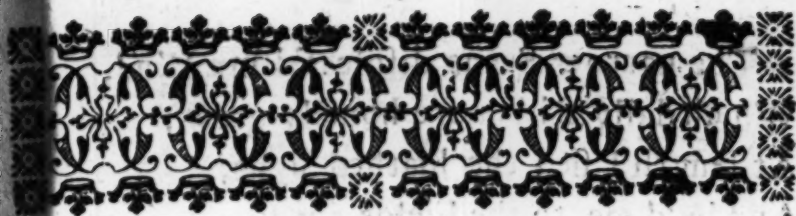
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T O T H E  
A U T H O R  
O F

*Tartana ; or, The PLAID.*

**A**S once I view'd a Rural Scene,  
With Summer's Sweets profusely wild;  
Such Pleasure sooth'd my giddy Sense,  
I ravish'd stood, while Nature smil'd.

Straight I resolv'd and chose a Field,  
Where all the Spring I might transfer ;  
There stood the Trees with equal Rows,  
Here *Flora's* Pride in one Parterre.

The Task was done, the Sweets were fled,  
Each Plant had lost its sprightly Air,  
As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,  
Or to their Will not matched were.

The narrow Scene displeas'd my Mind,  
Which daily still more homely grew :  
At length I fled the loathed Sight,  
And hy'd me to the Fields anew.

Here Nature wanton'd in her Prime ;  
My Fancy rang'd the boundless Wast,  
Each different Sight pleas'd with Surprise,  
I welcom'd back the Pleasures past.

Thus some who feel *A P O L L O*'s Rage,  
Would teach their Muse her Dress and Time,  
Till hamper'd so with Rules of Art,  
They smother quite the vital Flame.

They daily chyme the same dull Tone,  
Their Muse no daring Sallies grace,  
But stifiy held with Bit and Curb,  
Keeps heavy Trot, tho' equal Pace.

But who takes Nature for his Rule,  
Shall by her gen'rous Bounty shine ;  
His easy Muse revells at Will,  
And strikes new Wonders every Line.

Keep then, my Friend, your native Guide,  
Never distrust her plenteous Store,  
Ne'er less propitious will she prove  
Than now ; but, if she can, still more.





# TARTANA:

OR, THE

# PLAID.



E CALEDONIAN Beauties,

who have long

Been both the Muse, and Subject  
of my Song,

Assist your BARD, who in  
harmonious Lays

Designs the Glory of your PLAID to raise.

How my fond Breast with blazing Ardour glows,

When e'er my Song on you just Praise bestows!

PHOE.

*PHOEBUS* and his imaginary Nine  
 With me have lost the Title of *DIVINE*,  
 To no such Shadows will I Homage pay,  
 These to my real *MUSES* shall give Way;  
 My *MUSES*, who on smooth Meand'ring *Tweed*,  
 Stray through the Groves, or grace the Clover Mead;  
 Or these who bath themselves where haughty *Clyde*  
 Does roaring o'er his lofty Cat'racts ride :  
 Or you, who on the Banks of gentle *Tay*,  
 Drain from the Flowers the early Dews of *May*,  
 To varnish on your Cheek the Crimson Dy,  
 Or make the White the falling Snow outvy :  
 And you who on *Edina's* Streets display  
 Millions of matchless Beauties every Day ;  
 Inspir'd by you, what *POET* can desire  
 To warm his Genius at a brighter Fire ?

I sing the *PLAID*, and sing with all my Skill,  
 Mount then O Fancy, Standard to my Will,  
 Be strong each Thought, run soft each happy Line,  
 That Gracefulness and Harmony may shine,  
 Adapted to the beautiful Design.

Great is the Subject, vast th' exalted Theme;  
And shall stand fair in endless Rolls of FAME.

The PLAID's ANTIQUITY comes first in View,  
Precedence to ANTIQUITY is due:  
ANTIQUITY contains a certain Spell,  
To make ev'n Things of little Worth extell;  
To smallest Subjects gives a glaring Dash;  
Protecting high born Idiots from the Lash:  
Much more 'tis valu'd when with Merit plac'd,  
It graces Merit, and by Merit's grac'd.

O first of GARBS! Garment of happy Fate!  
So long imploy'd, of such an antique Date;  
Look back some Thousand Years till Records fail,  
And lose themselves in some Romantick Tale,  
We'll find our Godlike Fathers nobly scorn'd  
To be with any other Dress adorn'd;  
Before base Foreign Fashions interwove,  
Which 'gainst their Interest and their Bravery strove:  
'Twas they could boast their Freedom with proud Rome,  
And arm'd in Steel despise the Senate's Doom;

Whilst

Whilst o'er the Globe their Eagle they display'd,  
 And conquer'd Nations prostrate Homage paid,  
 They only, they unconquer'd stood their Ground,  
 And to the mighty Empire fixt the Bound.  
 Our native PRINCE who then supply'd the Throne,  
 In PLAID array'd magnificently shone:  
 Nor seem'd his Purple, or his Ermine less,  
 Tho' cover'd by the *CALEDONIAN* Dress.  
 In this at Court the Thanes were gayly clad,  
 With this the Shepherds and the Hinds were glad,  
 In this the Warrior wrapt his brawny Arms,  
 With this our beauteous Mothers veil'd their Charms;  
 When ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry lovely Maid  
 Deem'd it a *Deshabille* to want their PLAID.

O Heavens! How chang'd? How little look their Race?  
 When Foreign Chains with Foreign Modes take Place;  
 When *East* and *Western-Indies* must combine  
 To deck the Fop, and make the Gewgaw shine.  
 Thus while the *Grecian* Troops in *Persia* lay,  
 And learn'd the Habit to be soft and gay,  
 By Luxury enerv'd they lost the Day.

I ask'd *Varall* what Soldiers he thought best,  
 And thus he answer'd to my plain Request;  
 " Were I to lead Battalions out to War,  
 " And hop'd to triumph in the Victor's Car,  
 " To gain the loud Applause of worthy Fame,  
 " And Columns rais'd to eternize my Name,  
 " I'd choose, had I my Choice, that hardy Race,  
 " Who fearless can look Terrors in the Face,  
 " Who midst the Snows the best of Limbs can fold  
 " In TARTAN PLAIDS, and smile at chilling Cold;  
 " No useles Trash should pain my Soldier's Back,  
 " Nor Canvass Tents make loaden Axles crack;  
 " No rattling Silks I'd to my Standards bind,  
 " But bright TARTANAS waving in the Wind,  
 " The PLAID alone shou'd all my Ensigns be,  
 " This Army from such Banners would not flie:  
 " These, these were they, who naked taught the Way  
 " To fight with Art, and boldly gain the Day.  
 " Ev'n great *Gustavus* stood himself amaz'd,  
 " While at their wond'rous Skill and Force he gaz'd.  
 " With such brave Troops one might o'er *Europe* run,  
 " Make out what *Richlien* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun.



Degenerate Men! Now Ladies please to sit;  
 That I the PLAID in all its Airs may hit,  
 With all the Power of Softness mixt with Wit.

While scorching *Titan* tawns the Shepherds Brow,  
 And whistling Hinds sweat lagging at the Plow,  
 The piercing Beams *BRUCINA* can defy,  
 Not Sun-burnt she's, nor dazl'd is her Eye.  
 Ugly's the Mask, the Fan's a trifling Toy  
 To still at Church some Girl, or restless Boy.  
 Fixt to one Spot's the Pine and Myrtle Shades,  
 But on each Motion wait th' Umbrelia PLAIDS,  
 Repelling Dust when Winds disturb the Air,  
 And give a Check to every ill bred Stare.

Light as the Pinions of the airy Fry  
 Of Larks, and Linnets, who traverse the Sky,  
 Is the TARTANA spun so very fine,  
 Its Weight can never make the FAIR repine,  
 By raising Ferments in her glowing Blood,  
 Which cannot be escap'd within the Hood;

Nor does it move beyond its proper Sphere;  
 But lets the Gown in all its Shapes appear;  
 Nor is the Straightness of her Waist deny'd  
 To be by every ravish'd Eye survey'd:  
 For this the Hoop may stand at largest Bend,  
 It comes not nigh, nor can its Weight offend.

The Hood and Mantle make the tender faint,  
 I'm pain'd to see them moving like a Tent.  
 By Heather-Jenny in her Blanket dress'd,  
 The Hood and Mantle fully are exprest;  
 Which round her Neck with Rags is firmly bound,  
 While Heather Besoms loud she screams around.  
 Was Goody Strobe so great a Pattern, say?  
 Are ye to follow when such lead the Way?  
 But know each FAIR, who shall this *Sur-tout* use,  
 You're no more SCOTs, and cease to be my MUSE.

The smoothest Labours of the *Persian* Loom  
 Lin'd in the PLAID, set off the Beauty's Bloom;  
 Faint is the Gloss, nor come the Colours nigh,  
 Tho' white as Milk, or dipt in Scarlet Dy.

The Lillie pluckt by fair *PRINGELLA* grieves,  
 Whose whiter Hand outshines its snowy Leaves;  
 No Wonder then white Silks in our Esteem,  
 Match'd with her fairer Face, they fully'd seem.

If shining Red *CAMPBELL*'s Checks adorn,  
 Our Fancy straight conceives the blushing Morn,  
 Beneath whose Dawn the Sun of Beauty lies,  
 Nor need we Light but from *CAMPBELL*'s Eyes.

If lin'd with Green *STUART*'s PLAID we view,  
 Or thine *RAMSEY* edg'd around with Blues;  
 One shews the Spring when Nature is most kind,  
 The other Heaven, whose Spangles lift the Mind.

A Garden Plot, enrich'd with chosen Flowers,  
 In Sun Beams basking after vernal Showers,  
 Where lovely Pinks in sweet Confusion rise,  
 And Amaranths and Eglintines surprize;  
 Hedg'd round with fragrant Brier and Jessamine,  
 The rose Thorn, and variegated Green,

These

These give not half that Pleasure to the View,  
 As when, *FERGUSIA*, Mortals gaze on you.  
 You raise our Wonder, and our Love engage,  
 Which makes us curse, and yet admire the Hedge;  
 The Silk and Tartan Hedge, which does conspire  
 With you, to kindle Love's soft spreading Fire.  
 How many Charms can every Fair-one boast!  
 How oft's our Fancy in the Plenty lost!  
 These more remote, these we admire the most.  
 What's too familiar often we despise,  
 But Rarity makes still the Value rise.

}  
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If *Sol* himself shou'd shine through all the Day,  
 We cloy, and lose the Pleasure of his Ray;  
 But if behind some marly Cloud he steal,  
 Nor for sometime his radiant Head reveal,  
 With brighter Charms his Absence he repays,  
 And every Sun-beam seems a double Blaze.  
 So when the *FAIR* their dazling Lustres shroud,  
 And disappoint us with a *TARTAN* Cloud,  
 How fondly do we peep with wishful Eye,  
 Transported when one lovely Charm we spy.

Of

Oft to our Cost, ah me! we often find  
 The Power of Love strikes deep, tho' he be blind;  
 Perch'd on a Lip, a Cheek, a Chin, or Smile,  
 Hits with Surprise, and throws young Hearts in Jail.

From when the Cock proclaims the rising Day,  
 And Milk-maids sing around sweet Curds and Whey,  
 Till gray-ey'd Twilight, Harbinger of Night,  
 Pursues o'er † Silver Mountains sinking Light,  
 I can unwearied from my Casements view  
 The PLAID, with something still about it new.  
 How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome Air  
 We see *HEPBURN*A walk with easy Care;  
 One Arm half circles round her slender Waist,  
 The other like an Ivory Pillar plac'd,  
 To hold her PLAID around her modest Face,  
 Which saves her Blushes with the gayest Grace;  
 If in white Kids her taper Fingers move,  
 Or unconfin'd jet thro' the fable Glove.

With what a pretty Action *KEITH*A holds  
 Her PLAID, and varies oft its airy Folds;

---

† Ochel Hills.



How does that naked Space the Spirits move,  
 Between the ruff'd Lawn and envious Glove?  
 We by the Sample, tho' no more be seen,  
 Imagine all that's fair within the Skreen.

Thus Belles in Plaids vail and display their Charms,  
 The Love-sick Youth thus bright *HUMEA* warms,  
 And with her graceful Mein her Rivals all alarms.

The PLAID itself gives Pleasure to the Sight,  
 To see how all its Setts imbibe the Light,  
 Forming some Way, which even to me lies hid,  
 White, black, blue, yellow, purple, green and red.  
 Let *Newton's* Royal Club through Prisms stare,  
 To view Celestial Dies with curious Care,  
 I'll please my self, nor shall my Sight ask Aid  
 Of Cristal Gimcracks to survey the PLAID.

How decent is the PLAID when in the Pew,  
 It hides th' enchanting FAIR from Ogler's View.  
 The Mind's oft crowded with ill tim'd Desires,  
 When Nymphs unvail'd approach the sacred Quires;

Even

Even Senators, who guard the Common-weal,  
 Their Minds may rove; ——— Are Mortals made of Steele  
 The finisht Beaux stand up in all their Airs,  
 And search out Beauties more than mind their Prayers:  
 The Wainscot Forty Six's are perplext  
 To be eclips'd, Spite makes them drop the Text.  
 The younger gaze at each fine Thing they see,  
 The Orator himself is scarcely free.  
 Ye then who wou'd your Piety express,  
 To sacred Domes ne'er come in naked Dress,  
 The Power of Modesty shall still prevail;  
 Then, SCOTIAN Virgins, use your native Vail.

Thus far young *Cosmal* read, then stat'd and curst,  
 And ask't me very gravely how I durst  
 Advance such Praises for a Thing despis'd,  
 He, smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.

To you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,  
 And Numbers vast, not Fools, may side with you:  
 As many shall my Sentiments approve,  
 Tell me what's not the Butt of Scorn and Love?

Were Mankind all agre'd to think one Way;  
 What wou'd Divines and Poets have to say?  
 No Ensign would on Martial Fields be spread;  
 And *Corpus Juris* never would be read:  
 We'd need no Councils, Parliaments, nor Kings;  
 Ev'n Wit and Learning wou'd turn silly Things.  
 You miss my Meaning still, I'm much afraid,  
 I would not have them always wear the PLAID;

Old *Salem's* Royal Sage, of Wits the Prime,  
 Said, *For each Thing there was a proper Time:*  
 Night's but *Aurora's* PLAID, that ta'ne away;  
 We lose the Pleasure of returning Day;  
 Ev'n thro' the Gloom, when view'd in-sparkling Skies,  
 Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our Eyes:  
 So through *HAMILLA's* op'ned PLAID we may  
 Behold her Heavenly Face, and heaving milky Way.  
*Spanish* Reserve, join'd with a *Gallick* Air,  
 If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* Fair.

Now you say well, said he, but when's the Time  
 That they may drop the PLAID without a Crime?

H

Then

Then I,  
 Left, O fair Nymphs, ye should our Patience tire,  
 And starch Reserve extinguish gen'rous Fire,  
 Since Heaven your soft victorious Charms design'd  
 To form a Smoothness on Man's rougher Mind;  
 When from the bold and noble Toils of War,  
 The rural Cares, or Labours of the Bar;  
 From these hard Studies, which are learn'd and grave,  
 And some from dang'rous riding o'er the Wave,  
 The *Caledonian* manly Youth resort  
 To their *Edina*, Love's great Mart and Port,  
 And crowd her Theatres with all that Grace  
 Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* Race;  
 At Comfort, Ball, or some FAIR's Marriage Day,  
 O then with Freedom all that's sweet display.  
 When Beauty's to be judg'd without a Vail,  
 And not its Powers met out as by Retail,  
 But Whole-sale, all at once, to fill the Mind  
 With Sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind;  
 Throw by the PLAID, and like the Lamp of Day,  
 When there's no Cloud to intercept his Ray,

So shine, *MAXELLA*, nor their Censure fear,  
 Who, Slaves to Vapours, dare not so appear,

On *Ida's* Height, when to the Royal Swain,  
 To know who should the Prize of Beauty gain,  
*JOVE* sent his two fair Daughters and his Wife,  
 That he might be the Judge to end the Strife;  
*HERMES* was Guide, they found him by a Tree,  
 And thus they spoke with Air divinely free,  
 Say, *PARIS*, which is fairest of us three.  
 To *JOVE's* high Queen, and the Celestial Maids,  
 Ere he wou'd pass his Sentence, cry'd, No *PLAIDS*.  
 Quickly the Goddesses obey'd his Call,  
 In simple Nature's Dress he view'd them all,  
 Then to *CYTHAREA* gave the Golden Ball,

Great Criticks hail ! our Dread, whose Love or Hate,  
 Can with a Frown, or Smile, give Verse its Fate,  
 Attend, while o'er this Field my Fancy roams,  
 I've somewhat more to say, and here it comes.

When



When Virtue was a Crime, in *Tancred's* Reign;  
 There was a noble Youth who wou'd not deign  
 To own for Sovereign one a Slave to Vice,  
 Or blot his Conscience at the highest Price;  
 For which his Death's devis'd with hellish Art,  
 To tear from his warm Breast his beating Heart.  
 Fame told the tragic News to all the Fair,  
 Whose num'rous Sighs and Groans bound through the Air  
 All mourn his Fate, Tears trickle from each Eye,  
 Till his kind Sister threw the Woman by;  
 She in his Stead a gen'rous Off'ring stay'd,  
 And he the Tyrant baulk'd, hid in her PLAID.  
 So when *Aeneas* with *Achilles* strove,  
 The Goddess's Mother hasted from above,  
 Well seen in Fate, prompt by maternal Love,  
 Wrapt him in Mist, and warded off the Blow,  
 That was design'd him by his valiant Foe.

I of the PLAID could tell a hundred Tales,  
 Then hear another since that Strain prevails.

The Tale no Records tell, it is so old,  
 It hap'ned in the easy Age of Gold,  
 When am'rous *Jove*, Chief of th' *Olympian* Gods,  
 Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our Abodes  
 A Beauty-hunting; for in these soft Days,  
 Nor Gods, nor Men, delighted in a Chace  
 That would destroy, not propagate their Race.  
 Beneath a Fir-Tree in † *Glentannar's* Groves,  
 Where, e'er gay *Fabricks* rose, *Swains* sung their Loves,  
*IRIS* lay sleeping in the open Air,  
 A bright *TARTANA* vail'd the lovely *FAIR*;  
 The wounded God beheld her matchless Charms  
 With earnest Eyes, and grasp'd her in his Arms,  
 Soon he made known to her with gaining Skill  
 His Dignity, and Import of his Will.  
 Speak thy Desire, the Divine Monarch said.  
 Make me a Goddess, cry'd the *SCOTIAN* Maid,  
 Nor let hard Fate bereave me of my *PLAID*.  
 Be thou the Hand maid to my mighty Queen,  
 Said *JOVE*, and to the World be often seen

With

---

† A large Wood in the North of Scotland.

*With the Celestial Bow, and thus appear  
Clad with these radiant Colours as thy Wear.*

Now say, my MUSE, e'er thou forsake the Field,  
What Profit does the PLAID to SCOTIA yield,  
Justly that claims our Love, Esteem and Boast  
Which is produc'd within our Native Coast?  
On our own Mountains grows the Golden Fleece,  
Richer than that which Jason brought to Greece:  
A beneficial Branch of ALBION's Trade,  
And the first Parent of the TARTAN PLAID.  
Our fair ingenious Lady's Hands prepare  
The equal Threeds, and give the Dyes with Care;  
Thousands of Artists fullen Hours decoy  
On rattling Looms, and view their Webs with Joy.

May she be curst to starve in *Frogland Fens*,  
To wear a † *Fala* ragg'd at both the Ends,  
Groan still beneath an *antiquated Suit*,  
And die a Maid at *Fifty five* to Boot;

---

† A little square Cloath wore by the Dutch Women.

May she turn *quaggy fat*, or *crooked Dwarf*,  
 Be *ridicul'd* while *drimm'd* up in her *Scarff*,  
 May *Spleen* and *Spite* still keep her on the *Frer*,  
 And live till she *outlive* her Beauty's Date;  
 May all this fall, and more than I have said,  
 Upon that *Wench* who disregards the PLAID.

But with the Sun let ev'ry Joy arise,  
 And from soft Slumbers lift her happy Eyes;  
 May blooming Youth be fixt upon her Face,  
 Till she has seen her fourth descending Race :  
 Blest with a Mate with whom she can agree,  
 And never want the finest of *Bohea*;  
 May ne'er the *Miser's* Fears make her afraid,  
 Who joins with me, with me admires the PLAID.  
 Let bright TARTANA'S henceforth ever shine,  
 And CALEDONIAN GODDESSES enshrine.

FAIR JUDGES, to your Censure I submit,  
 If you allow this POEM to have Wit,  
 I'll look with Scorn upon these musty Fools,  
 Who only move by old Worm-eaten Rules :

But

But with th' ingenious if my Labours take;  
 I wish them ten times better for their Sake:  
 Who shall esteem this vain are in the wrong,  
 I'll prove the Moral is prodigious strong :  
 I hate to trifle, Men<sup>e</sup> should act like Men,  
 And for their Country only draw their Sword and Pen.





# Scots Songs.

## *The happy Lover's Reflections.*



HE last Time I came o'er the Moor,  
 I left my Love behind me;  
 Ye Pow'rs! What Pain do I endure,  
 When soft Ideas mind me?  
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd

The beaming Day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely Maid,

In fit Retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay

Gazing, and chaffly sporting;

We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,

Till Night spread her black Curtain.

I pitied all beneath the Skies,  
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.



Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons rose,  
 Where mortal Steel may wound me,  
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,  
 Where Dangers may surround me:  
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,  
 To feast on glowing Kisses,  
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,  
 In Prospect of such Blissess.



In all my Soul there's not one Place  
 To let a Rival enter;  
 Since she excells in ev'ry Grace,  
 In her my Love shall center.  
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their Waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.



The next Time I go o'er the Moor

She shall a Lover find me,

And that my Faith is firm and pure,

Tho' I left her behind me:

Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain

My Heart to her fair Bosom,

There, while my Being does remain,

My Love more fresh shall blossom.



### *The Lass of Paty's Mill,*



THE Lass of *Paty's* Mill,

So bony, blyth and gay,

In Spite of all my Skill,


She stole my Heart away.


When tedding of the Hay,


Fire-headed on the Green,

Love 'midst her Locks did play,

And wanton'd in her Een.

  
 HER Arms white, round and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,  
 To Age it wou'd give Youth,  
 To press 'em with his Hand.  
 Thro' all my Spirits ran  
 An Extasy of Bliss,  
 When I such Sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

  
 WITHOUT the Help of Art,  
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,  
 She did her Sweets impart,  
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her Looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected Pride,  
 She me to Love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

  
 O had I all that Wealth  
 Hopton's high Mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long Life and Health,  
 And Pleasures at my Will;

I'd promise and fulfill,  
 That none but bony She,  
 The Lass of Pary's Mill  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.



# DELIA.

*To the Tune of Green Sleeves.*



**Y**E watchful Guardians of the FAIR,

Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,

Of my dear DELIA take a Care,

And represent her Lover,

With all the Gayety of Youth,

With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,

Will I return, her Passions sooth

For me, in Whispers move her



Be careful no base sordid Slave,

With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,

Who knows no Virtue but to save,

With glaring Gold bewitch her.

Tell



Tell her for me she was design'd,  
 For me who knows how to be kind,  
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,  
 Than one who's ten Times richer.

Let all the World turn upside down,  
 And Fools run an eternal Round,  
 In Quest of what can ne'er be found,  
 To please their vain Ambition.

Let little Minds great Charms espy  
 In Shadows which at Distance ly,  
 Whose hop'd for Pleasures when come nigh,  
 Prove nothing in Fruition.

BUT cast into a Mold Divine, I  
 Fair DELIA does with Lustre shine,  
 Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,  
 Which yields a constant Treasure.

Let POETS in sublimest Lays,  
 Employ their Skill her Fame to raise;  
 Let Son's of Musick pass whole Days,  
 With well tun'd Reeds to please her,

*The Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*



IN *April* when *Primroses* paint the sweet Plain,  
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain,  
The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go  
To Wilds and deep Glens where the Hawthorn-trees grow.



THERE under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,  
With Freedom he sung his Loves, Ev'ning and Morn;  
He sang with so soft and enchanting a Sound,  
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.



THE Shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *MAY* be fair,  
Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud Air;  
But *SUSIE* was handsome and sweetly could sing,  
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.



THAT *MADIE* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,  
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke Truth;  
But *SUSIE* was faithful, good humour'd and free,  
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the Sea.



THAT Mamma's fine Daughter with all her great Dower,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
Then sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,  
The witty sweet *SUSIE* his Mistress might be.

N A N.

# NANNY O.

WHILE some for Pleasure pawn their Health  
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,  
 I'll save my self and Without Stealth  
 Kiss and caress my NANNY---O.  
 She bids more fair t'engage a JOYE  
 Than *LEDA* did of *DANAE*---O,  
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,  
 None else should fit but NANNY---O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,  
 When dancing the moves finely---O,  
 I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,  
 Which sparkle so divinely---O.  
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I  
 Breathe in the blest *Britannia*,  
 None's Happiness I shall envy,  
 As long's ye grant me NANNY---O.

## CHORUS.

My bony, bony NANNY---O,  
 My lovely charming NANNY---O.  
 I care not tho' the World know  
 How dearly I love NANNY---O.

## *Bony* J E A N.



**L**OVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove  
 Said, CUPID, bend thy Bow with Speed,  
 Nor let the Shaft at Random rove,  
 For JEANIE's haughty Heart must bleed.  
 The smiling Boy, with divine Art,  
 From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,  
 Which flew unerring to the Heart,  
 And kill'd the Pride of bony JEAN.



No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,  
 Refuses WILLIE's kind Address,  
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,  
 But too much Fondness to suppress.  
 No more the Youth is sullen now,  
 But looks the gayest on the Green,  
 Whilst ev'ry Day he spies some new  
 Surprising Charms in bony JEAN.



A Thousand Transports crowd his Breast,  
 He moves as light as fleeing Wind,  
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,  
 Now when his JEANIE is turn'd kind:  
 Riches he looks on with Disdain,  
 The glorious Fields of War look mean,  
 The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,  
 If absent from his bony JEAN.



THE Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,  
 Which even in Summer shorten'd seems,  
 When sunk in Downs with glad Amaze,  
 He wonders at her in his Dreams.  
 All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
 Than Troy's Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,  
 With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,  
 And pants to be with bony JEAN.





## *The Kind Reception.*

*To the Tune of Auld lang syne.*

**S**HOULD auld Acquaintance be forgot,

Tho' they return with Scars?

These are the noble HEROES' LOT,

Obtain'd in glorious Wars:

Welcome my VARO to my Breast,

Thy Arms, about me twine,

And make me once again as blest,

As I was lang syne.



METHINKS around us on each Bough,

A Thousand *Cupids* play

Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,

Each Object makes me gay.

See your Return the Sun and Moon

With brighter Beams do shine,

Streams murmure soft Notes while they run,

As they did lang syne.



DESPISE the Court and Din of State,  
 Let that to their Share fall  
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a Ball?  
 But sunk in Love upon my Arms  
 Let your brave Head recline,  
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,  
 As we did lang syne.

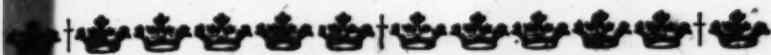


O'ER Moor and Dale with your gay Friend  
 You may pursue the Chace,  
 And after a blyth Bottle end  
 All Cares in my Embrace:  
 And in a vacant rainy Day  
 You shall be wholly mine;  
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away,  
 And laugh at lang syne.



THE HEROE pleas'd with the sweet Air  
 And Signs of gen'rous Love,  
 Which had been utter'd by the FAIR,  
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above;

Next Day with Consent and glad Haste  
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine,  
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,  
 And put them out of Pine.



## *The* PENITENT.

*To the Tune of the Lads of Livingston.*



AIN'D with her slighting JAMIE's Love,  
 BELL dropt a Tear, ——— BELL dropt a Tear,  
 The Gods descended from above,  
 Well pleas'd to hear, ——— Well pleas'd to hear.  
 They heard the Praises of the Youth  
 From her own Tongue, ——— From her own Tongue,  
 Who now converted was to Truth,  
 And thus she sung, ——— And thus she sung.



BLEST Days when our ingen'ous Sex,  
 More frank and kind, ——— More frank and kind,  
 Had not their lov'd Adorers vex,  
 But spoke their Mind, ——— But spoke their Mind:

Repenting

Repenting now she promis'd fair,  
 Wou'd he return, ——— Wou'd he return,  
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,  
 Or cause him mourn, ——— Or cause him mourn.



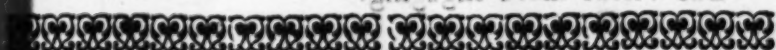
WHY lov'd I the deserving SWAIN,  
 Yet still thought Shame, ——— Yet still thought Shame  
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,  
 To own my Flame, ——— To own my Flame?  
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,  
 And seem too coy? ——— And seem too coy?  
 Which makes me now alas lament  
 My slighted Joy, ——— My slighted Joy.



YE FAIR, while Beauty's in its Spring,  
 Own your Desire, ——— Own your Desire;  
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing  
 Fans up the Fire, ——— Fans up the Fire.  
 O do not with a silly Pride,  
 Or low Design, ——— Or low Design,  
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,  
 But answer plain, ——— But answer plain.



THUS the FAIR MOURNER wail'd her Crime,  
 With flowing Eyes, ——— With flowing Eyes,  
 Glad JAMIE heard her all the Time,  
 With sweet Surprise, ——— With sweet Surprise.  
 Some God had led him to the Grove,  
 His Mind unchang'd, ——— His Mind unchang'd,  
 New to her Arms, and cry'd My Love,  
 I am reveng'd! ——— I am reveng'd!



## LOVE's CURE.

*To the Tune of Peggy I must love thee.*



**A**S from a Rock past all Relief  
 The shipwrack'd COLIN spying  
 His native Home, o'ercome with Grief,  
 Half sunk in Waves and dying;  
 With the next Morning Sun he spies  
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surprise,  
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes  
 With Joy and waits her Motion:





So when by her whom long I lov'd,  
 I scorn'd was and deserted,  
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,  
 To be for ever parted:  
 Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace  
 I found in PEGGY's Mind and Face,  
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,  
 But Virtue more engaging.



THEN now since happily I've hit,  
 I'll have no more delaying,  
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,  
 We lose our selves in staying:  
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,  
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose,  
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,  
 Since, PEGGY, I must love thee?



MEN may be foolish if they please,  
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,  
 To sigh and sacrifice their Ease,  
 Doating on a proud Beauty:  
 Such was my Case for many a Year,  
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear:  
 False BETTY's Charms now disappear,  
 Since PEGGY's far out-shine them.



L

ODE



# O D E.

**H**ENCE every Thing that can  
 Disturb the Quiet of Man;  
 Be blyth, my Soul,  
 In a full Bowl  
 Drown thy Care,  
 And repair  
 The vital Stream:  
 Since Life's a Dream,  
 Let Wine abound,  
 And Healths go round,  
 We'll sleep more sound,  
 And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue  
 Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew:



# Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,

They are twa bony Lasses,

They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brac,

And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.

Oh BESSY BELL I loo'd yestreen,

And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;

Oh MARY GRAY's twa pawky Een,

They gar my Fancy falter.

Now BESSY's Hair's like a Lint Tap,

Her smiles like a May Morning,

When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' Lap,

Her Hills with Rays adorning:

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,

Her Waste and Feet's fow genty,

With ilka Grace she can command,

Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

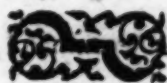


AND MARY'S Locks are like the Crow,  
 Her Eyes like Diamonds glances;  
 She's ay sae clean, redd-up and braw,  
 She kills when e'er she dances:  
 Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,  
 She blooming, tight and tall is;  
 And guides her Airs sae gracefou' still,  
 O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.



DEAR BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY,

Ye unco' fair oppress us:  
 Our Fancy's jee between you twae,  
 Ye are sic bony Lassies:  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by Law we're stented;  
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,  
 And be with ane contented.







T H E

YOUNG LAIRD

A N D

EDINBURGH KATT.



N Ow wat ye wha I met Yestreen  
 Coming down the Street, my Jo,  
 My Mistress in her Tartan Screen,  
 Faw bony, braw and sweet, my Jo.  
 My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,  
 That never wisht a Loyer ill,  
 Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,  
 Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.



O KATY wiltu gang wi' me,  
 And leave the dinfome Town a while,  
 The Blossoms sprouting frae the Tree,  
 And a' the Summer's gawn to smile;

The

The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark  
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hynd,  
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,  
 Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

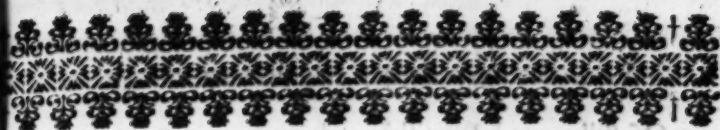


SOON as the clear Goodman of Day  
 Berids his Morning Draught of Dew,  
 We'll gae to some Burnside and play,  
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.  
 We'll pou the Dazies on the Green,  
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;  
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog.



THERE's up into a pleasant Glen,  
 A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,  
 A canny, fast and flowry Den,  
 Which circling Birks has form'd a Bower:  
 When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to the cauller Shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in my Arm,  
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATT's



# K A T Y's ANSWER.



**M**Y Mither's ay glowran o'er me,  
Tho' she did the same before me,

I canna get Leave  
To look to my Love,

Or else she'll be like to devour me.



**R**IGHT fain wad I take ye'r Offer,  
Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my Techer,

Then, SANDY, ye'll fret,  
And wyt ye'r poor KATE,

When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For



For tho' my Father has Plenty  
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,

Yet he's unco sweer

To twin wi' his Gear,

And sae we had need to be tenty.



Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,  
Be wylie in ilka Motion,

Brag well o' ye'r Land

And there's my leal Hand

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.





# CHRIST'S-KIRK

ON THE

# GREEN.

---

CANTO I.

---

By KING JAMES I.

---

**W**AS ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen  
 Sic Dancing and Deray;  
 Nouthier at *Falkland* on the Green,  
 Nor *Peebles* at the Play,  
 of Woers, as I wcen,  
 CHRIST'S-KIRK on a Day:  
 came our *Kitties* washen clean,  
 new Kirtles of Gray,  
 Fou gay that Day.





FOR tho' my Father has Plenty  
Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,

Yet he's unco sweer  
To twin wi' his Gear,

And sae we had need to be tenty.



TUTOR my Parents wi' Caution,  
Be wylie in ilka Motion,

Brag well o' ye'r Land,  
And there's my leal Hand

Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.





# CHRIST'S-KIRK ON THE GREEN.

---

CANTO I.

---

By KING JAMES I.

---

**W**AS ne'er in *Scorland* heard or seen  
Sic Dancing and Deray;  
Nouther at *Falkland* on the Green,  
Nor *Peebles* at the Play,  
Was, of Woers, as I ween,  
At CHRIST'S-KIRK on a Day:  
There came our *Kitties* washen clean,  
In new Kirtles of Gray,  
Fou gay that Day.

To dance these Damesels them dight,  
 Thir Lassies light of Laits,  
 Their Gloves were of the Raffel right,  
 Their Shoon were of the Straits;  
 Their Kirtles were of *Lincome* light,  
 Well preft with mony Plaits:  
 They were so nice, when Men them night  
 They squeel'd like ony Gaits,  
 Fou loud that Day.

Of all these Maidens mild as Mead  
 Was nane sae jimp as *Gillie*,  
 As ony Rose her Rude was red,  
 Her Lire was like the Lilly;  
 Fow yellow yellow was her Head:  
 But she of Love was silly;  
 Tho' a' her Kin had sworn her dead,  
 She wald have but sweet *Willy*,  
 Alane that Day.

She scorned *Jack*, and scraped at him,  
 And murgeon'd him with Mocks;  
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na let him,  
 For a' his yellow Locks:  
 He cherisht her, she bade gae chat him,  
 Counted him not awa Clocks;  
 Sae shamefully his short Gown set him,  
 His Legs were like twa Rocks,  
 Or Rungs that Day.

SAM LUTTER was their Minstrel meet,  
 Good Lord ! how he cou'd lance,  
 play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,  
 While *Toufie* took a Trance ;  
 And *Lightfoot* there he did forleer,  
 And counterfitted *France* :  
 He us'd himself as Man discreet,  
 And up the Morice-dance  
 He took that Day.

THEN *Steen* came steppand in with Stends,  
 Nae Rink might him arrest :  
*Baitfoot* did bob with mony Bends,  
 For *Mause* he made Request :  
 He lap till he lay on his Lends,  
 But risand was sae prest,  
 While that he hostit at baith Ends,  
 For Honour of the Feast,  
 And danc'd that Day.

THEN *Robin Roy* began to revel,  
 And *Dawny* to him rugged :  
 Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him Jewel,  
 And by the Tail him tugged.  
 The *Kenfie* cleekit to a Cavel,  
 But Lord as they twa lugged ;  
 They parted manly on a Nevel :  
 Men say that Hair was rugged  
 Between them twa.

Ane bent a Bow, sic Sturr did steer him,  
 Great Skaith was to have scar'd him,  
 He chefit a Flane as did affear him,  
 Th' other said, *Dirdum, Dardum* :  
 Throw baith the Cheeks he thought to sheer him,  
 Or throw the Arse have char'd him ;  
 B'an Akerbraid it came nac near him,  
 I canna tell what marr'd him,  
 Sae wide that Day.

WITH that a Friend of his cry'd, *Fy*,  
 And up an Arrow drew,  
 He forged it sae furiously,  
 The Bow in Flinders flew :  
 Sae was the Will of GOD, trow I,  
 For had the Tree been true,  
 Men said, wha kend his Archery,  
 That he had slain anew,  
 Belyve that Day.

A yap young Man that stood him nicst,  
 Loos'd aff a Shot with Ire,  
 He cuted the Bairn in at the Breast,  
 The Bolt flew o'er the Bire :  
 Ane cry'd, *Fy* ! he has slain a Priest  
 A Mile beyond a Mire ;  
 Then Bow and Bag frae him he kiest,  
 And fled as fierce as Fire  
 Frae Flint that Day.



A hafty Henzure called *Hary*,  
 Wha was an Archier hynd,  
 He up a Tackle withoutten tarry,  
 That Torment sae him tynd;  
 Watna whether's Hand cou'd vary,  
 Or the Man was his Friend,  
 For he escap'd throw Mightis of *Mary*,  
 As ane that nae ill meand,  
 But good that Day.

THEN *Laurie* like a Lyon lap,  
 And soon a Flane can fedder,  
 He hecht to pierce him at the Pap,  
 Thereon to wed a Wedder:  
 He hit him on the Wame a Wap,  
 It buff'd like ony Bladder;  
 But sae his Forttne was and Hap,  
 His Doublet made of Leather  
 Sav'd him that Day.

THE Buff sae boistrouslly abaisht him,  
 He to the Earth dusht down,  
 The tither Man for dead there left him,  
 And fled out of the Town:  
 The Wives came forth, and up they rest him,  
 And fand Life in the Lonn:  
 Then with three Routs on's Arse they rais'd him,  
 And cur'd him our of Soun,  
 Frae hand that Day.

**WITH** Forks and Flails they lent great Slaps,  
 And flang together like Frigs,  
**With** Bougers of Barns they best blew Caps,  
 While they of Bairns made Brigs.  
**The** Rierd raise rudely with the Raps,  
 When Rungs were laid on Riggs,  
**The** Wives came furth wi' Crys and Claps,  
 See where my Liking liggs,  
 Fou low this Day.

**THEY** girmed and led Gird with Grains,  
 Ilk Gossip other griev'd :  
**Some** strake with Stings, some gather'd Stains,  
 Some fled and ill mischiev'd.  
**The** Minstrel wan within twa Wains,  
 That Day he wisely priev'd,  
**For** he came hame wi' unbruise'd Bains,  
 Where Fighters were mischiev'd  
 Fou ill that Day.

**HENCH** Hutton with a Hifill-ric,  
 To red can throw them rummil ;  
**He** maw'd them down like ony Mice,  
 He was na Baity Bummil :  
**Tho'** he was wight, he was na wise,  
 With sic Jangleurs to jummil ;  
**For** frae his Thumb they dang a Slice,  
 While he cry'd Barlafumil,  
 I'm slain this Day.

WHEN that he saw his Blood sae red,  
 To flee might nae Man let him;  
 He ween'd it had been for auld Feed;  
 He thought and bade have at him:  
 He gart his Feet defend his Head,  
 The far fairer it set him,  
 While he was past out of all plead;  
 He soud been swift that gat him,  
 Throw Speed that Day.

THE Town Souter in Grief was bowden,  
 His Wife hang at his Waist;  
 His Body was with Blood a' browden,  
 He girn'd like ony Ghaist:  
 Her glittering Hair that was so gowden,  
 So hard in Love him laist,  
 That for her Sake he was not yowden,  
 While he a Mile was chas'd,  
 And mair that Day.

THE Miller was of manly Make;  
 To meet him was nae Mows;  
 There durst na ten some there him take;  
 Sae noyted he their Pows:  
 The Bushment hale about him brake,  
 And bicker'd him wi' Bows;  
 He traiterously behind his Back  
 They hew'd him on the Howes,  
 Behind that Day.

**T**WA that were Headsmen of the Herd;  
 On ither ran like Rams;  
**T**hey follow'd, seeming right unfeard;  
 Beat on with Barrow-trams:  
**B**ut where their Gabs they were ungeard;  
 They gat upon the Gams;  
**W**hile bloody barken'd was ilk Beard;  
 As they had worried Lams,  
 Maist like that Day.

**T**HE Wives kiest up a hideous Yell;  
 When all these Yonkiers yoked;  
**A**s fierce as Flags of Fire flaughts fell;  
 Frieks to the Fields they flocked:  
**T**he Carles with Clubs did others quell  
 On Breasts, while Blood out-boaked;  
**S**he rudely rang the common Bell,  
 That a' the Steeple rocked  
 For Dread that Day.

**B**y this Tam Taylor was in's Gear;  
 When that he heard the Bell;  
**H**e said he should make all a Steer;  
 When he came there himsell:  
**H**e gaed so fight in sic a Fear,  
 While to the Ground he fell;  
**A** Wife that har him on the Ear  
 With a great Knocking-mell,  
 Fell'd him that Day.

WHEN they had bierd like baited Bulls,  
 And Brainwood brynt in Bails;  
 They were as meek as any Mules,  
 That mangit are with Mails;  
 Faintness thae forfoughren Fools  
 Fell down like slaughter'd Fails;  
 Whan Men came in, and hal'd the Dools,  
 And dang them down in Dails,  
                     Bedeem that Day.

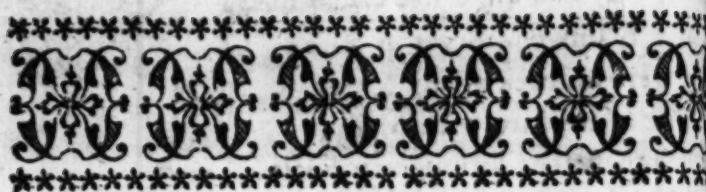
WHEN a' was done, Dick with an Ain  
 Came furth to fell a Fiddir,  
 Whan he, Where are you hangit Smaiks,  
 That wad have slain my Brither?  
 Wife bad him gae hame *Gib Glaicks*,  
 And sae did Meg his Mither:  
 Turn'd, and gave them baith their Pails,  
 For he durst ding nae ithier  
                     But them that Day!

*The End of the first Canto.*



CHRIST'S





# CHRIST'S-KIRK ON THE GREEN

---

## CANTO II.

---

*By* ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

**B**UT there had been mair Blood and-Skaitli,  
Sair Hairship and great Spulie,  
And mony a ane had gotten his Death-  
By this unsonsy Tooly,  
But that the bauld Good-wife of *Braith*,  
Arm'd wi' a great Kail-gully,  
Came bellyslaught, and loot an Aith;  
She'd gar them a' be hooly  
Fou fast that Day.

TH to win aff sae wi' hale Bance,  
 Tho' mony had clowr'd Pows,  
 dragl'd sae-mang Muck and Stanes,  
 They look'd like Wirry-kows,  
 oth some, who 'maist had tint their Aynds,  
 Let's see how a' Bowls rows,  
 and quat this Brulziement at anes,  
 Yon Gully is nae Mows

Forsooth this Day.

OOTH *Hutcheon*, I am well content,  
 I think we may do war;  
 At this Time Towmond lfe indert  
 Our Claiths of Dirt will sa'r;  
 'Nevels I'm amaist fawn faint,  
 My Chafts are dung a char:  
 Then took his Bonnet to the Berr,  
 And daddit aff the Glar

Fou clean that Day.

AM TAYLOR, wha in Time of Battle  
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him,  
 Cat up now wi' an unco' Rattle,  
 As nane there durst a quell'd him:  
 Guld *Bess* flew to him wi' a Brattle,  
 And spite of his Teeth held him  
 Closs by the Craig, and with her fatal  
 Knife shor'd she wou'd geld him,

For Peace that Day.

SYNG

SYNE a' wi' ae-Consent shook Hands,  
 As they stood in a Ring;  
 Some red their Hair, some set their Bands,  
 Some did their Sark-tails wring;  
 Then for a Happ upo' the Sands  
 They did their Minstrel bring,  
 Where clever Houghs like Willi-wands,  
 At ilka blythsome Spring,  
 Lap high that Day.

CLAUD PEKY was na very blate,  
 He stood na lang a dreigh;  
 For by the Wame he gripped Kate,  
 And gar'd her gi'e a Skreigh.  
 Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy Slate,  
 Ye stink o' Leeks, O figh!  
 Let gae my Hands, I say, be quiet:  
 And wow gin she was skeigh  
 And mim that Day.

Now settled Gossies fat, and keen  
 Did for fresh Bickers birle;  
 While the young Swankies on the Green  
 Took round a merry Tirlle:  
 Meg Wallet wi' her pinky Een  
 Gart Lawrie's Heart-strings dirle,  
 And Fowk wad thréeep that she did green  
 For whar wad gar her skirle  
 And skreigh some Day.

A manly Miller, haff and haff,  
Came out to shaw Good-will,  
By his Mittens and his Staff,  
Cry'd, Gi'e me *Patie's Mill* :  
Lap Bawk-height, and cry'd, Had aff ;  
They rus'd him that had Skill ;  
Wad do't better, quoth a Caf,  
Had he another Gill

Of Uisquebae.

ORTH started nieft a peny Blade,  
And out a Maiden took ;  
They said that he was *Falkland* bred,  
And danced by the Book ;  
Couple Taylor to his Trade,  
And when their Hands he shook,  
He them what he got frae his Dad,  
*Videlicet* the Yuke,

To claw that Day.

WHEN a' cry'd out he did fae well,  
He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up ;  
The Lasses babb'd about the Reel,  
Gar'd a' their Hurdies wallop,  
And swat like Pownies when they speel  
Up Braes, or when they gallop :  
But a thrawin Knubblock hit his Heel,  
And Wives had him to hawl up,  
Haff fell'd that Day.

BUT mony a pauky Look and Tale  
 Gae'd round when Glouming hous'd them,  
 The Ofler Wife brought ben good Ale,  
 And bade the Laffes rouze them;  
 Up wi' them, Lads, and lse be bail  
 They'll loo ye ann ye touze them:  
 Quoth *Gawfie*, This will never fail  
 Wi' them that this gate woes them,  
 On sic a Day.

SYNE Stools and Furms were drawn aside,  
 And up raise *Willy Dadle*,  
 A short hough'd Man, but fu' o' Pride,  
 He said the Fidler play'd ill;  
 Let's ha'e the Pipes, quoth he, beside;  
 Quoth a', That is nae said ill.  
 He fitted the Floor syne wi' the Bride  
 To *Cuttymun* and *Treeladle*,  
 Thick thick that Day.

IN the mean Time in came the Laird,  
 And by some Right did claim  
 To kiss and dance wi' *Mausie Aird*,  
 A dink and dorty Dame.  
 But O poor *Mause* was aff her Guard;  
 For back-gate frae her Wame,  
 Beckin, she loot a fearfu' Raird,  
 That gart her think great Shame,  
 And blush that Day.



L D Steen ledt out Maggy Forsyth;  
 He was her ain Good brither;  
 And ilka ane was unco' blyth,  
 To see auld Fowk sae clever.  
 Both Jock, wi' laughing like to rive,  
 What think ye o' my Mither?  
 Were my Dad dead, let me ne'er thrive;  
 But she wad get anither  
 Goodman this Day.

M LUTTER had a muckle Dish,  
 And betwisht ilka Tune  
 He laid his Lugs in't like a Fish  
 And suckt till it was done.  
 His Bags were liquor'd to his Wiff;  
 His Face was like a Moon;  
 But he could get nae Place to piss  
 In, but his ain twa Shoon,  
 For Thrang that Day.

THE Letter-gae of haly Rhime,  
 Sat up at the Board-head,  
 And a' he said was thought a Crime  
 To contradict indeed;  
 For in Clerk-lear he was right prime;  
 And cou'd baith write and read,  
 And drank sae firm till ne'er a Styme  
 He cou'd keek on a Bead  
 Or Book that Day.

WHEN he was strute, twa sturdy Chiels;  
 Be's Oxter and be's Collar,  
 Held up frae cowping o' the Creels  
 The liquid Logick Scholar.  
 When he came hame, his Wife did reel  
 And rampage in her Choler:  
 Wi' that he brake the Spinning-wheel,  
 That cost a good Rix-dollar,  
 And mair some say.

NEAR Bed-time now ilk weary Wight  
 Was gaunting for his Rest;  
 For some were like to tyne their Sight,  
 Wi' Sleep and Drinking strest:  
 But ithers that were Stomach tight  
 Cry'd out it was nae best,  
 To leave a Supper that was dight,  
 To *Brownies* or a Ghaist,  
 To eat or Day.

ON whomelt Tubs lay twa lang Dails,  
 On them stood mony a Goan,  
 Some fill'd wi' Brachan, some wi' Kail,  
 And Milk hett frae the Loan.  
 Of Daintiths they had Rowth and Walc,  
 Of which they were right fou;  
 But naithing wad gae down but Ale.  
 Wi' drunken *Donald Don*  
 The Smith that Day.

TWICE aught Bannocks in a Heap;  
 And twa good Junts of Beef,  
 W' hind and fore Spaul of a Sheep,  
 Drew Whittles frae ilk Sheath.  
 W' Graivie a' their Beards did dreep,  
 They kempit with their Teeth,  
 Kebbuck syne that 'maist cou'd creep  
 Its lane pat on the Sheaf  
 In Stows that Day.

THE Bride was now laid in her Bed,  
 Her left Leg Ho was flung,  
 And Geordie Geb was fidgen glad,  
 Because it hit Jean Gun.  
 He was his Jo, and aft had said,  
 Fy, Geordie, had your Tongue,  
 He's ne'er get me to be your Bride;  
 But chang'd her Mind when bung,  
 That very Day.

THREE! quoth Tossie, when she saw  
 The Cathel coming ben:  
 At pyppin hett gae'd round them a';  
 The Bride she made a fen  
 To sit, in Wyliecoat sae braw,  
 Upon her nether En:  
 Her Lad like ony Cock did craw,  
 That meets a Clockin-hen;  
 And blyth were they.

THE Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,  
*Lawrie and Hutcheon* bauld,  
 Charles that kept nae very strict  
 Be Hours, tho' they were auld :  
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that Trick,  
 But whare good Ale was fald,  
 They drank a' Night, e'en tho' *Auld Nick*  
 Shou'd tempt their Wives to scald  
 Them for't neist Day.

WAS ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen  
 Sic Banqueting and Drinkin,  
 Sic Revelling, and Battles keen,  
 Sic Dancing, and sic Jinkin;  
 And unko Wark that fell at E'en,  
 When Lassies were haff winkin,  
 They lost their Feet and baith their Een,  
 And Maidenheads gae'd linkan  
 Aff a' that Day.

*The End of the second Canto.*



CHRIS



# CHRIST'S-KIRK

ON THE

# GREEN.

---

CANTO III.

---

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

---

**N**ow frae East Nook of Fife the Dawn;  
 Speel'd Westlins up the Lift;  
 Charles wha heard the Cock had crawn  
 Begoud to rax and rift;  
 And greedy Wives, wi' girning thrawing,  
 Cry'd Lassies up to Thrift:  
 Dogs barked, and the Lads frae hand  
 Bang'd to their Breeks like Drift  
Be Break of Day.

But



But some who had been fow yestreen;  
 Sic as the *Letter-gae*,  
 Air up had nae will to be seen,  
 Grudgin their Groat to pay.  
 But what aft fristed's no forgeen,  
 When Fowk has nought to say;  
 Yet sweer were they to rake their Een,  
 Sic dizey Heads had they,  
 And hett that Day.

Be that Time it was fair foor Days,  
 As fou's the Houle cou'd pang,  
 To see the young Fowk or they raise,  
 Gossips came in ding dang,  
 And wi' a Soss aboon the Claiths  
 Ilk ane their Gifts down slang;  
 Twall Toop-horn Spoons down *Maggy* lays,  
 Baith muckle mou'd and lang,  
 For Kail or Whey.

Her Aune a Pair of Tangs fush in,  
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,  
 Gin your Goodman shall make a Din,  
 And gabble like a Goose,  
 Shorin whan fou to skelp ye'r Skin,  
 Thir Tangs may be of Use;  
 Lay them enlang his Pow or Shin,  
 Wha wins syne may mak Roose  
 Between you twa.

LD Bessie, in her red Coat braw,  
 Came wi' her ain Oe Nanny,  
 odd like Wife, they said that saw,  
 A moupin runkled Granny.  
 hey'd the Kimmers ane and a',  
 Word gae'd she was na canny;  
 er wad they let Lucky awa,  
 Till she was burnt wi' Branny,  
 Like mony mac.

REEN fresh and fastin, 'mang the rest,  
 Came in to get his Morning,  
 eer'd gin the Bride had tane the Test,  
 And how she loo'd her Corning.  
 e lough as she had fund a Nest,  
 Said, Let a be your Scorning.  
 ooth Roger, Fegs I've done my best,  
 To gi'er a Charge of Horning,  
 As well's I may.

END Cirsth was there, a kanty Lass,  
 Black ey'd, black hair'd and bonny;  
 ight well red up and jump she was,  
 And Woers had fow mony :  
 watna how it came to pass,  
 She cutled in wi' Jonny,  
 and tumbling wi' him on the Grass,  
 Dung a' her Cockernonny  
 Ajee that Day.

But *Mause* begrutten was and bleer'd;  
 Look'd thowless, dowf and sleepy;  
 Auld *Maggy* kend the Wyr, and sneer'd;  
 Caw'd her a poor daft Heepy:  
 'Tis a wife Wife that kens her Wierd;  
 What tho' ye mount the Creepy?  
 There a good Lesson may be lear'd;  
 And what the war will ye be  
 To stand a Day?

Or Bairns can read, they first maun spell,  
 I learn'd this frae my Mammy,  
 And coost a Legen-girth my fell  
 Lang or I married *Tammie*;  
 Ife warrand ye have a' heard tell  
 Of bonny *Andrew Lammie*;  
 Stiffly in Looove wi' me he fell  
 As soon as e'er he saw me:  
 That was a Day!

HETT Drink, frush butter'd Cakes and Cheese;  
 That held their Hearts aboon,  
 Wi' Clashes mingl'd aft wi' Lies,  
 Drave aft the hale Forenoon.  
 But after Dinner, ann ye please  
 To weary not o'er soon,  
 We down to E'ning-edge wi' Ease  
 Shall loup, and see what's done  
 I' the Dowp o' the Day!

w what the Friends wad fain been at,  
 They that were right true blue,  
 s e'en to get their Wyfons wet,  
 And fill young Roger fou :  
 the bauld Billy took his Maun,  
 And was right stiff to bou;  
 fairly gave them Tit for Tat,  
 And scour'd aff Healths anew,  
 Clean out that Day.

Creel bowt fou of muckle Stances  
 They clinked on his Back,  
 try the Pith o's Rigg and Reins;  
 They gart him cadge this Pack.  
 w, as a Sign he had tane Pains  
 His young Wife was na slack  
 rin and ease his Shoulder-banes;  
 And sneg'd the Raips fou snack,  
 Wi'er Knife that Day.

NE the blyth Carles, Tooth and Nail,  
 Fell keenly to the Wark,  
 ease the Gantrees of the Ale,  
 And try wha was maist stark;  
 ll Boord, and Floor, and a' did fail  
 Wi' spilt Ale i' the Dark,  
 at Jock's Fit slide, and like a Fail  
 Play'd dad, and dang the Bark  
 Aff's Shins that Day.



THE Souter, Miller, Smith and Dick,

*Et cet'ra*, clos sat cockin,

Till wasted was baith Cash and Tick,

Sae ill they were to flocken :

Gane out to pish, in Gutters thick

Some fell, and some gae'd rockin ;

*Sawny* hang sneering on his Stick,

To see bauld *Hutchon* bockin

Rain-bows that Day.

THE Smith's Wife her black Deary fought,

And fand him Skin and Birn ;

Quoth she, This Day's Wark's be dear bought :

He ban'd, and ga'e a Girn ;

Ca'd her a Jade, and said she mught

Gae hame and scum her Kirn :

Whisht, Ladren, for gin ye say ought

Mair, Ise wynd ye a Pirn

To reel some Day.

YELL wynd a Pirn ! ye silly Snool,

Wae worth your drunken Saul !

Quoth she, and lap in o'er a Stool,

And claught him be the Spaul

He shook her, and sware muckle Dool

Ye's thole for this, ye Scaul ;

Me rive frae aff ye'r Hips the Hool,

And learn ye to be baul

On sic a Day.



o'er tippanizing, Scant o' Grace;  
 Quoth she, gars me gang duddy;  
 o'er Nibour Pate sin Break o' Day's  
 Been thumpin at his Study;  
 an it be true that some Fowk says,  
 Ye'll girn yet in a Woody;  
 me wi' her Nails she rave his Face,  
 Made a' his black Beard bloody  
 Wi' Scarts that Day.

Gilpy that had seen the Faught,  
 I wat he was na lang  
 till he had gather'd seven or aught;  
 Wild Hempies stout and strang;  
 they frae a Barn a Kaber raught,  
 Ann mounted wi' a Bang,  
 betwixt twa Shouders, and sat straught  
 Upon't, and rade the Stang  
 On her that Day.

THE Wives and Gylings a' spang'd o'er;  
 O'er Middings and o'er Dykes,  
 Wi' mony an unco Skirl and Shour;  
 Like Bumbees frae their Bykes;  
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,  
 Plashin thro' Dubs and Sykes;  
 And sic a Rierd rang thro' the Rour;  
 Gars a' the hale Town Tykes  
 Yamp loud that Day.

BUT d'ye see fou better bred,  
 Was mensfou *Maggie Murdy*  
 She her Man like a Lamy led  
 Hame wi' a well wal'd Wordy:  
 Fast frae the Company he fled,  
 As he had tane the Sturdy;  
 She fletch'd him fairly to his Bed,  
 Wi' ca'ing him her Burdy  
 Kindly that Day.

BUT *Lawrie* he took out his Nap  
 Upon a Mow of Pease,  
 And *Roben* spew'd in's ain Wife's Lap,  
 He said it ga'e him Ease.  
*Hutcheon* wi' a three lugged Cap,  
 His Head bizzin wi' Bees,  
 Hit *Geordie* a mislushis Rap,  
 And brake the Brig o's Neese  
 Right fair that Day.

SYNE ilka Thing gaed Arse o'er Head,  
 Chanlers, Boord, Stools and Stoups,  
 Flew thro' the House wi' muckle Speed,  
 And there was little Hopes  
 But there had been some ill done Deed,  
 They gat sic thrawart Cowps;  
 But a' the Skaith that chanc'd indeed,  
 Was only on their Dowps,  
 Wi' Fa's that Day.

While they toolied, whiles they drank,

Till a' their Sense was snor'd;

And in their Maws there was nae Mank,

Upon the Furms some snor'd:

Others frae aff the Bunkers sank,

Wi' Eers like Collops scor'd;

Some ram'd their Nodles wi' a Clank,

E'en like a thick scull'd Lord,

On Posts that Day.

The young Goodman to Bed did clim,

His Dear the Door did lock in,

Clap down beyond him, and the Rim

O'er Wame he clap'd his Dock on;

He fand her Lad was not in trim,

And be this same good Token,

That ilka Member, Lith and Limb,

Was souple like a Doken,

'Bout him that Day.

*The End of the third Canto.*



IN:

## I N D E X.

	Page		Page
<b>A</b> ndrew Lammie,	114	Maggy Forsyth,	107,
Auld Bessie,	113		
Bauld Bess,	102, 103	Maggy Murdy,	
Cland Pekie,	104	Meg Waller,	
Cirsh,	113	Nanny,	
Dick,	101, 110, 116	Ostler Wife,	
Downy,	95	Plaitfoot,	
Geordy Gib,	109, 118	Pate,	
Gilly,	94	Robin Roy,	95,
Harry,	97	Roger,	113,
Hutchon,	98, 103, 110	Steen,	95, 107,
	116, 118	Smith,	108, 110,
Jock,	94, 107, 113, 118	Sawny,	
Jean Gun,	109	Tam Lutter,	95,
Kate,	104	Tousie,	95,
Lawrie,	97, 104, 110, 118	Tam Taylor,	100, 103,
Letter-gae,	107, 112	Taylor,	
Miller,	99, 105, 119, 116	Willie,	94,
Mausie,	95, 106, 114		



T H E  
S C R I B L E R S  
L A S H ' D.

---

*You write Pindaricks and be d---n'd,*

*Write Epigrams for Cutlers;*

*None with thy Nonsense will be sham'd,*

*But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.*

*In t'other World expect dry Blows,*

*No Tears shall wipe thy Stains out;*

*Horace shall pluck thee by the Nose,*

*And Pindar beat thy Brains out.*

T. BROWN TO D'URFY

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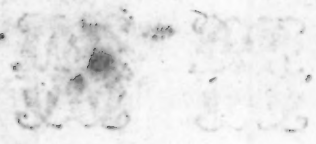
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THE

CLAYBERRY

J. A. H. D.



ADDITIONAL

in the Year 1874



I'm c  
The  
Beside  
Which  
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Again  
Who  
'Tis  
Who  
Torm  
With  
Disgr  
And a



*The* SCRIBBLERS *last*'d.



HAT I thus prostitute my *MUSE*  
 On Theme so low, may gain Excuse;  
 When following Motives shall be  
                   thought on,  
 Which has this dogrel Fury brought  
                   on.

I'm call'd in Honour to protect  
 The FAIR, when tret with Disrespect:  
 Besides, a Zeal transports my Soul,  
 Which no Constraint can e'er controul;  
 In Service of the Government,  
 To draw my Pen, and Satyr vent,  
 Against vile Mungrels of *Parnassus*,  
 Who through Impunity oppress us,  
 'Tis to correct this scribbling Crew,  
 Who as in former Reigns, so now  
 Torment the World, and load our Time  
 With Jargon cloath'd in wretched Rhime,  
 Disgrace of Numbers! Earth! I hate them!  
 And as they merit, so I'll treat them,

P

AND

AND first, these ill bred Things I lash,  
 The hated Authors of that Trash,  
 In publick spread with little Wit,  
 Much Malice, rude and bootless Spite,  
 Against the SEX, who have no Arms,  
 To shield them from insulting Harms;  
 Except the Lightning of their Eye,  
 Which none but such blind Dolts defy.

UNGEN'ROUS War! t'attack the FAIR:  
 But, Ladies, fear not, ye're the Care  
 Of every Wit of true Descent,  
 At once their Song and Ornament:  
 They'll ne'er neglect the lovely Crowd:  
 But spite of all the Multitude  
 Of scribbling Fops, assert your Cause,  
 And execute *Apollo's* Laws:  
*Apollo*, who the BARD inspires  
 With softest Thoughts and Heav'nly Fires;  
 Than whom in all the Earth there's no Man  
 More complaisant to a fine Woman.  
 Such Veneration mixt with Love,  
 Points out a POET from above:

But *Zanny's* void of Sense or Merit,  
 Love, Fire, or Fancy, Wit or Spirit:  
 Weak, frantick, clownish and chagreen,  
 Pretending, prompt by zealous Spleen,  
 T'affront your Head-dress, or your Bone-fence,  
 Make Printer's Presses groan with Nonsense;  
 But while *SOL's* Offspring lives, assoon  
 Shall they pull down his Sister Moon.

THEY with low incoherent Stuff,  
 Dark Sense, or none, Lines lame and rough,  
 Without a Thought, Air or Address,  
 All the whole Logerhead confests.  
 From clouded Notions in the Brain,  
 They scribe in a cloudy Strain:  
 Desire of Verse they reckon Wit,  
 And rhyme without one Grain of it.  
 Then hurry forth in publick Town  
 Their Scrawls, lest they should be unknown:  
 Rather than want a Fame they chuse  
 The Plague of an infamous MUSE.  
 Unthinking, thus the Sots aspire,  
 And raise their own Reproach the higher:  
 By meddling with the Modes and Fashions  
 Of Women of politest Nations.

Perhaps

Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,  
 That in their Spirit something bold is,  
 To challenge those who have the Skill,  
 By Charms to save, and Frowns to kill.

IF not Ambition, then 'tis Spite,  
 Which makes the Puny Insects write;  
 Like old and mouldy Maids turn'd fowr,  
 When distant Charms have lost their Pow'r,  
 Fly out in loud Transports of Passion,  
 When ought that's new comes first in Fashion;  
 'Till by Degrees it creeps right snodly  
 On Hips and Head-dress of the g——!  
 Thus they to please the fighting Sisters,  
 Who often beet them in their misters,  
 With their malicious Breath set sail,  
 And write these silly Things they rail:  
 Pimps! Such as you can ne'er extend  
 A Flight of Wit, which may amend  
 Our Morals; that's a Plot too nice  
 For you to laugh Folks out of Vice,  
 Sighing Oh hey! Ye cry alace!  
 This Fardingale's a great Disgrace!  
 And all indeed, because an Ankle,  
 Or Foot is seen, might Monarchs mangle:



And makes the Wife, with Face upright,  
Look up, and bleſs Heav'n for their Sight.

IN your Opinion nothing matches,  
O horrid Sin! the Crime of Patches!  
'Tis falſe, ye Clowns! I'll make't appear,  
The glorious Sun does Patches wear:  
Yea, run thro' all the Frame of Nature,  
You'll find a Patch for every Creature:  
Even you your ſelves, ye blackned Wretches,  
To *Heliconians* are the Patches.

BUT grant the Ladies Modes were ill  
To be reform'd; your creeping Skills,  
Ye *Rhimers* never would ſucceed,  
Who write what the Polite ne'er read,  
To cure an Error of the FAIR,  
Demands the nicest prudent Care;  
Wit utter'd in a pleaſant Strain,  
A Point ſo delicate may gain:  
But that's a Task as far above  
Your ſhallow Reach, as I'm from JOVE.

No more then let the World be vexed,  
With Baggage empty and perplexed:

But learn to speak with due Respect;  
 Of PEGGIE's Breasts, and Ivory Neck:  
 Such purblind Eyes as yours, 'tis true,  
 Shou'd ne'er such shining BEAUTIES view.  
 If NELLIE's Hoop be twice as wide,  
 As her two pretty Limbs can stride:  
 What then? Will any Man of Sense  
 Take Umbrage, or the least Offence,  
 At what even the most modest may  
 Expose to *Phæbus*' brightest Ray?  
 Does not the Handsome of our City,  
 The Pious, Chaste, the Kind and Witty,  
 Who can afford it, great and small,  
 Regard well shapen Fardingale?  
 And will you, *Mag-pyes*, make a Noise,  
 You grumble at the Lady's Choice!  
 Pray leav't to them, and Mothers wise,  
 Who watch their Conduct, Mein and Guise,  
 To shape their Weeds as fits their Ease;  
 And place their Patches as they please.  
 This shou'd be granted without Grudging,  
 Since we all know they're best at judging,  
 What from Mankind demands Devotion,  
 In Gesture, Garb, free Airs and Motion.

But you! unworthy of my Pen!  
 Unworthy to be class'd with Men!  
 Haste to *Caffar*, ye clumsy Sots,  
 And there make Love to *Hottentots*.

ANOTHER Sett with *Ballads* waste  
 Our Paper, and debauch our Taste  
 With endless 'larms on the Street,  
 Where Crowds of circling Rabble meet.  
 The Vulgar judge of Poetry,  
 By what these Hawkers sing and cry;  
 Hea, some who claim to Wit amiss,  
 Cannot distinguish *that* from *this*.  
 Hence POETS are accounted now  
 In *SCOTLAND* a mean empty Crew;  
 Whose Heads are craz'd, who spend their Time,  
 In that poor wretched Trade of *Rhime*.  
 Let all the learn'd discerning Part  
 Of Mankind own the heav'nly Art  
 As much distant from such Trash,  
 As lay'd *Dutch* Coin from *Sterling* Cash,

OTHERS in lofty Nonsense write;  
 Incomprehensible's their Flight;

Q

Such

Such magick Pow'r is in their Pen,  
 They can bestow on worthless Men  
 More Vertue, Merit and Renown,  
 Than ever they cou'd call their own.  
 They write with arbitrary Power,  
 'And Pity 'tis they shou'd fall lower;  
 Or stoop to Truth, or yet to meddle  
 With common Sense: For Crambo diddle.

BUT none of all the rhiming Herd  
 'Are more encourag'd and rever'd  
 By heavy Souls to their's ally'd,  
 Than such who tell who lately dy'd.  
 No sooner is the Spirit flown,  
 From its Clay-Cage, to Lands unknown,  
 Than some rash Hackney gets his Name,  
 And thro' the Town laments the same:  
 An honest Burgeſs cannot dy,  
 But they must weep in Elegy;  
 Even while the vertuous Soul is soaring  
 Thro' middle Air, he hears it roaring.

THESE Ills, and many more Abuses,  
 Which plague Mankind, and vex the MUSES,

On Pain of Poverty shall cease,

And all the FAIR shall live in Peace:

And every one shall dy contented,

Happy when not by them lamented.

For great APOLLO, in his Name,

Has order'd me thus to proclaim:

“FORASMUCH as a grov’ling Crew,

“With narrow Mind, and brazen Brow,

“Wou’d fain to Poets Title mount,

“And with vile Maggots rub Affront

“On an old Virtuoso Nation,

“Where our lov’d Nine maintain their Station;

“We order strict that all refrain

“To write, who Learning want, and Brain;

“Pedants, with Hebrew Roots o’ergrown,

“Learn’d in each Language but their own.

“Each spiritless half starving Sinner,

“Who knows not how to get his Dinner:

“Dealers in small Ware, Clinks, Whim Whams,

“Acrosticks, Puns and Anagrams;

“And all who their Productions grudge,

“To be canvass’d by skilful Judge,

“Who can find out indulgent Trip,

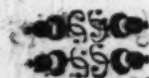
“Whilst ’tis in harmless Manuscript;

“But



" But to all them who disobey,  
 " And jog on still in their own Way;  
 " Be't kend to all Men, that OUR WILL is,  
 " Since all they write so wretched ill is;  
 " They must dispatch their shallow Ghosts,  
 " To *Pluto's* Jakes, and take their Posts;  
 " There to attend, 'till *Dis* shall deign  
 " To use their Works; the Use is plain."

Now know, ye Scoundrels, if ye stand  
 To *Humph* and *Ha* at this Command,  
 The Furies have prepar'd a Halter,  
 To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,  
 Through Bogs and Moors, like Rats and Mice,  
 Pursu'd with Hunger, Rags and Lice,  
 If e'er ye dare again to croak,  
 And God of Harmony provoke.  
 Wherefore pursue some Craft for Bread,  
 Where Hands may better serve than Head;  
 Nor ever hope in Verse to shine,  
 Or share in *HOMER's* Fate or ———



CONTENT:  
A  
POEM.

---

*Vertue was taught in Verse, and Athens' Glory rose.*  
PRIOR.

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EDINBURGH:  
Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXVIII.

CONTENTS

POEM.

Printed and sold by J. W. and A. W. in the Strand, near the Temple, in the Year M. DCC. XXVIII.



EDINBURGH:  
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# CONTENT:

## O E M.



When genial Beams wade thro'  
the dewy Morn,

And from the Clod invite the  
sprouting Corn;

When chequer'd Green, wing'd

Musick, new blown Scents,

Inspir'd to sooth the Mind, and please each Sense:

On down a shady Haugh I took my Way,

Lighted with each Flower and budding Spray;

Musing

Musing on all that Hurry, Pain and Scife,  
 Which flow from the phantastick Ills of Life.  
 Enlarg'd from such Distresses of the Mind,  
 Due Gratitude to Heav'n my Thoughts refin'd,  
 And made me in the laughing †SAGE's Way,  
 As a mere Farce, the murm'ring World survey;  
 Finding imagin'd Maladies abound,  
 Tenfold for One which gives a real Wound.

GODLIKE is he whom no false Fears annoy,  
 Who lives CONTENT, and grasps the present Joy;  
 Whose Mind is not with wild Convulsions rent  
 Of Pride, and Avarice, and Discontent:  
 Whose well train'd Passions, with a pious Aw,  
 Are all subordinate to Reason's Law:  
 Then smooth CONTENT arises like the Day,  
 And makes each rugged Phantom flee away.  
 To lowest Men she gives a lib'ral Share  
 Of solid Bliss, she mitigates our Care,  
 Enlarging Joys, administrating Health;  
 The rich Man's Pleasure, and the poor Man's Wealth;

---

† Democritus



A Train of Comforts on her Nod attend;  
And to her Sway Profits and Honour bend;

HAIL, blest CONTENT! who art by Heav'n design'd  
Parent of Health, and Chearfulness of Mind.

Serene CONTENT shall animate my Song,  
And make th' immortal Numbers smooth and strong;

SILENUS, thou whose hoary Beard and Head  
Experience speak, and Youth's Attention plead,  
Retail thy gather'd Knowledge, and disclose  
What State of Life enjoys the most Repose.

Thus I address: — And thus the ancient Bard; —  
First to no State of Life fix thy Regard.

All Mortals may be happy if they please,  
Not rack'd with Pain, nor lingering Disease;

MIDAS the Wretch, wrapt in his patched Rags,  
With empty Paunch, sits brooding o'er his Bags;  
Meager his Look, his Mind in constant Fright,  
If Winds but move his Windows in the Night;  
If Dogs shou'd bark, or but a Mouse make Din,  
He sweats and starts, and thinks the Thief's got in:

His Sleep forsakes him 'till the Dawn appears,  
Which ev'ry Thing but such a Caitiff chears;  
It gives him Pain to buy a Farthing-light,  
He jums at Home in Darkness all the Night.  
What makes him manage with such cautious Pain?  
'Twould break a Sum a Farthing spent so vain!  
If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful Man  
Gives Ten *per cent.* with an insuring Pawn.  
Tho' he's provided in as much would serve  
Whole Nestor's Years, he ever fears to starve.  
Tell him of Alms, alace! he'd rather chuse  
Damnation, and the promis'd Bliss refuse.

— *And is there such a Wretch beneath the Sun?* —

Yes, he return'd, Thousands instead of one,  
To whom CONTENT is utterly unknown. —

*Are all the rich Men such?* — He answer'd, No;

MARCUS hath Wealth, and can his Wealth bestow  
Upon himself, his Friends, and on the Poor,  
Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

REVERSE of these, is he who braves the Skie,  
Curfing his Maker when he throws the Dic:

Gods, Devils, Furies, Hell, Heaven, Blood and Wounds;

Promiscuous fly in Bursts of tainted Sounds:

He to Perdition doth his Soul bequeath,

Yet inly trembles when he thinks of Death.

Except at Game, he ne'er employs his Thought

Till his'd and pointed at, ——— not worth a Groat.

The desp'rate Remnant of a large Estate

Goes at one Throw, and points his gloomy Fate,

He finds his Folly now, but finds too late.

All brooks my fondl'd Master to be poor,

Bred up to nought but Bottle, Game and Whore.

How pitiful he looks without his Rent!

They who fly Vertue, ever fly CONTENT.

Now I beheld the SAGE look'd less severe,

Whilst Pity join'd his old Satyrick Lear.

The weakly Mind, said he, is quickly torn,

Men are not Gods, some Frailties must be born:

Heaven's bounteous Hand all in their Turn abuse,

The happiest Men at Times their Fate refuse,

Befool themselves, ——— and trump up an Excuse.

Is *LUCIUS* but a Subaltern of Foot?

His Equal *GALLUS* is a Coroner.

*STERILLA* shuns a Gossiping, and why?

The teeming Mother fills her with Envy.

The pregnant Matron's Grief as much prevails,

Some of the Children always something ails:

One Boy is sick, t'other has broke his Head,

And Nurse is blam'd when little Miss is dead.

A Dutchess on a Velvet Couch reclin'd,

Blabs her fair Cheeks till she is almost blind;

Poor *Philis*'s Death the briny Pearls demands,

Who ceases now to snarl and lick her Hands.

THE Politicians, who in learn'd Debates,

With Penetration carve out Kingdoms Fates,

Look sour, drink Coffee, shrug, and read Gazettes:

Deep sunk in Craft of State their Souls are lost,

And all their Hopes depend upon the Post:

Each Mail that's due they curse the contrair Wind,

'Tis strange if this Way Men CONTENTMENT find.

Tho' old, their Humours I am yet to learn,  
Who vex themselves in what they've no Concern.

NINNY the glaring Fop, who always runs  
In Tradesmen's Books, which makes the careful Duns  
Often e'er Ten to break his slumb'ring Rest  
Whilst with their craving Clamours he's oppress'd;  
He frames Excuses 'till his Cranny akes,  
Then thinks he justly damns the cursed Snakes,  
The disappointed Dun with as much Ire,  
Both threats and curses, till his Breast's on Fire:  
Then home he goes, and pours it on his House,  
His Servants, suffer oft, and oft his Spouse.

SOME groan thro' Life amidst a Heap of Cares,  
To load with too much Wealth their lazy Heirs:  
The lazy Heir turns all to Ridicule,  
And all his Life proclaims his Father Fool.  
He toils in spending ——— leaves a Thread-bare Son,  
To scrape anew, as had his Grandfire done.

find. How is the fair MYRTILLA's Bosom fir'd,  
LEDA's sable Locks are more admir'd;

While



While *LEDA* does her secret Sighs discharge,  
Because her Mouth's a Straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus sung the Sire, and left me to evite  
The scorching Beams in some cool green Retreat,  
Where gentle Slumber seiz'd my weary'd Brain,  
And mimick Fancy op'd the following Scene.

METHOUGHT I stood upon a rising Ground,  
A splendid Landskip open'd all around,  
Rocks, Rivers, Meadows, Gardens, Parks and Woods,  
And Domes, which hid their Turrets in the Clouds;  
To me approach'd a Nymph divinely fair,  
Celestial Vertue shone through all her Air:  
A Nymph for Grace, her Wisdom more renown'd  
Adorn'd each Grace, and both true Valour crown'd,  
Around her heav'nly Smiles a Helmet blaz'd,  
And graceful as she mov'd, a Spear she gently rais'd.  
My Sight at first the Lustre scarce could bear,  
Her dazzling Glories shone so strong and clear:  
A Majesty sublime, with all that's sweet,  
Did Adoration claim; and Love invite.  
I felt her Wisdom's Charm my Thoughts inspire,  
Her dauntless Courage set my Soul on Fire.

The Maid, when thus I knew, I soon address,  
 My present wishful Thoughts the Theme suggest  
 Of all th' etherial Powers thou noblest Maid,  
 To Humane Weakness lend'st the readiest Aid:  
 To where CONTENT and her blest Train reside,  
 Immortal *PALLAS*, deign to be my Guide."  
 With my Request well pleas'd, our Course we bent,  
 To find the Habitation of CONTENT.

THRO' fierce *BELLONA*'s Tents we first advanc'd,  
 Where Cannons bounc'd, and nervous Horses pranc'd:  
 Here *vi et armis* sat with dreadful Aw,  
 And daring Front, to prop each Nation's Law:  
 Attending Squadrons on her Motions wait,  
 Array'd in Deaths, and fearless of their Fate.  
 Here Chistain Souls glow'd with as great a Fire,  
 As his who made the World but one Empire.  
 Even in low Ranks brave Spirits might be found,  
 Who wanted nought of Monarchs but a Crown.  
 But ah! Ambition stood a Foe to Peace,  
 Making the empty Fob and ragged Fleece;  
 Which were more hideous to these Sons of War,  
 Than Brimstone, Smoke, and Storms of Bullets are.

Here,

Here, said my Guide, CONTENT is rarely found,  
When Blood and noisy Jars beset the Ground.

TRADE's wealthy Warehouse next fell in our Way,  
Where in great Bales Part of each Nation lay,  
The *Spanish* Citron, and *Hesperia's* Oil,  
*Persia's* soft Product, and the *Chinese* Toil;  
Warm *Borneo's* Spices, *Alac's* scented Gum,  
The *Polish* Amber, and the *Saxon* Mum,  
The *Orient* Pearl, *Holland's* Lace and Toys,  
And tinsy Work, which the fair Nun employs,  
From *India* Iv'ry, and the clouded Cane,  
And *Cocheneal* from Straits of *Magellan*.  
The *Scandinavian* Rosin, Hemp and Tar,  
The *Lapland* Furs, and *Russia's* Caviare,  
The *Gallick* Puncheon charg'd with rubby Juice,  
Which makes the Hearts of Gods and Men rejoice.  
*Britannia* here pours from her plenteous Horn,  
Her shining Mirroures, Clock-work, Cloaths and Corn,  
Here *cent per cents* sat poring o'er their Books,  
While many shew'd the Bankrupts in their Looks,  
Who by Mismanagement their Stocks had spent,  
Curs'd these hard Times, and blam'd the Government.

The missive Letter, and peremptor Bill;  
 Forbade them Rest, and call'd forth all their Skill.  
 Uncertain Credit bore the Sceptre here,  
 And her prime Ministers were Hope and Fear.  
 The surly Chuffs demanded what we fought,  
 CONTENT, said I, may she with Gold be bought?  
 CONTENT! said one, then star'd and bit his Thumb;  
 And leering ask'd, if I was worth a † Plumb,

Love's fragrant Fields, where mildest western Gales  
 Loaden with Sweets, perfume the Hills and Dales,  
 Where longing Lovers haunt the Streams and Glades;  
 And cooling Groves, whose Verdure never Fades;  
 Thither with Joy and hasty Steps we strode,  
 There sure I thought our long'd for Bliss abode.  
 Whom first we met on that enchanted Plain,  
 Was a tall yellow hair'd young pensive Swain;  
 Him I address — " O Youth, what heavenly Power  
 Commands and graces yon *Elysian* Bower?  
 Sure 'tis CONTENT, else I am much deceiv'd."  
 The Shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I ray'd.

S

Rare

Rare she appears, unless on some fine Day  
 She grace a Nuptial, but soon hastes away:  
 If her you seek, soon hence you must remove,  
 Her Presence is precarious in Love.

THRO' these and other Shrines we wander'd long,  
 Which merit not Description in my Song,  
 Till at the last, me thought we cast our Eye  
 Upon an antique Temple square and high,  
 Its Area wide, its Spire did pierce the Sky;  
 On Adamantine Dorick Pillors rear'd,  
 Strong Gothick Work the massy Pile appear'd:  
 Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd,  
 Which pleas'd the Eye at once, and fill'd the Mind.  
 Whilst Wonder did my curious Thoughts engage,  
 To us approach'd a studious rev'rend Sage;  
 Both Aw and Kindness his grave Aspect bore,  
 Which spoke him rich with Wisdom's finest Store.  
 He ask'd our Errand there, — Straight I repli'd,  
 “CONTENT: In these high Towers does she reside?  
 Not far from hence, said he, her Palace stands;  
 Ours she regards, as we do her Demands.



Philosophy sustains her peaceful Sway,  
 And in Return she feasts us ev'ry Day.  
 Then straight an ancient Telescope he brought,  
 By *SOCRATES* and *EPIGTETUS* wrought,  
 Improved since, made easier to the Sight,  
 Lengthen'd the Tube, the Glasses ground more bright:  
 Through this he shew'd a Hill, whose lofty Brow  
 Enjoy'd the Sun, while Vapours all below  
 In pitchy Clouds, encircled it around,  
 Where Phantoms of most horrid Forms abound;  
 The ugly Brood of lazy Spleen and Fear,  
 Rightful in Shape, most monstrous appear,  
 Then thus my Guide, —————  
 Your Way lies through yon Gloom, be not agast,  
 Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past:  
 Mere empty Spectres, harmless as the Air,  
 Which merit not your Notice, less your Care.  
 Encourag'd with her Word, I thus address  
 My noble Guide, and grateful Joy express:  
 O sacred WISDOM! thine's the Source of Light,  
 Without thy Blaze the World would grope in Night!  
 Of Woe and Bliss thou only art the Test,  
 Falshood and Truth before thee stand confess;

"Thou mak'st a double Life: One Nature gave,  
 "But without thine, what is it Mortals have;  
 "A breathing Motion grazing to the Grave."

Now through the Damps methought we boldly went,  
 Smiling at all the Grins of Discontent:  
 Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising Ground we gain'd,  
 Whilst inward Joy my weary'd Limbs sustain'd:  
 Arriv'd the Height, whose Top was large and plain,  
 And what appear'd soon recompens'd my Pain,  
 Nature's whole Beaurty deck'd the enamell'd Scene.

AMIDST the Glade the sacred Palace stood,  
 The Architecture nor so fine as good,  
 Nor scrimp, nor gousty, regular and plain,  
 Plain were the Columns which the Roof sustain,  
 An easy Greatness in the whole was found,  
 Where all that Nature wanted did abound.  
 But here no Beds are screen'd with rich Brocade,  
 Nor Fewel Logs in Silver Grates are laid:  
 No broken *China* Bowls disturb the Joy,  
 Of waiting Hand-maid, or the running Boy;  
 Nor in the Cupboard Heaps of Plate are rang'd,  
 To be with each splenetick Fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten Sentry watch'd the Gate,  
 Of Temper cross; and practis'd in Debate:  
 Till once acquaint with him, no Entry here,  
 Tho' brave as *CESAR*, or as *HELEN* fair:  
 To Strangers fierce, but with Familiars tame,  
 And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his Name.

THIS fair Inscription shone above the Gate,  
 Near none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.  
 With Smile austere he lifted up his Head,  
 Pointed the Characters, and bid us read.  
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The Gates at last  
 Op'd of their own Accord, and in we past.

EACH Day a Herald, by the QUEEN's Command,  
 Was order'd on a Mount to take his Stand,  
 And thence to all the Earth this Offer make,  
 Who are inclin'd her Favours to partake,  
 Shall have them free, if they small Rubs can bear,  
 Of Disappointment, Spleen and bug-bear Fear.

Rais'd

RAIS'D on a Throne within the outer Gate,  
 The GODDESS sat, her Vot'ries round her wait:  
 The beautiful DIVINITY disclos'd  
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest Cares compos'd:  
 Her Looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,  
 Not rich her Dress, but suitable and clean:  
 Unfurrow'd was her Brow, her Cheeks were smooth,  
 Tho' old as Time, enjoy'd immortal Youth;  
 And all her Accents so harmonious flow'd,  
 That ev'ry listning Ear with Pleasure glow'd,  
 An Olive Garland on her Head she wore,  
 And her right Hand a *Cornucopia* bore.  
 Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a Bench without the Door,  
 To try the *Sterling* of each humane Ore:  
 Grim Judge he was, and them away he sent,  
 Unfit t'approach the Shrine of calm CONTENT.

To him a hoary Dotard load with Bags;  
 Unweildy Load! to one who hardly drags  
 His Being. — More than seventy Years, said he,  
 I've fought this Court, till now unfound by me;

Now let me rest. ——— Yes, if ye want no more;  
 But e'er the Sun has made his annual Tour,  
 Know, growling Wretch, thy Wealth's without thy Power.

The Thoughts of Death; and ceasing from his Gain,  
 Brought on the old Man's Head so sharp a Pain,  
 Which dim'd his optick Nerves, and with the Light  
 He lost the Palace, and crawl'd back to Night.

Poor gripping Thing, how useless is thy Breath,  
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy Death?

How meanly has thou spent thy Lease of Years?

A Slave to Poverty, to Toils and Fears;

And all to vie with some black rugged Hill,

Whose rich Contents Millions of Chests can fill.

As round the greedy Rock clings to the Mine,

And hinders it in open Day to shine,

Till Diggers hew it from the Spar's Embrace,

Making it circle, stamp'd with CESAR's Face;

So dost thou hoard, and from thy Prince purloin

His useful Image, and thy Country Coin,

Till gaping Heirs have freed the imprison'd Slave,

When to their Comfort thou hast fill'd a Grave.



THE next who with a janty Air approach'd,  
 Was a gay Youth, who thither had been coach'd:  
 Sleek were his *Flanders* Mares, his Liv'ries fine,  
 With glittering Gold his Furniture did shine.  
 Sure such methought may enter when they please,  
 Who have all these Appearances of Ease.  
 Strutting he march'd, nor any Leave he crav'd,  
 Attempt't to pass, but found himself deceiv'd:  
 Old *Touchstone* gave him on the Breast a Box,  
 Which op'd the Sluces of a latent Pox,  
 Then bid his Equipage in haste depart.  
 The Youth look'd at them with a fainting Heart;  
 He found he could not walk, and bid them stay,  
 Swore three cramp Oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

THE Pow'r express'd herself thus with a Smile,  
 " These changing Shadows are not worth our while,  
 " With smallest Trifles oft their Peace is torn,  
 " If here at Night, they rarely wait the Morn.

ANOTHER Beau as fine, but more vivace,  
 Whose Airs sat round him with an easy Grace,

And well bred Motion, came up to the Gate.  
 Lov'd him much, and trembled for his Fate.  
 The Sentry broke his clouded Cane, — He smil'd;  
 Got fairly in, and all our Fears beguil'd.  
 The Cane was soon renew'd which had been broke;  
 And thus the VERTUE to the Circle spoke,  
 Each Thing magnificent or gay we grant,  
 To them who're capable to bear their Want.

Two handsome Toasts came next, them well I knew;  
 Their lovely Make the Court's Observance drew;  
 Three Waiting-maids attended in the Rear,  
 Each loaden with as much as she could bear:  
 One mov'd beneath a Load of Silks and Lace,  
 Another bore the Offsets of the Face;  
 The most bulky Burden of the Three,  
 Was hers who bore th' Utensils of *Bohee*.  
 My Mind indulgent in their Favour pled,  
 Hoping no Opposition would be made:  
 So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their Eye,  
 Enough almost to give CONTENT Envy.  
 But soon I found my Error, the bold Judge,  
 Who acted as if prompted by some Grudge,

And

I

Them

Them thus saluted with a hollow Tone,

“ You’re none of my Acquaintance, get you gone;

“ What Loads of Trump’ry these? Ha, where is my Cross?

“ I’ll try if these be solid Ware or boss.

The *China* felt the Fury of his Blow,

And lost a Being, or for Use or Show;

For Use or Show no more’s each Plate or Cup,

But all in Shreds upon the Threshold drop.

Now every Charm which deck’d their Face before,

Give Place to Rage, and Beauty is no more.

The brinny Stream their rosy Cheeks besmeat’d,

Whilst they in Clouds of Vapours disappear’d.

A rustick Hyld, attir’d in home spun Gray,

With forked Locks, and Shoes bedaub’d with Clay,

Palms shod with Horn, his Front fresh, brown and broad;

With Legs and Shoulders fitted for a Load;

He ’midst ten bawling Children laugh’d and sung,

While Consort Hobnails on the Pavement rung :

Up to the Porter unconcern’d he came,

Forcing along his Offspring and their Dame.

Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the Clown

At Handy-cuffs him match’d, and threw him down ;

And

And spite of him into the Palace went,  
Where he was kindly welcom'd by CONTENT.

Two *Busbian* Philosophs put in their Claims,  
*GAMALIEL* and *CRITIS* were their Names;  
But soon's they had our *BRITISH HOMER* seen,  
With Face unruffl'd waiting on the QUEEN,  
Envious Hate their surly Bosoms fir'd,  
Their Colour chang'd, they from the Porch retir'd:  
Backward they went, reflecting with much Rage  
On the bad Taste and Humour of the Age,  
Which pay'd so much Respect to nat'ral Parts,  
While they were starving Graduates of Arts,  
The Goddesses fell a laughing at the Fools,  
And sent them packing to their Grammar-schools;  
Or in some Garret elevate to dwell,  
There with *Sisyphean* Toil to teach dull Beaus to spell.

Now all this while a Gale of Eastern Wind  
And cloudy Skies oppress'd the humane Mind;  
The Wind set West, back'd with the radiant Beams,  
Which warm'd the Air, and danc'd upon the Streams,  
Exhal'd

Exhal'd the Spleen, and sooth'd a World of Souls  
 Who crowded now the Avenue in Shoals.  
 Numbers in Black of Widowers, Relicts, Heirs,  
 Of new wed Lovers many handsome Pairs;  
 Men landed from Abroad, from Camps and Seas;  
 Others got through some dangerous Disease:  
 A Train of Belles adorn'd with something new,  
 And even of ancient Prudes there were a few,  
 Who were refreshed with Scandal and with Tea,  
 Which for a Space set them from Vapours free.  
 Here from their Cups the lower Species flockt,  
 And Knaves with Bribes and cheating Methods stockt.

THE Pow'r survey'd the Troop, and gave Command  
 They should no longer in the Entry stand,  
 But be convey'd into *Chimera's* Tower,  
 There to attend her Pleasure for an Hour,

Soon as they entred, Apprehension shook  
 The Fabrick: Fear was fixt on every Look,  
 Old Age and Poverty, Disease, Disgrace,  
 With horrid Grin, star'd full in every Face,



Which made them, trembling at their unknown Fate,  
 Issue in haste out by the postern Gate.

NONE waited out their Hour but only two,  
 Who had been wedded fifteen Years ago.  
 The Man had learn'd the World, and fixt his Mind:  
 His Spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind:  
 She neither fear'd the Shock, nor Phantom's Stare:  
 She thought her Husband wise, and knew that he was there.  
 Now while the Court was sitting, my fair Guide  
 Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd;  
 I saw or thought I saw the spacious Fields.  
 Adorn'd with all prolifick Nature yields,  
 Profusely rich, with her most valu'd Store:  
 But as m'enchanted Fancy wander'd o'er  
 The happy Plain, new Beauties seem'd to rise,  
 The Fields were fled, and all was painted Skies.  
 Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former Scene;  
 Straight all return'd and eas'd me of my Pain.  
 Again the flow'ry Meadows disappear,  
 And Hills and Groves their stately Summits rear;  
 These sink again, and rapid Rivers flow,  
 Next from the Rivers Cities seem to grow.

Some

SOMETIME the fleeting Scene I had forgot,  
 In busy Thought intranc'd, with Pain I fought  
 To know the hidden Charm, straight all was fled  
 And boundless Heav'ns o'er boundless Ocean spread;  
 Impatient I obtest my noble Guide,  
 Reveal this wond'rous Secret. She reply'd,  
 We carried on what greatly we design'd  
 When all these humane Follies you resign'd,  
 Ambition, Lux'ry, and a cov'tous Mind:  
 Yet think not true CONTENT can thus be bought,  
 There's wanting still a Train of virtuous Thought.

WHEN me your Leader prudently you chose,  
 And listning to my Counsel, didst refuse  
 Fantastick Joys, your Soul was thus prepar'd  
 For true Content; and thus I do reward  
 Your gen'rous Toil. Observe this wondrous Clime;  
 Of Nature's Blessings here are hid the Prime:  
 But wise and virtuous Thought in constant Course,  
 Must draw these Beauties from their hidden Source;  
 The smallest Intermissions will transform  
 The pleasant Scene, and spoil each perfect Charm.

This ugly Vice will rob you of CONTENT,  
 And to your View all hellish Woes present.  
 Nor grudge the Care in Virtue you employ,  
 Your present Toil will prove your future Joy.  
 When smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,  
 "Hold fast your virtuous Mind, of nothing be afraid."

A while the charming Voice so fill'd my Ears,  
 Griev'd the divine Form no more appears.  
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady Mind,  
 Under a lonely Shadow I reclin'd,  
 To try the Virtues of the Clime I sought:  
 Then straight call'd up a Train of hideous Thought,  
 Plague, and Blood, and Pestilence appear,  
 Wild Shrieks and loud Laments disturb mine Ear;  
 New Woes and Horrors did my Sight alarm,  
 Grief and Hate compose the wretched Charm.

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful View,  
 And thus I sought past Pleasures to renew.  
 To heav'nly Love my Thoughts I next compose,  
 Then quick as thought the following Sights disclose;

Streams, Meadows, Grotto's, Groves, Birds carolling,  
 Calmness and temp'rate Warmth, and endless Spring,  
 A perfect Transcript of these upper Bowers,  
 The Habitation of th' immortal Powers.

BACK to the Palace ravished I went  
 Resolved to reside with blest CONTENT,  
 Where all my special Friends methought I met,  
 In Order 'mongst the best of Mankind set:  
 My Soul with too much Pleasure overcharg'd,  
 The captiv'd Senses to their Post enlarg'd:  
 Lifting mine Eyes I view'd declining Day,  
 Sprang from the Green, and homeward bent my Way,  
 Reflecting on that Hurry, Pain and Strife  
 Which flow from false and real Ills of Life.



Na, r  
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 has son



*RICHY* and *SANDY*,  
A  
PASTORAL

On the Death of  
*Mr. Joseph Addison.*

*R I C H Y.*

**W**HAT gars thee look sae dowf? dear *Sandy* say,  
Chear up dull Fallow, take thy Reed and play,  
thy Apron Deary, ——— or some wanton Tune;  
Be merry, Lad; and keep thy Heart aboon.

*S A N D Y.*

NA, na! It winna do! Leave me to mane  
his aught Days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

*R I C H Y.*

Wow Man, that's unco' sad, ——— is that yo'r Jo  
is ta'en the Strunt? ——— Or has some Bogle-bo  
owrin frae 'mang auld Waws gi'en ye a Fleg?  
has some dawtred Wedder broke his Leg?

U

*S A N D Y.*



## S A N D Y.

NAITHING like that, sic Troubles eith were born,  
 What's Bogles, ---- Wedders, ---- or what's *Manfy's* Scom  
 Our Lofs is meikle mair, and past Remeed,  
*Edie* that play'd and sang sae sweet is dead.

## R I C H Y.

DEAD, sayst thou ! Oh ! Had up my Heart O *Pan* !  
 Ye Gods ! What Laidys ye lay on feckless Man !  
 Alake therefore ! I canna wyt ye're Wae,  
 I'll bear ye Company for Year and Day.  
 A better Lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a Kent,  
 Or hounded Coly o'er the mossy Bent ;  
 Blyth at the Bught how aft ha' we three been,  
 Hartsome on Hills, and gay upon the Green ?

## S A N D Y.

THAT's true indeed ! But now thae Days are gane,  
 And with him a' that's pleasant on the Plain.  
 A Summer Day I never thought it lang  
 To hear him make a Roundel or a Sang.  
 How sweet he sung where Vines and Myrtles grow,  
 And wimpling Waters which in *Larium* flow.  
 Titry the *Mantuan* Herd wha lang finfyne  
 Best sung on aoten Reed the Lover's Pine,

Had he been to the fore now in our Days,  
 If Edie he had frankly dealt his Bays :  
 As lang's the Warld shall *Amaryllis* ken,  
 His *Rosamond* shall eccho thro' the Glen ;  
 While on Burn-Banks the yellow Gowan grows,  
 Or wand'ring Lambs rin bleeting after Ews,  
 His Fame shall last, last; shall his Sang of Weirs,  
 While *British* Bairns brag of their bauld Forbears.  
 We'll mickle miss his blyth and witty Jest  
 At spaining Time, or at our *Lambmas* Feast.  
*Richy*, but 'tis hard that Death ay reaves  
 Away the best Fowck, and the ill anes leaves.  
 Sing down ye'r Heads ye Hills, greet out ye'r Springs,  
 Upon ye'r Edge na mair the Shepherd sings,

### R I C H Y.

THEN he had ay a good Advice to gi'e,  
 And kend my Thoughts amaisht as well as me ;  
 Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sour,  
 He wad have made me blyth in haff an Hour.  
 Had *Rosie* ta'en the Dorts, ---- or had the Tod  
 orry'd my Lamb, ---- or were my Feet ill shod,  
 Andly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,  
 And tauk of Happineis like a Divine.

Of ilka Thing he had an unco' Skill.

He kend be Moon Light how Tides ebb and fill:

He kend, what kend he no? E'en to a Hair,

He'd tell o'er-night gin nieft Day wad be fair.

Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle Phrase,

How the ill Sp'rit did the first Mischief raise;

Mony a Time beneath the auld Birk-tree

What's bonny in that Sang he loot me see.

The Lassies aft sang down their Rakes and Pails,

And held their Tongues, O strange! to hear his Tales.

### S A N D Y.

SOUND be his Sleep, and fast his Wak'ning be,

He's in a better Case than thee or me;

He was o'er good for us, the Gods hae ta'en

Their ain but back, — he was a borrow'd Len,

Let us be good, gin Virtue be our Drift,

Then may we yet forgather 'boon the Lift.

But see the Sheep are wyfing to the Cleugh,

*Thomas* has loos'd his Ousen frae the Pleugh,

*Maggy* be this has beuk the Supper Scones,

And nuckle Ky stand rowting on the Lones?

Come, *Richy*, let us truifs and hame o'er bend,

And make the best of what we canna mend.



A N  
EXPLANATION  
O F  
*R I C H T* and *S A N D Y*.

---

By *Mr. BURCHET*.

---

*R I C H T*.

**W**HAT makes thee look so sad? Dear *Sandy* say,  
Rouse up dull Fellow, take thy Reed and play  
A merry Jig, or try some other Art,  
To raise thy Spirits, and cheer up thy Heart.

*S A N D Y*.

No, no, it will not do? leave me to moan;  
Till twice eight Days are past I'll whistle none.

*R I C H T*.

THAT's strange indeed! Has *Jenny* made thee sad?  
Or, tell me, hath some horrid Spectre, Lad,  
(Glaring from Ruins old, in silent Night)  
Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic Fright?  
Or ails that Wedder ought, thy Favourite?

}

*S A N D Y*.

## S A N D Y.

SUCH Troubles might with much more Ease be born ;  
 What's Goblins, Wedders, or what's Woman's Scorn ?  
 Our Loss is greater far ; for *Addy's* dead ;  
*Addy*, who sang so sweetly on the Mead.

## R I C H T.

DEAD is he say'st thou ? Guard my Heart, oh *Pan* ?  
 What Burthens, Gods, ye lay on feeble Man !  
 Alack I cannot blame thee for thy Greif ;  
 Nor hope I, more than thou, to find Relief.  
 A better Lad ne'er learn'd on Shepherd's Crook,  
 Nor after Game halloo'd his Dog to look.  
 How glad, where Ewes give Milk, have we three been,  
 Merry on Hills, and gay upon the green !

## S A N D Y.

THAT's true indeed ; but now, alas ! in vain  
 We seek for Pleasure on the rural Plain :  
 I never thought a Summer's Day too long  
 To hear his Couplets, or his tuneful Song.  
 How sweet he sang where Vines and Myrtles grow,  
 And winding Streams which in old *Latium* flow !  
*Titry*, the *Mantuan* Herd, who long ago  
 Sang best on oaten Reed the Lovers Woe,



Did he, fam'd Bard, but live in these our Days;

He would with *Addy* freely share his Bays.

As long as Shepherds *Amaryllis* hear,

So long his *Rosamond* shall please the Ear.

While spangled Daisie near the Riv'elt grows,

And tender Lambs seek after bleeting Ews,

His Fame shall last : Last shall his Song of Wars,

While *British* Youngsters boast of Ancestors.

Much shall we miss his merry witty Jest

At weaning Times, and at our *Lambmas* Feasts.

Oh *Richy* ! *Richy* ! Death hath been unkind

To take the Good, and leave the Ill behind.

Bow down your Heads, ye Hills weep dry your Springs,

For on their Branks no more the Shepherd sings.

### R I C H Y.

THEN he had always good Advice to give,

And could my Thoughts, like as my self, conceive.

When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the Spleen,

In one half Hour with him I've merry been.

Had *Jenny* froward been, or *Raynard* bold

Worry'd my Lamb, or were my Shoes grown old :

Kindly he'd smile, when he observ'd me grieve,

And by his Talk divine my Breast relieve.

*Addy*

*Addy* did all Things to Perfection know;  
 Saw by the Moon how Tides would ebb or flow,  
 He knew, Whatknew he not? E'en to a Hair  
 He'd tell o'er Night if next Day would be fair.  
 The fam'd blind Bard sang in mysterious Phrase  
 How envious Satan did first Mischief raise;  
 But oft beneath the well-spread Birchen-Tree  
 The Beauties of that Song he made me see.  
 The Lasses oft flung down their Rakes and Pails,  
 And held their Tongues, Oh strange! to hear his Tales.

### S A N D Y.

SOUND be his Sleep, and soft his Waking be?  
 More happy is he far than thee or me;  
 Too good he was for us; the Gods but lent  
 Him here below, when hither he was sent.  
 Let us be good, if Virtue be our Aim.  
 Then we may meet above the Skies again.  
 But see how row'rd the Glade the Fatlings go;  
*Thomas* hath ta'en the Oxen from the Plough;  
*Joan* hath prepar'd the Supper 'gainst we come,  
 And late calf'd Cows stand lowing near their Home;  
 Then let's have done, and to our Rest repair,  
 And what we cannot help, with Patience bear.

T O

*Mr.* ALLAN RAMSAY  
ON HIS  
*RICHY and SANDY.*

WEL fare thee, *Allan*, who, in Mother Tongue;  
So sweetly hath of breathless *Addy* sung.

His endless Fame thy nat'ral Genius fir'd,

and thou hast written, as if he inspir'd.

*Richy* and *Sandy*, who do him survive,

long as thy rural Stanza's last, shall live.

The grateful Swains thou'st made, in tuneful Verse,

Mourn sadly o'er their late ——— lost Patron's Hearse;

Nor would the *Mantuan* Bard, if living, blame

Thy pious Zeal, or think thou'st hurt his Fame,

Since *Addison's* inimitable Lays

Give him an equal Title to the Bay.

When he of Armies sang, in lofty Strains,

seem'd as if he in the hostile Plains

X

Had

Had present been. His Pen hath to the Life  
Trac'd ev'ry Action in the sanguine Strife.

In Council now sedate the Chief appears,  
Then loudly thunders in *Bavarian* Ears;  
And still pursuing the destructive Theme,  
He pushes them into the rapid Stream.

Thus beaten out of *Blenheim's* neighb'ring Fields,  
The *Gallic* Gen'ral to the Victor yields;  
Who, as *Britannia's* *Virgil* hath observ'd,  
From threatn'd Fate all *Europe* then preserv'd.

NOR dost thou, *Ramsay*, fightless *Milton* wrong  
By ought contain'd in thy melodious Song;  
For none but *Addy* could his Thoughts sublime  
So well unriddle, or his mystick Rhime.  
And when he deign'd to let his Fancy rove,  
Where Sun-burnt Shepherds to the Nymphs make Love,  
No one e'er told in softer Notes the Tales  
Of rural Pleasures in the spangled Vales.

So much, Oh *Allan*! I thy Lines revere,  
Such Veneration to his Mem'ry bear,  
That I no longer could my Thanks refrain  
For what thou'st sung of the lamented Swain.

J. BURCHET.



T O

JOSIAH BURCHET, *Esq;*

**T**HIRSTING for Fame, at the *Pierian* Spring  
 The Poet takes a Waught, then seys to sing  
 Nature, and with the tentiest View to hit  
 Her bonny Side with bauldest Turns of Wit.  
 Streams slide in Verse, in Verse the Mountains rise,  
 When Earth turns room he rumages the Skies,  
 Mounts up beyond them, paints the Fields of Rest,  
 Groups down to visit ilka Laigh-land Ghaißt.  
 Harrsome Labour! Wordy Time and Pains,  
 That frae the Best Esteem and Friendship gains:  
 That my Luck, and let the greedy Bike  
 Rock-job the Warld among them as they like.  
 In blyth braid *Scots* allow me, Sir, to shaw  
 My Gratitude, but Fleetching or a Flaw.  
 My Rowth o' Pleasures light upon ye lang,  
 All to the blest *Elysian* Bowers ye gang;  
 I ha've clapt my Head sae brawly for my Sang.

}

When



When honour'd *Burchet* and his Maiks are pleas'd  
 With my Corn-pipe, up to the Starns I'm heez'd;  
 Whence far I glowr to the Fag-end of Time,  
 And view the Warld delighted wi' my Rhime:  
 That when the Pride of sprush new Words are laid,  
 I like the *Classick* Authors shall be read;  
 stand yont, proud *Czar*, I widna niffer Fame  
 With thee, for a' thy Furs and paughty Name.

If sic great Ferlies, Sir, my Muse can do,  
 As spin a three-plait Praise where it is due,  
 Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you.  
 Fra me! Frae ilka ane; for sure a Breast  
 Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posselt.  
 Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weel,  
 And aft in sparkling Claret drink your Heal:  
 Minding the Mem'ry of the great and good,  
 Sweet *Addison*, the Wale of humane Blood,  
 Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes said to his Billy)  
*Nulli flekiliior quàm tibi, Virgili.*

S I R,

Yours, &amp;c.

A. RAMSAY.



# Familiar Epistles

BETWEEN

W-- H-- and A-- R--:

## EPISTLE I.

W. H. to A. R.

Gilbertfield, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1719.

Fam'd and celebrated *ALLAN!*  
Renowned *RAMSAY*, canty Callan;  
There's nowther Highland-man nor Lawlan;

IN POETRIE,

it may assoon ding down *Tamtallan*  
As match wi' Thee:

For ten Times ten, and that's a hunder,  
ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,  
Then frae *Parnassus* thou didst thunder  
Wi' Wit and Skill:

Therefore I'll soberly knock under,

And quat my Quill.

Y

Q

OF Poetry the hale Quintessence  
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae Excrecence  
To *petty Poets*, or sic *Messens*,

Tho' round thy Stool  
They may pick Crumbs, and lear some Lessons  
At *RAMSAY*'s School.

THO' *BEN* and *DRYDEN* of Renown,  
Were yet alive, in *London Town*,  
Like Kings contending for a Crown;  
'Twad be a Pingle,  
Whilk o' you three wad gar Words sound,  
And best to gingle.

TRANSFORM'D may I be to a Rat,  
Wer't in my Power, but I'd creat  
Thee upo' sight the Laureat  
Of this our Age,  
Since thou may'ft fairly claim to that  
As thy just Wage.

LET modern Poets bear the Blame,  
Gin they respect not *RAMSAY*'s Name;  
Wha soon can gar them greet for Shame,  
To their great Loss,  
And send them a' right snacking hame  
Be weeping Cross.

WHA bourds wi' thee had need be warry,  
 And lear wi' Skill thy Thrust to parry,  
 When thou consults thy Dictionary  
 Of ancient Words,  
 Which come frae thy Poetick Quarry,  
 As sharp as Swords,

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,  
 And be as light as *ARISTOTLE*,  
 At *Ed'nburgh* we sall ha'e a Bottle  
 Of reaming Claret,  
 Gin that my haff-pay Siller Shottle  
 Can safely spare it.

At Crambo then we'll rack our Brain,  
 Drown ilk dull Care and aking Pain,  
 Whilk aften does our Spirits drain  
 Of true Content:  
 Wow, wow! but we's be wonder fain,  
 When thus acquaint,

Wi' Wine we'll gargarize our Craig,  
 Then enter in a lasting League,  
 Free of ill Aspect or Intrigue;  
 And gin you please it,  
 Like Princes when met at the *Hague*,  
 We'll solemnize it,

ACCEPT of this, and look upon it  
 With Favour, tho' poor I have done it;  
 See I conclude and end my Sonnet,  
 Who am most fully,  
 While I do wear a Hat or Bonnet,  
 Your's, — wanton WILLY.

POSTSCRIPT.

BY this my *Postscript* I incline  
 To let you ken my hale Design  
 Of sic a lang imperfect Line,  
 Lyes in this Sentence,  
 To cultivate my dull Engine,  
 By your Acquaintance.

YOUR Answer therefore I expect,  
 And to your Friend you may direct  
 At † *Gilbertfield*, do not neglect,  
 When you have Leisure;  
 Which I'll embrace with great Respect  
 And perfect Pleasure.

A N





# ANSWER I.

*A. R. to W. H.*

*Edinburgh, July 10th, 1719.*

**S**ONS fa me! witty, wanton *WILLY*,  
 Gin blyth I was na as a Filly;  
 Not a fow Pint, nor short-hought Gilly,  
 Or Wine that's better,  
 Cou'd please fae meikle, my dear Billy,  
 As thy kind Letter.

**BEFORE** a Lord and eek a Knight,  
 In Gossy *Don's* be Candle-light,  
 There first I saw't, and ca'd it right;  
 And the maist feck  
 Wha's seen't sinsync, they ca'd as tight  
 As that on *Heck*,

**HA**, hegh! thought I, I canna say,  
 But I may cock my Nose the Day,  
 When *HAMILTON* the bauld and gay,  
 Lends me a heezy,  
 In Verse that slides fae smooth away,  
 Well tell'd and easy,

SAE roos'd by ane of well kend Mettle,  
Nae sma' did my Ambition pettle;  
My canker'd Criticks it will nettle;

And e'en sae be't:

This Month I'm sure I winna fettle,  
Sae proud I'm wi't.

WHEN I begoud first to cun Verse,  
And cou'd your \* *Ardry Whins* rehearse,  
Where *Bonny Heck* ran fast and fierce;

It warm'd my Breast:

Then Emulation did me pierce,  
Whilk since ne'er ceast.

MAY I be licket wi' a Bide,  
Gin of your Numbers I think little;  
Ye're never rugget, than nor kittle,

But blyth and gabby;

And hit the Spirit to a Title,  
Of Standart *HABBY*.

YE'LL quat your Quill! that were ill-willy;  
Ye's sing some-mair yet, nill ye will ye;  
O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,

And gar ye four;

Then up and war them a' yet *WILLY*,  
'Tis in your Power.

---

\* The last Words of *Bonny Heck*, of which he was Author.

To knit up Dollers in a Clout,  
And then to card them round about;  
Synce to tell up, they downa lout

To lift the Gear:

The Malison lights on that Rout,  
Is plain and clear.

THE Chiefs of *London, Cam and Ox*,  
Ha'e rais'd up great Poetick Stocks,  
Of *Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks*;

While we neglect  
To shaw their betters. This provokes  
Me to reflect

ON the lear'd Days of *GAWN DUNKELL*,  
Our Country then a Tale cou'd tell;  
*Enrope* had nane mair snack and snell

At Verse or Prose:

Our *KINGS* were *POETS* too themself,  
Bauld and jocose.

To *Ed'nburgh*, Sir, when e'er ye come,  
I'll wait upon ye, there's my Thumb,  
Were't frae the Gill-bells to the Drum,  
And take a Bout;  
And faith, I hope, we'll not sit dumb,  
Nor yet cast out.

EPISTLE



# EPISTLE II.

*W. H. to A. R.*

*Gilbertfield, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1719.*

*Dear RAMSAY,*

**W**HEN I receiv'd thy kind Epistle,  
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;  
O sic a Fyke, and sic a Fistle

I had about it!  
That e'er was Knight of the SCOTS Thistle  
Sae fain, I doubted.

THE bonny Lines therein thou sent me,  
How to the Nines they did content me;  
Tho, Sir, sae high to compliment me,  
Ye might defer'd;  
For had ye but half well a kent me,  
Some less wad ser'd.

WITH

With joyfu' Heart beyond Expression,

They're safely now in my Possession :

O gin I were a Winter-session

Near by thy Lodging,

I'd close attend thy new Profession,

Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few

To vie with RAMSAY dare avow

In Verse; for to gi'e thee thy Due,

And without fleetching,

Thou's better at that Trade, I trow,

Than some's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better leart,

To troke with thee I'd best forbear't;

For ann the Foulk of Edinburgh hear't,

They'll ea' me daft;

I'm unco' irie, and Dirt feart.

I make wrang Waff,

Thy Verses nice as ever nicker,

Made me as canty as a Cricket;

Pergh to reply, lest I stick it,

Syne like a Coof

look, or ane whose Pouch is picket

As bare's my Looff.



HEH Winsom! how thy fast sweet Stile;  
And bony auld Words gar me smile;  
Thou's travel'd sure mony a Mile,  
Wi' Charge and Cost,  
To learn them thus keep Rank and File,  
And ken their Post.

FOR I maun tell thee, honest *ALLIE*,  
I use the Freedom so to call thee,  
I think them a' sae braw and walie,  
And in sic Order,  
I wad nae care to be thy Vallie,  
Or thy Recorder.

HAS thou with *Rosycrucians* wandert?  
Or thro' some donsic Desert danert?  
That with thy Magick, Town and Landart,  
For ought I see,  
Maun a' come truckle to thy Standart  
Of POETRY.

Do not mistake me, dearest Heart,  
As if I charg'd thee with black Art;  
'Tis thy good Genius still alart,  
That does inspire  
Thee with ilk Thing that's quick and smart,  
To thy Desire.

E'EN mony a bony knacky Tale,  
Braw to set o'er a Pint of Ale :  
For fifty Guineas I'll find Bail,  
Against a Bodle,  
That I wad quat ilk Day a Male,  
For sic a Nodle.

AND on Condition I were as gabby,  
as either thee, or honest *HABBY*,  
That I lin'd a' thy Claes wi' Tabby,  
Or Velvet Plush,  
and then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,  
Thou'd look right sprush.

WHAT tho' young empty airy Sparks  
May have their critical Remarks,  
On thir my blyth diverting Warks;  
         'Tis fma' Presumption  
To say, they're but unlearned Clarks,  
         And want the Gumption.

LET Coxcomb Criticks get a Tether,  
 To ty up a' their lang loose Lether;  
 If they and I chance to forgether,  
 The tane may rue it;  
 For ann they winna had their Blether,  
 They's get a Flewer.



A N S W E R II.

A— R—, to W— H—.

*Edinburgh, August 4, 1719.*

DEAR HAMILTON, ye'll turn me Dyver,  
My MUSE sae bony ye describe her;  
Ye blaw her sae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,  
For wi' a Whid,  
Gin ony higher up ye drive her,  
She'll rin red-wood.

SAID I. — “ Whisht, quoth the vougry Jade,  
“ WILLIAM's a wise judicious Lad,  
“ Has Havins mair than e'er ye had,  
“ Ill bred Bog-staker,  
“ But me ye ne'er so crouse had craw'd,  
“ Ye poor Scull-thacker.

“ It sets you well indeed to gadge!  
“ E'er I t' APOLLO did ye cadge,  
“ And got ye on his Honour's Badge,  
Ungratefou Beast,  
“ A Glasgow Capon and a Fadge  
“ Ye thought a Feast.

“ SWITH

“ SWITH to CASTALIUS Fountain Brink,  
 “ Dad down a Grouf, and take a Drink,  
 “ Sync whisk out Paper, Pen and Ink,  
 “ And do my Bidding;  
 “ Be thankfou, else I’se gar ye stink  
 “ Yet on a Middling.”

MY Mistrefs dear, your Servant humble,  
 Said I, I thou’d be laith to drumble  
 Your Passions, or e’er gar ye grumble,  
 ’Tis ne’er be me  
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil  
 Yc’r POETRY.

FRAE what I’ve tell’d, my Friend may learn  
 How sadly I ha’e been forfairn,  
 I’d better been a yont Side Kairn-  
 -a mount, I row;  
 I’ve kis’d the Taz like a good Bairn,  
 Now, Sir, to you.

HEAL be your Heart, gay couthy Carle,  
 Lang may ye help to toom a Barrel;  
 Be thy Crown ay unclovr’d in Quarrel,  
 When thou inclines  
 To knoit thrawn-gabbet Sumphs that snarl  
 At our frank Lines.



THE good Chiel says, ye're well worth Gowd,  
 And Blythnefs on ye's well bestow'd,  
 'Mang wirty SCOTS ye'r Name's be row'd,  
                     Ne'er Fame to tinc;  
 The crooked Clinkers shall be cow'd,  
                     But ye shall shine.

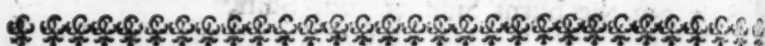
SET out the burnt Side of your Shin,  
 For Pride in POETS is nae Sin,  
 Glory's the Prize for which they rin,  
                     And Fame's their Jo;  
 And wha blaws best, the Horn shall win,  
                     And wharefore no ?

*Quisquis vocabit nos Vainglorious,*  
 Shaw scanter Skill than *malos mores,*  
*Magni & magni* Men before us  
                     Did stumpe and swager,  
*Probatum est, exemplum* Horace  
                     Was a bauld Bragger.

THEN let the Doofarts fash'd wi' Spleen,  
 Cast up the wrang Side of their Een,  
 Pegh, fry, and girn wi' Spite and Teen,  
                     And fa' a flyting,  
 Laugh, for the lively Lads will screen  
                     Us frae Backbiting.

If that the Gypsies dinna spung us,  
And foreign Whiskers ha'e na dung us;  
Gin I can snifter thro' Mundungus,

Wi' Boots and Belt on,  
I hope to see you at St. Mungo's  
Atween and Beltan.



## EPISTLE III.

W—— H——, to A—— R——

*Gilbertfield, August 24, 1719.*

**A** CCEPT my third and last Essay  
Of rural Ryme, I humbly pray,  
Bright RAMSAY; and altho' it may

Seem doilt and donsic,  
Yet thrice of all Things, I heard say,  
Was ay thought sonfic.

WHEREFORE I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,  
Till I made up that happy Number,  
The Pleasure counterpois'd the Cumber,

In ev'ry Part,  
And snoov'd away like Three-hand Omber,  
Sixpence a Cart.

Of thy last Poem, bearing Date  
August the Fourth, I grant Receipt:  
It was sae bra, gart me look blate,

'Maist tync my Senses,  
And look just like poor Country Kate  
In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our Parish-Priest,  
Wha was as blyth as gi'm a Feast;  
He says "Thou may had up thy Crest,  
" And craw fu' crouse;  
" The Poets a' to thee's but Jest,  
" Not worth a Souce."

Thy blyth and chearfu' merry Muse,  
Of Compliments is sae profuse;  
For my good Haivens dis me roose  
Sae very finely,  
It were ill Breeding to refuse  
To thank her kindly.

WHAT tho' sometimes, in angry Mood,  
When she puts on her Barlickhood,  
Her Dialect seem rough and rude;  
Let's ne'er be fleet,  
But take our Bit, when it is good,  
And Buffet wi't.

FOR gin we ettle anes to taunt her,  
And dinna calmly thole her Banter,  
She'll take the Flings; Verse may grow scanter,  
Sync, wi' great Shame,  
We'll rue the Day that we do want her,  
Then wha's to blame?

BUT let us still her Kindness culzie,  
And wi' her never breed a Tulzie;  
For we'll bring aff but little Spulzie  
In sic a Barter;  
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,  
And cry for Quarter.

SAE little worth's my rhyming Ware,  
My Pack I scarce dare apen mair,  
Till I take better wi' the Lair,  
My Pen's sae blunted;  
And a' for Fear I file the Fair,  
And be affronted.

THE dull Draff-drink makes me sae dowff,  
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;  
Yet set me in a Claret Howff,  
Wi' Fowk that's chancy,  
My MUSE may len me then a Gowff  
To clear my Fancy.

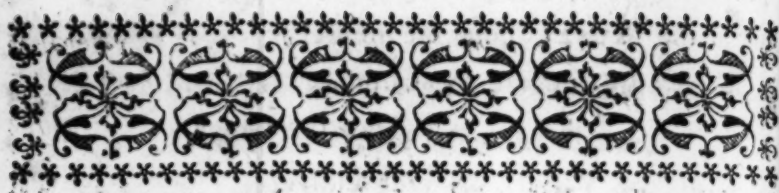
THEN *BACCHUS* like I'd baul and bluster,  
 And a' the *MUSES* 'bout me muster;  
 Sae merrily I'd squeeze the Cluster,  
 And drink the Grape,  
 'Twad gi' my Verse a brighter Lustre,  
 And better Shape.

THE Pow'rs aboon be still auspicious,  
 To thy Atchievements maist delicious,  
 Thy Poems sweet, and nae way vicious,  
 But blyth and canny;  
 To see, I'm anxious and ambitious,  
 Thy Miscellany.

A' Blessings, *RAMSAY*, on thee row,  
 Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,  
 Until thou claw an auld Man's Pow;  
 And, thro' thy Creed,  
 Be keepit frae the Wirricow,  
 After thou's dead. *Amen.*







# A N S W E R III.

*A. R. to W. H.*

*Edinburgh, September 2, 1719.*

*My Trusty TROJAN,*

**T**HY last ORATION orthodox,  
 Thy innocent auldfarran Jokes,  
 And sonfic Saw of Three, provokes  
                                     Me anes again,  
 Tod-Lowrie like to loose my Pocks,  
                                     And pump my Brain,

By a' your Letters I ha'e read,  
 I eithly scan the Man well bred,  
 And Sodger wha for Honour's Bed  
                                     Has ventur'd bauld;  
 Wha now to Youngsters leaves the Yed,  
                                     To 'tend his Fald.

TUA

91

ТНА

**WHEN**

WHEN Northern Blasts the Oceans snurl,  
And gars the Heights and Hows look gurl,  
Then Left about the Bumper whirl,

And toom the Horn,  
Grip fast the Hours which hasty hurl,  
The Morn's the Morn.

THUS to LEUCONOE sang sweet FLACCUS,  
Wha nane e'er thought a *Gillygacus*;  
And why should we let Whimsies bauk us,

When Joy's in Season,  
And thole fac aft the Spleen to whauk us  
Out of our Reason.

THO' I were Laird of Tenscore Acres,  
Nodding to Jouks of Hallenshakers,  
Yet crush'd wi' Humdrums, which the Weaker's  
Contentment ruins;

I'd rather roost wi' Causey-rakers,  
And sup cauld Sowens.

I think, my Friend, ann Fowk can get  
A Doll of rost Beef pypin het,  
And wi' red Wine their Wyson-wet,  
And Cleathing clean,  
And be nae sick, or drown'd in Debt,  
They're no to mean.

I read this Verse to my ain Kimmer,  
Wha kens I like a Leg of Gimmer,  
Or sic and sic good Belly-timber;

Quoth she, and leugh,  
"Sicker of thae Winter and Simmer,  
"Ye're well enough."

My hearty Goss, there is nae help,  
But Hand to Nive we twa maun scelp  
Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp*-  
*pin*es and *Pyrenians*,

The chearfu' *Charles* do sae yelp  
T' ha'e us their Minions.

THEY raffan rural Rhyme sae rare,  
Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wal'd Ware,  
Sae gash and gay, gars Fowk gae gare,  
To ha'e them by them,  
Tho' gaffin they, wi' Sides sae sair,  
Cry, "Wae gae by him."

FAIR fa that Sodger did invent,  
To ease the POETS Toil wi' Print;  
Now, *WILLIAM*, we maun to the Bent,  
And pouise our Fortune,  
And crack wi' Lads wha're well content  
Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony fowr-mou'd girning Bucky  
 Ca' me conceity keckling Chucky,  
 That we, like Nags whase Necks are yucky,  
 Ha'e us'd our Teeth:  
 I'll answer fine, — " Gae kifs ye'r Lucky;  
 " She dwalls i' *Leith*."

I ne'er wi' lang Tales fash my Head,  
 But when I speak, I speak indeed:  
 Wha ca's me droll, but ony Feed,  
 I'll own I'm fae;  
 And while my Champers can chew Bread,

*Yours,* — ALLAN RAMSAY.





[ 166 ]



A N

# E P I S T L E

T O

W-----H-----,

O N

AY.

the receiving the Compliment of a Barrel of  
*Loch-fyne* HERRINGS from him,  
19th December, 1719.

Y OUR Herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,

In healsome Brine a' soumin,

' fat they are, and guffy Gear

As e'er I laid my Thumb on:

Bra' sappy Fish,

As ane cou'd wish

To clap on Fadge or Scon;

They relish fine

Good Claret Wine,

That gars our Cares stand yon.

B b

R I C H T

Right mony Gabs wi' them shall gang

About *Auld Reeky's* Ingle,

When kedgy Carles think nae lang,

Where Stowps and Trunchers gingle;

Then my Friend lea!

We tofs ye'r Heal,

And with bauld Brag advance,

What's hoorded in

Lochs *Broom* and *Fyne*

Might ding the Stocks of *France*.

A Jelly Sum to carry on,

A FISHERY's design'd,

Twa Millions good of Sterling Pounds

By Men of Money's sign'd.

Had ye but seen

How unco keen

And thrang they were about it,

That we are bauld,

Right rich and ald

Farran ye ne'er wad doubted.

Now,

Now, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*

As fine as a round *Robin*,

sin Greediness to grow soon rich

Invites not to Stock-jobbing :

That poor bofs Shade

Of sinking Trade,

And Weather-Glass politick,

Which heavs and sets,

As Publick gets

A Heezy, or a wee Kick:

fy! But yet I hope 'tis daft

To fear that Trick come hithers

we're aboon that dirty Craft

Of biting ane anither.

The Subject rich

Will gi' a Hitch

T'increase the publick Gear,

When on our Seas

Like bify Bees,

Ten thousand Fishers steer.

COULD we catch the united Sholes  
That crowd the Western Ocean,  
The *Indias* wad prove hungry Holes,  
Compar'd to this our *Goshen* :

Then let's to wark  
With Net and Bark,

Them fish and faithfu' cure up;

Gin (ae we join,

We'll cleek in Coin

Frac a' the Ports of *Europe*.

Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this Swatch  
Of our Store, and your Favour;  
Gin I be spar'd, your Love to match  
Shall still be my Endeavour.

Next unto you,

My Service due,

Please gi'e to *Matthew Cumin*,

Wha with fair Heart

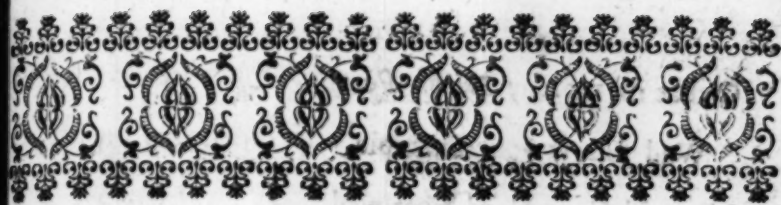
Has play'd his Part,

And sent them true and trim in.

S I R,

*Yours, &c.*

A. R.



# EDINBURGH's SALUTATION

To the Most Honourable,

My Lord Marquis of CARNARVON.

WELCOME, My LORD, Heav'n

be your Guide,

And further your Intention

To what e'er Place you sail or ride

To brighten your Invention,

The Books of Mankind lang and wide

Is well worth your Attention :

Wherefore, please some Time here abide,

And measure the Dimension

*Of M<sup>n</sup>'s right ste<sup>m</sup>*



O that ilk worthy *British* Peer

Wad follow your Example,

My auld Gray Head I yet wad rear;

And spread my Skirts mair ample.

Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the Gear;

She might spare me a Sample :

In trowth His HIGHNESS shou'd live here;

For without Oyl our Lamp will

*Gang blinkan on!*

LANG syne, My LORD, I had a Court;

And Nobles fill'd my Cawfy;

But since I have been Fortune's Sport;

I look nae haff fac gawfy.

Yet here brave Gentlemen resort,

And mony a handsome Lassy;

Now that you'r lodg'd within my Port;

Fou well I wat they'll a' say,

*Welcome, My LORD*

For you my best Cheer I'll produce,

I'll no make muckle vaunting;

But Rowth for Pleasure and for Use,

What ever you be wanting,

You's have at Will to chap and chuse,

For few Things am I scant in :

The Wale of well-set Ruby Juice,

When you like to be rantin,

*I can afford.*

THAN I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,

Nor *Rome*, I trew's mair able

To busk you up a better Bed,

Or trim a tighter Table.

My Sons are honourably bred,

To Truth and Friendship stable :

What my detracting Faes have said,

You'll find a feigned Fable,

*At the first Sight.*

MAY

MAY Classic Lear and Letters Belle,

And Travelling conspire,

Ilk unjust Notion to repell,

And God-like Thoughts inspire ;

That in ilk Action wise and snell

You may shaw Manly Fire :

Sae the fair Picture of himsell,

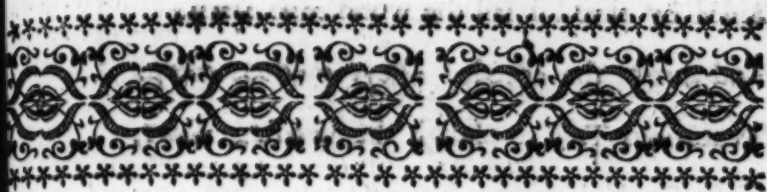
Will give his Grace your SIRE

*Immense Delight.*

EDIN. 17. May,  
1720.



See fra  
How S



# WEALTH, O R The Woody.

---

*Illi robur & æs triplex*

*Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem trunci  
Commisit pelago ratem*

*Primus,——*

H O R.

Daring and unco' stout he was,  
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Brasse;  
Wha ventur'd first upon the Sea  
With hempen Branks, and Horse of Tree;

---

**T**HALIA, ever welcome to this Isle,

Descend, and glad the Nation with a Smile;

See frae yon Bank where *South-Sea* ebbs and flows,

How Sand-blind Chance *Woodies* and *Wealth* bestows:

F f

Aided

Aided by thee I'll sail the wond'rous Deep,  
 And throw the crouded Alleys cautious creep.  
 Ventorious Task to plough the swelling Wave,  
 Or in Stockjobbing prefs my Guts to save;  
 But naething can our wilder Passions tame,  
 Wha raz for Riches or immortal Fame.

LONG had the Grumblers us'd this murm'ring Sound,  
*Poor Britain in her Publick Debt is drown'd!*  
 At fifty Millions late we started a',  
 And wow we wonder'd how the Debt wad fa';  
 But sonsy Sauls wha first contriv'd the Way,  
 With Project deep our Charges to defray;  
 O'er and aboon it Heaps of Treasure brings,  
 That Fouk beguets become as rich as Kings.  
 Lang Heads they were that first laid down the Plan,  
 Into the which the Round anes headlang ran,  
 Till overstockt they quat the Sea, and fain wa'd be at  
 Land.

Thus when braid Flakes of Snaw have clad the Green,  
 Aften I have young sportive Gilpies seen,  
 The waxing Ba' with meikle Pleasure Row,  
 Till past their Pith, it did unwieldy grow.



'Tis strange to think what Changes may appear  
 Within the narrow Circle of a Year ;  
 How can ae Project, if it be well laid,  
 Supply the simple Want of trifling Trade!  
 Saxty lang Years a Man may rack his Brain,  
 Hunt after Gear baith Night and Day wi' Pain,  
 And die at last in Debt instead of Gain.

But O *South-Sea* what mortal Mind can run  
 Throw a' the Miracles that thou hast done ?  
 Nor scrimply thou thy fell to Bounds confines,  
 But like the Sun on ilka Party shines,  
 To Poor and Rich, the Fools as well as Wise,  
 With Hand impartial stretches out the Prize.

LIKE *Nilus* swelling frae his unkend Head,  
 Frae Bank to Brae oe'rflows ilk Rig and Mead,  
 Instilling lib'ral Store of genial Sap,  
 Whence Sun-burn'd Gypsies reap a plenteous Crap;  
 Thus flows our Sea, but with this Diff'rence wide,  
 But anes a Year their River heaves his Tide;

Ours aft ilk Day t' enrich the Common Weall,  
Bangs o'er its Banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

YE Rich and Wise, we own Success your due,  
But your Reverse their Luck with Wonder view.  
How without Thought these dawred Petts of Fate  
Have jobb'd themselfs into sae high a State,  
By pure Instinct sae leal the Mark have hit,  
Without the Use of either Fear or Wit,  
And ithers wha last Year their Garrets kept,  
Where Duns in Visions fash'd them while they slept,  
Wha only durst in Twilight or the Dark,  
Steal to a common Cooks with haff a Mark,  
A' their hale Stock, — Now by a canny Gale,  
In the o'erflowing Ocean spread their Sail,  
While they in gilded Galleys cut the Tide,  
Look down on Fisher Boats wi' meikle Pride.

MEAN time the Thinkers wha are out of Play,  
For their ain Comfort kenna what to say;  
That the Foundation's loose fain wa'd they shaw,  
And think na but the Fabrick soon will fa;

That's a' but Sham, — for inwardly they fry,  
 Vext that their Fingers were na in the Pye.  
 Faint-hearted Wights, wha dully stood afar,  
 Tholling your Reason great Attempts to mar:  
 While the brave Dauntless, of sic Fetters free,  
 Jumpt headlong glorious in the Golden Sea;  
 Where now like Gods they rule each wealthy Jaw,  
 While you may thump your Pows against the Wa.

ON Summer's E'en the Welkin cawm and fair,  
 When little Midges frisk in lazy Air,  
 Have you not seen thro' iher how they reel,  
 And Time about how up and down they wheel?  
 Thus Eddies of Stockjobbers drive about,  
 Upmost to Day, the Morn their Pipe's put out.  
 With penfive Face, when e'er the Market's by,  
 Menutius crys, Ah! what a Gowk was I!  
 Some Friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken  
 Events of Causes mair than iher Men;  
 Push for your Interest yet, Nae Fear, he crys,  
 For South-Sea will to twice ten hunder rise.  
 Waes me for him that sells paternal Land,  
 And buys when Shares the highest Sums demand;

He ne'er shall taste the Sweets of rising Stock,  
Which faws neist Day: Nae Help for't, he is broke.

DEAR Sea, be tenty how thou flows at Shams  
Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy Dams,  
Lest in their muddy Bogs thou chance to sink,  
Where thou may'st stagnate, syne of Course maun stink.

THIS I forsee, (and Time shall prove I'm right,  
For he's nae Poet wants the second Sight,)  
When Autumn's Stores are ruck'd up in the Yard,  
And Sleet and Snaw dreeps down cauld Winter's Beard;  
When bleak *November* Winds make Forrefts bare,  
And with splenetick Vapours fill the Air:  
Then, then in Gardens, Parks, or silent Glen,  
When Trees bear naithing else, they'll carry Men,  
Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly swing  
Aboon Earth's Disappointments in a String:  
Sae ends the towring Saul that downa see  
A Man move in a higher Sphere than he.

HAPPY that Man wha has thrawn up a Main,  
Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,

And comes to anchor on sae firm a Rock,  
 Britannia's Credit and the South-Sea Stock.  
 His blythsome Pleasure waits upon his Nod;  
 And his Dependents eye him as a God.  
 Closs may he bend *Champaign* frae E'en to Morn,  
 And look on Cells of *Tippony* with Scorn.  
 Thrice lucky Pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton Fair,  
 That can in a' his Wealth and Pleasure skair.  
 Like *Jove* he sits, like *Jove*, high Heaven's Goodman,  
 While the inferior Gods about him stand,  
 Till he permits, with condescending Grace,  
 That ilka ane in Order take their Place.  
 Thus with attentive Look mensfow they sit,  
 Till he speak first, and shaw some shining Wit:  
 Syne circling wheels the flattering Gaffaw,  
 As well they may; he gars their Beards wag à'.  
 Imperial Gowd, what is't thou canna grant?  
 Posselt of thee, what is't a Man needs want?  
 Commanding Coin, there's naething hard to thee;  
 I canna guess how rich Fouk come to die.



UNHAPPY Wretch, link'd to the threed-bare Nine,  
 The dazling Equipage can ne'er be thine.  
 Destin'd to Toil thro' Labyrinths of Verse,  
 Dar'st speak of great Stockjobbing as a Farce:  
 Poor thoughtless Mortal, vain of airy Dreams,  
 Thy flying Horse, and bright *Appollo's* Beams,  
 And *Helicon's* werth Well thou ca'st Divine,  
 Are nathing like a Mistrefs, Coach and Wind.

WAD some good Patron (whose superiot Skill  
 Can make the *South-Sea* ebb and flow at will)  
 Put in a Stock for me, I own it fair,  
 In Epick Strain I'd pay him to a Hair,  
 Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,  
 In flowing Numbers I shall sing, *Approves*;  
 If not, Fox like, I'll thrav my Gab, and gloom,  
 And ca' your hundred thousand a *sour Plum*.





TO THE  
*ROYAL BURROWS*  
OF  
SCOTLAND.

The following POEM

Is humbly dedicated,

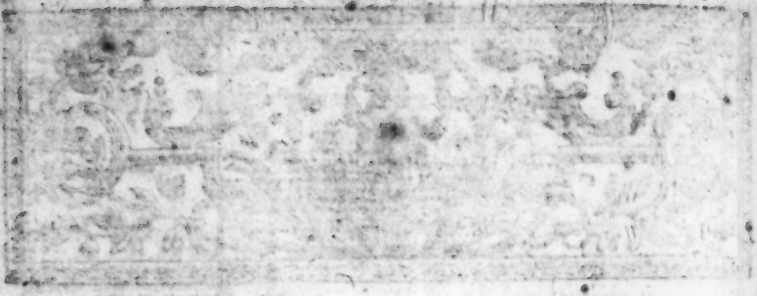
*By*

Edinburgh, 18.  
October, 1720.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

H h

[1792]



TO THE  
ROYAL BURROW  
OF  
SCOTLAND

The following POEM  
is humbly dedicated

JOHN RAMSAY

Begin

*The Prospect of Plenty :*

P O E M  
ON THE  
NORTH SEA.

Βαίῳ δὲ πόνῳ μέγα κέρδος ὀφείδεται.

Oppian. *Alientic. Lib. III.*



HALLA, anes again in blythsome

Lays,

In Lays immortal chant the

NORTH SEA's Praise.

Tent how the CALEDONIANS

lang supine,

Begin, mair wife, to open baith their Een;

H h a

And

And, as they ought, I employ that Store which Heav'n  
In sic Abundance to their Hands has given.

Sae heedless Neir born to a Lairdship wide,  
That yields mair Plenty than he kens to guide;  
Not well acquainted with his ain good Luck,  
Lessilka sneaking Fellow take a Pluck;  
'Till at the Langrun, wi' a Heart right sair,  
He sees the Bites grow bein, as he grows bare:  
Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger Glour,  
And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

---

NAE Nation in the Warld can parallel

---

The plenteous Product of this happy Isle:  
But past'ral Heights, and sweet prolifick Plains,  
That can at Will command the fastest Strains.  
Stand yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our Sang,  
Wha round fair *Thule* drives her finny Thrang,  
O'er Shaws of Corral, and the Pearly Sands,  
To SCOTIA's smootheft Lochs and Chrystal Strands,  
There keeps the Tyrant Pike his awfu' Court,  
Here Trouts and Salmon'd in clear Channels sport.



We to that Hand that dares by Day or Night  
 Deile the Stream, where sporting Frys delight.  
 For Herrings, lovely Fish, like best to play  
 In rowan Ocean or the open Bay:  
 In Crowds amazing thro' the Waves they shine,  
 Millions on Millions form ilk equal Line:  
 Nor dares the imperial Whale, unless by Stealth,  
 Attack their firm united Common-wealth.  
 But artfu' Nets, and Fishers wylie Skill,  
 Can bring the scaly Nations to their Will.  
 When these retire to Caverns of the Deep,  
 Or in their oozy Beds thro' Winter sleep,  
 Then shall the tempting Bait, and stented String,  
 Beguile the Cod, the Sea-Car, Tusk and Ling.  
 Thus may our FISHERY throu' a' the Year  
 Be still imploy'd, & increase the publick Gear.

DELYTFOU' Labour, where the Industrious gains

Profit surmounting ten Times a' his Pains.

Nae Pleasure like Success, then Lads stand be,

We'll find it endless in the Northern Sea.

O'er lang with empty Brag we have been vain

Of toom Dominion on the plenteous Main,

While others ran away with a' the Gain.

Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of sov'reign Sway

O'er Countries rich, frae Rise to Set of Day:

She grasps the Shadow, but the Substance tines,

While a' the rest of *Europe* milk her Mines,

But dawns the Day sets *Britain* on her Feet,

Lang-look'd-for's come at last, and welcome be't:

For numerous Fleets shall hem *Æbudan* Rocks,

Commanding Seas, with Routh to raise our Stocks,

Nor can this be a toom *Chimera* found,

The Fabrick's bigget on the surest Gound.

Sma is our Need to toil on foreign Shores,

When we have baith the *Indias* at our Doors.

Yet for Diversion laden Vessels may

To far aff Nations cut the liquid Way,

And fraught frae ilka Port what's nice or bra,

While for their Trifles we maintain them a'

*Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Hesperians* and the *Mores*,

Shall a' be treated frae our happy Shores:

The rantin *Germans*, *Russians*, and the *Poles*,  
 Shall feast with Pleasure on our gusty Sholes :  
 For which deep in their Treasures we shall dive ;  
 Thus by fair Trading *North-Sea* Stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny Prospect gave Delight,  
 The warm Ideas gart the Muses take Flight :  
 When straight a *Grumbletonian* appears,  
 Pegging fou fair beneath a Lade of Fears :  
 " Wow that's bra News, quoth he, to make Fools fain,  
 " But gin ye be nae Warlock, How d'ye ken ?  
 " Dis *Tam* the *Rhimer* spae oughtlins of this ?  
 " Or do ye prophetic just as ye wish ?  
 " Will Projects thrive in this abandon'd Place ?  
 " Unsonfy We had ne'er sae meikle Grace.  
 " I'fear, I fear, your touring Aim fa' short,  
 " Alake we win o'er far frae King and Court !  
 " The *Southrens* will with Pith your Project bawk,  
 " They'll never thole this great Design to tak.

Thus do the Dubious ever countermin,  
 With Party-wrangle ilka fair Design.  
 How can a Saul that has the Use of Thought,  
 Be to sic little creeping Fancies brought ?  
 Will Britain's King or Parliament gainstand  
 The universal Profit of the Land ?  
 Now when nae sep'rate Interest eags to Strife,  
 The antient Nations join'd like Man and Wife,  
 Maun study clos, for Peace and Thrivin's Sake,  
 Aff a' the wiffen'd Leaves of Spite to shake :  
 Let's weave and fish to ane anither's Hands,  
 And never mind wha serves or wha commands ;  
 But baith alike consult the Common-weal,  
 Happy that Moment Friendship makes us leal  
 To Truth and Right — Then springs a shining Day,  
 Shall Clouds of sma Mistakes drive fast away.  
 Mistakes and private Int'rest hence be gane,  
 Mind what ye did on dire *Pharalia's* Plain,  
 Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* slain.

A meane

A meaner Phantom neist with meikle Dreid,  
 Attacks with senseless Fears the weaker Head.

" The *Dutch*, say they, will strive your Plot to stop,  
 " They'll toom their Banks before you reap their Crop;  
 " Lang have they ply'd that Trade like bify Bees,  
 " And suck'd the Profit of the *Pictland* Seas:  
 " Thence Riches fish'd mair by themsells confest,  
 " Than e'er they made by *Indias* East and West.

O mighty fine and greatly was it spoke!  
 Maun bauld *Britannia* bear *Batavia's* Yoke?  
 May she not open her ain Pantry-door,  
 For fear the paughtry State should gi'e a Roar?  
 Dare she nane of her Herrings sell or prieve,  
 Afore she say, *Dear Holland*, wi' ye'r Leave?  
 Curse on the Wight wha tholes a Thought sae tame,  
 He merits not the manly *Britain's* Name.  
 Grant they're good Allies, yet its hardly wise  
 To buy their Friendship at sae high a Price.  
 But frae that Airth we need na fear great Skaith,  
 These People, right auld-faran, will be laith



To thwart a Nation, wha with Ease can draw  
Up ilka Sluce they have, and drown them a'.

AH slothfu' Pride! a Kingdom's greatest Curse;  
How dowf looks Gentry with an empty Purse?  
How worthless is a poor and haughty Drone,  
Wha thowless stands a lazy Looker-on?  
While active Sauls a stagnant Life despise,  
Still ravish'd with new Pleasures as they rise.  
O'er lang in troth have we By-standers been,  
And loot Fowk lick the Whyte out of our Een:  
Nor can we wyt them, since they had our Vote,  
But now they'le get the Wistle of their Groar.

HERE did the MUSE intend a While to rest,  
Till hame- o'er spitefou Din her Lugs opprest;  
Anither Sett of the envysfou Kind  
(With narrow Notions horridly confin'd)  
Wag their boss Noddles, fyne with silly Spite  
Land ilka worthy Project in a Bite.  
They force with aukward Girn their Ridicule,  
And ca' ilk Ane concern'd, a simple Fool;

Excepting some, wha a' the lave will nick,  
And gie them nought but bare Whop-shafts to lick.

MALICIOUS Envy ! Root of a' Debates,  
The Plague of Government and Bane of States;  
The Nurse of positive destructive Strife,

Fair Friendship's Fae, which sows the Sweets of Life;  
Promoter of Sedition and base Pead,  
Still overjoy'd to see a Nation bleed.

Stap, stap, my LASS, forgetna where ye'r gawn,  
If ye rin on, Heav'n kens where ye may land;  
Turn to your *Fishers Sang*, and let Fowk ken

The NORTH-SEA Skippers are leal hearted Men;  
Vers'd in the critiek Seasons of the Year,  
When to ilk Bay the Fishing-bush shoud steer;

There to hawl up with Joy the plenteous Fry,  
Which on the Decks in shining Heaps shall ly,  
Till carefou Hands, even while they've viral Heat,

Shall be employ'd to save their Juices sweet:  
Strick Tent they'll tak to stow them wi' strang Brine,  
In Barrels tighr, that shall nae Liquor tine;

Then in the foreign Markets we shall stand  
 With upright Front, and the first Sale demand.  
 This, this our faithfou TRUSTEES have in View,  
 And honourably will the Task pursue;  
 Nor are they bigging Castles in a Cloud,  
 Their Ships already into Action scud.

Now dear ill-natur'd Billies say nae mair,  
 But leave the Matter to their prudent Care;  
 They'r Men of Candor, and right well they wate  
 That Truth and Honesty hads lang the Gate:  
 Shouder to Shouder let's stand firm and stout,  
 And there's nae fear but we'll soon make it out;  
 We've Reason, Law and Nature on our Side,  
 And have nae Bars, but Party, Slouth and Pride.

WHEN a's in Order, as it soon will be,  
 And Fleets of Bulhes fill the NORTHREN SEA;  
 What hopefou Images with Joy arise,  
 In Order rang'd before the Muse's Eyes;  
 A Wood of Masts, -- well man'd, -- their jovial Din, --  
 Like cydent Bees gawn out and coming in.

Here Half a Nation, healthfou, wife and stark,  
 With Spirits, only tint for Want of Wark,  
 Shall now find Place their Genius to exert,  
 While in the Common-good they act their Part.  
 These fit for Servitude shall bear a Hand,  
 And these find Government form'd for Command,  
 Besides, this as a Nursery shall breed  
 Scout skill'd Marines, when Britain's Navies need.  
 Pleas'd with their Labour, when their Task is done,  
 They'll leave green Thetis to embrace the Sun:  
 Then freshest Fish shall on the Brander bleet,  
 And lend the bisy Browster-wife a Heet;  
 While healthfou Hearts shall own their honest Flame,  
 With reaming Quaff, and whomelt to her Name;  
 Whase active Motion to his Heart did reach,  
 As she the Cods was turning on the Beech.  
 Curs'd Poortith, Love and Hymen's deadly Fae,  
 (That gars young Fouk in Prime cry aft, *Oh hey,*  
 And singe live, till Age and Runkles shaw  
 Their canker'd Spirit's good for nought at a';)  
 Now flit your Camp, far frae our Confin's scour,  
 Our Lads and Lasses soon shall slight your Power;



For Routh shall cherish Love, and Love shall bring  
 Mac Men t'improve the Soil and serve the King.  
 Thus universal Plenty shall produce  
 Strength to the State, and Arts for Joy and Use.

O PLENTY, thou Delyte of Great and Sma',  
 Thou nervous Sinnon of baith War and Law:  
 The Statesman's Drift, Spur to the Artist's Skill:  
 Nor does the very *Flamens* like thee ill.  
 The shabby Poet hate thee! That's a Lie,  
 Or else they are na of a Mind wi' me.

PLENTY shall cultivate ilk Scawp and Moor,  
 Now lee and bare, because the Landlord's poor.  
 On scroggy Braes shall *Aiks* and *Ashes* grow,  
 And bonny Gardens clead the brecken How.  
 Does others backward dam the raging Main,  
 Raifing on barren Sands a flowry Plain?  
 By us then shou'd the Thought o't be endur'd,  
 To let braid Tracts of Land ly unmanur'd?



Uncultivatè nae mair they shall appear  
 But shine with a' the Beauties of the Year ;  
 Which start with Ease frae the obedient Soil,  
 And ten Times o'er reward a little Toil.

ALANG wild Shores, where tumbling Billows break,  
 Plenish'd with nought but Shells and Tangle Wreck,  
 Brae Towns shall rise, with Steeples mony a ane,  
 And Houses bigger a' with Effler Stane.  
 Where Schools polite shall lib'ral Arts display,  
 And make auld barb'rous Darknèss fly away.

Now *Nereus* rising frae his watery Bed,  
 The pearly Draps hap down his lyart Head ;  
*Oceanus* with Pleasure hears him sing,  
*Tritons* and *Nereids* form a jovial Ring ;  
 And dancing on the Deep, Attention draw,  
 While a' the Winds in Love, but sighing, blaw.  
 The Sea-born Prophet sang in sweetest Strain,  
 " *Britains* be blyth, fair Queen of Isles be fain ;  
 " A richer People never saw the Sun ;  
 " Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun ;

" Spread

" Spread a' your Sails and Streamers in the Wind,

" For ilka Power in Sea and Air's your Friend;

" Great Neptune's unexhausted Bank has Store

" Of endless Wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.

He sang sae loud, round Rocks the Echoes flew,

'Tis true, he said, they a' remain'd, 'Tis true.



Spe

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*Spoken to Mrs. Nisbet, Lady Dirleton.*

A P O E M wrote without a Thought,  
 By Notes may to a S O N G be brought,  
 Tho' Wit be scarce, low the Design,  
 And Numbers lame in every Line :  
 But when fair *CHRISTY* this shall sing,  
 In *Consort* with the trembling String,  
 O then the P O E T's often prais'd,  
 For Charms so sweet a Voice hath rais'd.

---

K k

MA-



# MARY SCOT.



**H**OW sweets the Love which meets Return,  
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn;  
 But Words are wanting to discover  
 The Torment of a hopeless Lover.  
 Ye Registers of Heaven, relate,  
 If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,  
 T'id you there see me mark'd as Marrow  
 To *MARY SCOT* the Flower of Yarrow.

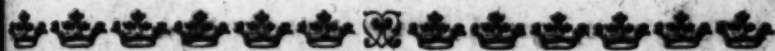


Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair;  
 Her Love the Gods above must share;  
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,  
 And at a Distance due adore her.  
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a Smile;  
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a  
 Sighing Swain the Banks of Yarrow.





Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,  
 My *MARY*'s tender as she's fair;  
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,  
 Sure she's too good to let me languish:  
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;  
 When *MARY SCOT*'s become my Marrow,  
 We'll make a Paradise on *Yarrow*.



## *Wine and Musick : An Ode,*

### *S Y M O N.*

**O** *COLIN*, how dull is't to be,  
 When a Soul is sinking wi' Pain,  
 To one who is pained like me.  
 My Life's grown a Load,  
 And my Faculties nod,  
 While I sigh for cold *JEANY* in vain,  
 I'm slain, I'm slain, I'm slain:  
 The Wound it is mortal and deep;  
 My Pulses bear low in each Vein,  
 And threaten eternal Sleep.



## COLIN.

COME, here's the best Cure for thy Wounds,

A Cure for all thy Wounds,

The Bowl, the Bowl, the Bowl,

O Boy, the cordial Bowl!

With soft harmonious Sounds,

Wounds, Wounds, Wounds, these can cure all Wounds,

With soft harmonious Sounds;

And pull off the cordial Bowl.

Tune, tune, tune, O *Symon*, tune thy Soul.

Above, the Gods beinly bouze,

When round they meet in a Ring;

They cast away Care, and carouse

Their *Nectar*, while they sing.

Then drink, drink, drink and sing;

These make the Blood circle fine:

Strike up the *Musick*,

The safest *Phyick*,

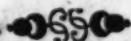
Compounded with sparkling *Wine*.



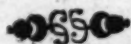
O'er



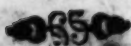
## O'er BOGIE.



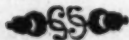
I Will awa' wi' my Love,  
 I will awa' wi' her;  
 Tho' a' my Kin had sworn and said,  
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.  
 If I can get but her Consent,  
 I dinna care a Strae;  
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,  
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae.  
 I will awa', &c.



For now she's Mistris of my Heart,  
 And wordy of my Hand;  
 And well I wat we shanna part,  
 For Siller or for Land.  
 Let Rakes delyte to swear and drink,  
 And Beaus admire fine Lace;  
 But my chief Pleasure is to blink  
 On Betty's bonny Face.  
 I will awa' &c.



THERE a' the Beauties do combine  
 Of Colour, Treats and Air;  
 The Saul that sparkles in her Een  
 Makes her a Jewel rare:  
 Her flowing Wit gives shining Life  
 To a' her other Charms;  
 How blest I'll be when she's my Wife,  
 And lockt up in my Arms!  
*I will awa', &c.*



THERE blythly will I rant and sing,  
 While o'er her Sweets I range:  
 I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King;  
 Shamefa' them that wad change  
 A Kiss of *Betty*, and a Smile,  
 Abcit ye wad lay down  
 The Right ye ha'e to *Britain's* Isle,  
 And offer me ye'r Crown.  
*I will awa', &c.*





## O'er the Moor to MAGGY.



AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,  
Her Wit and Sweetness call me;

Then to my Fair I'll shew my Mind,  
Whatever may befall me.

If the love Mirth, I'll learn to sing;  
Or likes the Nine to follow,  
I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus'* Spring,  
And invoke *Apollo*.



If she admire a martial Mind,

I'll sheath my Limbs in Armour;

If to the softer Dance inclin'd,

With gayest Airs I'll charm her:

If she love Grandeur, Day and Night

I'll plot my Nation's Glory,

And Favour in my Prince's Sight,

And shine in future Story.



BEAUTY can Wonders work with Ease,  
 Where Wit is corresponding;  
 And bravest Men know best to please,  
 With Complaisance abounding.  
 My bonny *Maggy's* Love can turn  
 Me to what Shape she pleases,  
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn  
 Which in my Bosom blazes.



*I'll never leave thee.*

J O N N Y.

**T**HOU' for seven Years and mair, Honour shou'd rear  
 me,  
 To Fields where Cannons raír, thou needna grieve thee;  
 For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented,  
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me.

NE



## N E L L Y.

O *Johnny*, I'm jealous, whene'er ye discover  
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover:  
 And nought i' the World wad vex my Heart fairer;  
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer:  
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!  
 At the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me!

## J O H N T.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye;  
 For while my Blood's warm I'll kindly carefs ye.  
 Your blooming soft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,  
 Your Vertue and Wit make it ay flame the hyer.  
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,  
 Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me.

## N E L L Y.

Then, *Johnny*, I frankly this Minute allow ye  
 To think me your Mistress; for Love gars me trow ye;  
 And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,  
 Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.  
 Reave me, reave me, Heav'n! it wad reave me  
 Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JOHN T.

**BID** Iceshogles hammer red Goads on the Studdy,  
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy;  
**Bid Britons** think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,  
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:  
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;  
The Starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive thee.



## Polwart on the Green.



**A**T Polwart on the Green  
If you'll meet me the Morn,

Where Lasses do convene

To dance about the Thorn;

**A kindly Welcome you shall meet**

Fræc her wha likes to view

**A Lover and a Lad complete.**

The Lad and Lover you.



LET darty Dames say *Na,*

As lang as e'er they please,

Seem caulder than the Sna'.

While inwardly they bleez;

Mr. I. V.

And

**ever**

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But I will frankly shaw my Mind,

And yield my Heart to thee;

Be ever to the Captive kind,

That longs na to be free.



At Polwart on the Green,

Among the new mawn Hay,

With Sangs and dancing keen

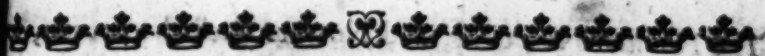
We'll pass the heartsome Day:

At Night if Beds be o'er thrang laid,

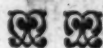
And thou be twin'd of thine,

Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,

To take a Part of mine.



## John Hay's bonny Lassie.

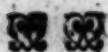


**B**Y smooth winding Tay a Swain was reclining,

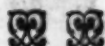
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! Maun I still live pining

My sell thus away, and darna discover

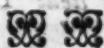
To my bonny HAY, that I am her Lover?



Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger;  
 If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer;  
 Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,  
 May be e'er we part my Vows may content her.



SHE's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*  
 When Birds mount and sing bidding Day a Goodmorrow  
 The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daisies,  
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.



BUT if she appear where Verdures invite her,  
 The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell the sweeter,  
 'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,  
 Her Smiles and bright Eye see my Spirit a glowing.

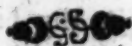


THE mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded,  
 Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded;  
 I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to carefs ye,  
 For my Desire is *HAR's* bonny Lassie.

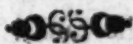




## Genty Tibby and fonsy Nelly.

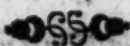


**T**IBBY has a Store of Charms,  
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;  
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms  
 Fetter the Lad who looks but at her?  
 Frae 'er Ankle to her slender Waste,  
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;  
 Her rosy Cheek, and rising Breast,  
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.



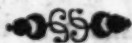
**N**ELLY's gawfy, fast and gay,  
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;  
 ilk ane that sees her, crys, *Ab hey*  
*She's bonny! O I wonder at her.*  
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,  
 And Limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;  
 Her Lips sae sweeter, and Skin sae sleek,  
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.





Now strike my Finger in a Bore,  
My Wyson with the Maiden shore,  
Gin I can tell whilk I am for,  
When these twa Stars appear thegither.

O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires,  
Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?  
Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,  
And ay be in a hankerin Swither.



TIBBY's Shape and Airs are fine,  
And Nelly's Beauties are divine:

But since they canna baith be mine,  
Ye Gods, give Ear to my Petition,

Provide a good Lad for the tane,

But let it be with this Provision,  
I get the other to my lane,  
In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.





## *Up in the Air.*



**N**OW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,  
 Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light:  
 In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,  
 And Witches wallop o'er to *France*.

Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare,  
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet,

*Up in, &c.*



THE Wind's drifting Hail and Sna',  
 O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';  
 Nae Starns keek through the Azure Slit,  
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i' the Moon

Is carousing aboon;

D' ye see, d' ye see, d' ye see him yet?

*The Man, &c.*

TAKE your Glas to clear your Een;  
 'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,  
 Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,  
 And gently puffs the Lovers Fire.

Up in the Air,  
 It drives away Care;

Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, Lads, yet.

Up in, &c.

STEER the Doors, keep out the Frost,  
 Come, Willie, gi's about ye'r Tost;  
 Til't, Lads, and lilt it out,  
 And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.

Up wi't there, there,  
 Dinna cheat, but drink fair.

Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.





THE  
RISE and FALL  
OF  
STOCKS,

1740.

An EPISTLE to the Right Honourable my Lord RAMSAY,  
when in *Paris*.

Our Pettifoggers, damn their Souls!  
To share with Knaves in cheating Fools,  
And Merchants vent'ring on the Main  
Slight Pirates, Rocks and Horns for Gain.

HUDIBRAS.

My LORD,

WITHOUTEN Preface or Preamble,



My Fancy being on the Ramble;

Transported with an honest Passion,

Viewing our poor bambouz'd Nation,

King her Nails, her Knuckles wringing,

her Cheek *saë* blac, her Lip *saë* hinging;

M m

Grief

Grief and Vexation's like to kill her,  
For tyning baith her Tick and Siller.

ALLOW me then to make a Comment  
On this Affair of greatest Moment,  
Which has fa'n out, my LORD, since ye  
Left Louthian and the † Edge-well Tree:  
And, with your Leave, I needna stickle  
To say we're in a fairy Pickle,  
Since Poortith o'er ilk Head does hover,  
Frac \* *John a Goat's House*, South to *Dover*.  
Sair have we pelted been with Stocks,  
Casting our Credit at the Cocks.  
Lang guilty of the highest Treason  
Against the Government of Reason;  
We daftly, at our ain Expences,  
Stock-job'd away our Cash and Senses.

---

† An Oak Tree which grows on the Side of a fine Spring, in the Castle of *Dalbovie*, very much observed by the Country People who give out, That before any of the Family died, a Branch from the *Edge-well Tree*. The old Tree some Years ago fell altogether, but another sprung from the same Root, which is now and flourishing; and *lang be's* *jae*,  
The Northmost Houle in *Scotland*.



As little Bairns frae Winnocks hy

Drap down Saip Bells to waiting Fry,

Wha run and wrestle for the Prize,

With Face erect and watchfu' Eyes;

The Lad wha gleggest waits upon it,

Receives the Bubble on his Bonnet,

Views with Delight the shining Beau-thing,

Which in a Twinkling bursts to Nothing.

As Britain brought on a' her Troubles

By running dastly after Bubbles.

Impos'd on by lang-hebbit Juglers,

Stock-jobbers, Brokers, cheating Smuglers,

Wha set their Gowden Girns sae wylic,

Tho' ne'er so cautious they'd beguile ye.

The covetous Infatuation:

Was smittle out o'er a' the Nation,

Clergy, and Lawyers, and Physicians;

Mechanicks, Merchants, and Musicians;

Each Sexes of a' Sorts and Sizes

Drap'd ilk Design and job'd for Prizes:

M m 2 Frae

Frae Noblemen to Livery Varlets,  
 Frae topping Toasts to Hacknay Harlots;  
 Poetick Dealers were but scarce,  
 Less browden still on Cash than Verse;  
 Only ae \* Bard to Coach did mount,  
 By singing Praise to Sir *John Blunt*;  
 But since his mighty Patron fell,  
 He looks just like † *Jock Blunt* himsell.

SOME Lords and Ladies sell'd Riggs and Castles,  
 And play'd them aff with rickty Rascals,  
 Wha now with Rowth of Riches vapour,  
 While their late Honours live on Paper:  
 But ah! the Difference twixt good Land,  
 And a poor Bankrupt Bubble's Band.

THUS *Europeans* *Indians* rise,  
 And give them for their Gowd some Trifle,  
 As Deugs of Velvet, Chips of Chrystal,  
 A Facon's Bell, or Baubie Whistle.

---

\* *Vide Dick Franklin's Epistle.*

† It is commonly said of a Person who is out of Countenance  
 a Disappointment.

MERCHANTS and Bankers Heads gade wrang,  
 They thought to Millions they might spang;  
 Despis'd the virtuous Road to Gain,  
 And look'd on little Bills with Pain:  
 The well won Thousands of some Years,  
 In a big Bargain disappears.  
 'Tis fair to bide, but wha can help it,  
 Instead of Coach, on Foot they skelp it.

THE Ten per Cents wha durstna venture,  
 But lent great Sums upon Indenture,  
 To Billies wha as frankly war'd it,  
 As they out of their Guts had spar'd it,  
 When craving Money they have lent,  
 They're answer'd, Item, A' is spent.  
 The Miser hears him with a Gloom,  
 Girns like a Brock, and bites his Thumb,  
 Syne shores to grip him by the Wyson,  
 And keep him a' his Days in Prison.  
 Sae may ye do, replies the Debter,  
 But that can never mend the Matter;

As soon can I mount *Charle-wain*,  
 As pay ye back your Gear again.  
 Poor *Mouldy* rins quite by himsell,  
 And bans like ane broke loose frae Hell,  
 It lulls a wee my *Mullygrubs*,  
 To think upon these bitten Scrubs,  
 When naething saves their vital Low,  
 But the Expences of a Tow.

THUS Children aft with carefu' Hands,  
 In Summer dam up little Strands,  
 Collect the Drizel to a Pool,  
 In which their glowing Limbs they cool;  
 Till by comes some ill-deedy Gift,  
 Wha in the Bulwark makes a Rift,  
 And with ae Strake in Ruins lays,  
 The Work of Use, Art, Care and Days.

EVEN Handy-crafts-men too turn'd saucy,  
 And maun be Coaching't thro' the Caufy;  
 Syne stroot fou paughty in the Alley,  
 Transferring Thousands with some Valley.

Grow rich in Fancy, treat their Whore,  
 Nor Mind they were or shall be poor:  
 Like little *Joves* they treat the Fair,  
 With Gowd frae Banks built in the Air,  
 For which their † *Danaes* lift the Lay,  
 And compliment them with a Clap,  
 Which by aft jobbing grows a Pox,  
 Till Brigs of Noses fa' with Stocks.

HERE Coachmen, Grooms, or Pasment Trotter,  
 Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to Snoter:  
 Like a shot Starn, that thro' the Air  
 Skyts East or West with unco' Glare,  
 But found neist Day on Hillock Side,  
 Nae better seems nor Paddock Ride.

SOME Reverend Brethren left their Flocks,  
 And sank their Stipends in the Stocks;  
 But tining baith, like *Æsop's* Colly,  
 O'er late they now lament their Folly.

FOR

---

† *Danae* the Daughter of *Acisius* King of *Argos*, to whom *Jupi-*  
*ter* descended in a Shower of Gold.



For three warm Months, *May, June and July,*  
 There was odd scrambling for the Spulzy;  
 And mony a anc, till he grow tyr'd,  
 Gather'd what Gear his Heart desir'd.  
 We thought that Dealer's Stock an ill anc,  
 That was not wordy half a Million.  
 O had this Golden Age but lasted,  
 And no fac soon been broke and blasted,  
 There is a Person well I ken  
 Might w<sup>th</sup> the best gane right far ben;  
 His Project better had succeeded,  
 And far less Labour had he needed:  
 But 'tis a Daffin to debate,  
 And aurgle-bargain with our Fate.  
 Well, had this Gowden Age but lasted,  
 And not so soon been broke and blasted,  
 O wow, my LORD, these had been Days  
 Which might have claim'd your Poet's Lays;  
 But soon alake! the mighty *Dagon*  
 Was seen to fa' without a Rag on.  
 In Harveft was a dreadfu' Thunder,  
 Which gart a' *Brinain* glowr and wonder;

The fizzing Bowt came with a Blatter,  
And dry'd our great Sea to a Gutter.

BUT mony Fowk with Wonder speir,  
What can be come of a' the Gear ?  
For a' the Country is repining,  
And ilka ane complains of tining.  
Plain Answer I had best let be,  
And tell ye just a Similie.

LIKE *Belze* when he nicks a Witch,  
Wha sells her Saul she may be rich;  
He finding this the Bait to damn her,  
Casts o'er her Een his cheating Glamour;  
She signs and seals, and he affords  
Her Heaps of visionary Hoords.  
But when she comes to count the Cunzie,  
Tis a' Sklate-Stanes instead of Money.

THUS we've been trick'd with braw Projectors,  
And faithfu' managing Directors,  
Wha for our Cash, the Saul of Trade,  
The Bonny Propines of Paper made,

On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,  
Had they not vanisht into Air.

WHEN *South-Sea* Tyde was at a Hight,  
† My Fancy took a daring Flight,  
*THALIA*, lovely Muse, inspired  
My Breast, and me with Foresight fired;  
Rapt into future Months, I sa'  
The rich Aërial *Babel* fa'.

'Yond Seas I saw the Upstarts drifting,  
Leaving their Coaches for the lifting.  
These Houses fit for Wights gane mad,  
I saw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;  
While little Sauls, sunk with Despair,  
Implor'd cauld Death to end their Care.  
But now a sweeter Scene I view,  
Time has, and Time shall prove I'm true,  
For fair *ASTREA* moves frae Heav'n]  
And shortly shall make a' Odds ev'n.

The

---

† *Wealth or the Woedy*, wrote in the Month of *June* last.

The honest Man shall be regarded,  
And Villains as they ought rewarded.

The setting Moon and rosie Dawn  
Bespeak a shining Day at hand,

A glorious Sun shall soon arise,  
To brighten up *Britannia's* Skies.

Our King and Senate shall engage  
To drive the Vultures off the Stage :

Trade then shall flourish, and ilk Art  
A lively Vigour shall impart

To Credit, languishing and famisht,  
And *Lombard-street* shall be replenisht.

Got safe ashore after this Blast,

*Britons* shall smile at Follies past.

GOD grant your LORDSHIP Joy and Health;

Lang Days, and Rowth of real Wealth;

Safe to the Land of Cakes Heav'n send ye,

And frae cross Accidents defend ye.

*Edinb. March 25,*  
1721.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

N a 2

THE



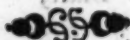
THE  
SATYR'S  
Comick Project

For recovering

*A Young Bankrupt Stock-jobber;*

SONG,

To the Tune of, *If the Kirk wad let me be.*



ON the Shore of a low ebbing Sea,  
A fighting young Jobber was seen,  
Staring wishfully at an old Tree,

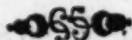
Which grew on the neighbouring Green;  
There's a Tree that can finish the Strife

And Disorder that wars in my Breast,  
What need one be pain'd with his Life,

When a Halter can purchase him rest?

SOME





SOMETIMES he would stamp and look wild,

Then roar out a terrible Curse

On Bubbles that had him beguil'd,

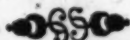
And left ne'er a Doit in his Purse.

A Satyr that wander'd along,

With a Laugh to his Raving reply'd;

The Savage maliciously sung,

And jock'd while the Stockjobber cry'd.



To Mountains and Rocks he complain'd,

His Cravat was bath'd with his Tears;

The Satyr drew near like a Friend,

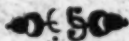
And bid him abandon his Fears.

Said he, " Have ye been at the Sea,

" And met with a contrary Wind,

That you rail at fair Fortune so free;

" Don't blame the poor Goddess, she's blind.



" Come hold up thy Head, foolish Wight,

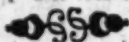
" I'll teach thee the Loss to retrieve;

" Observe me this Project aright,

" And think not of hanging, but live.

" Heca.

" *Hecarissa*, conceited and old,  
 " Affects in her Airs to seem young,  
 " Her Joynture yields Plenty of Gold,  
 " And Plenty of Nonsense her Tongue.



" LAY Siege to her for a short Space,  
 " Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or grey;  
 " Extoll her for Beauty and Grace,  
 " And doubt not of gaining the Day.  
 " In Wedlock ye fairly may join,  
 " And when of her Wealth ye are sure,  
 " Make free with the old Woman's Coin,  
 " And purchase a sprightly young W——.





# F A B L E

O F T H E

## Lost Calf.

CAREFU' Cowherd anes had lost  
 A Calf, that him much Seeking cost,  
 Labour vain, he near Despair,  
 Means untry'd save that of Prayer,  
 The last Shift; when nought els will do,  
 Then to the Gods at length we bow :  
 Thus did our Herdsman, fill'd with Grief,  
 In vain Jove to shew'm the Thief  
 That with his Calf had run away,  
 And he would on his Altar lay

A

A Kid, the fattest of the Plain,  
 Should for his Godship's Use be slain.  
 His Prayer reach'd the high Abode.  
*We hear thee, (smiling) cry'd the God,*  
*Have thy Desire. —* Straight in the Place  
 A Lion star'd him in the Face.  
 The too rash Clown now shook with Fear,  
 To see the awfu' Brute so near ;  
 Then to his Prayers he runs once more,  
 To unpray what he pray'd before :  
 " Great Jove, said he, I know my Vow,  
 " But the unhappy With I rew ;  
 " Remove the Thief, an't be thy Will,  
 " And I shall make the Kid a Bull.  
 Thus Mankind oft importune Heaven  
 For what would ruine them, if given.



**The Life and Acts of,**

O R,

**An ELEGY on PATIE BIRNIE,**

*The famous Fidler of Kinghorn;  
Who gart the Lieges gawff and girn ay,  
Aft till the Cock proclaim'd the Morn.  
Tho baith his Weeds and Mirth were pirny;  
He roos'd these Things were langest worn:  
The brown Ale Barrel was his Kirn ay,  
And faithfully he toom'd his Horn.*

**And then besides his valiant Acts,  
At Bridals he wan mony Blacks.**

HAB. SIMPSON.

[ N Sonnet flee the Man I sing,  
His rare Engine in Rhyme shall ring;  
Wha slaid the Stick out o'er the String  
With sic an Art;  
Wha sang sae sweetly to the Spring,  
And rais'd the Heart;

*Kinghorn* may rue the ruefou Day  
That lighted *Patie* to his Clay,  
Wha gart the hearty Billies stay  
And spend their Cash;  
To see his Snowt, to hear him play,  
And gab sae gash;  
O o

W H E N



When Strangers landed, wow sae thrang  
Puffing and peghing he wa'd gang,  
And crave their Pardon that sae lang

He'd been a coming ;  
Synge his Bread-winner out he'd bang,  
And fa' to bumming.

YOUR Honour's Father dead and gane,  
For him he first wad make his Mane;  
But soon his Face cou'd make ye fain

When he did fough,  
O wiltu, wiltu do't again?  
And gran'd and leugh.

THIR Sang he made frae his ain Head,  
And eke, *The auld Man's Mare she's dead,*  
*Tho Peets and Tures and a's to lead;*

O fy upon her !  
A bonny auld Thing this indeed,  
An't like ye'r Honour.

AFTER ill Tune he took a Sowp,  
And bann'd wi' Birr the corky Cowp,  
That to the Papists Country scowp,  
To lear Ha ha's,  
Frac Chiels that sing, hap, flap and lowp,  
Wantin the B——s.

THAT beardless Capons are nae Men,  
We by their fozie Springs might ken;  
But our's, he said, cou'd Vigour len

To Men o' Weir,

And gar them stout to Battle stien

Withouten Fear.

How first he practis'd, ye shall hear,

The Harn-pan of an umquhile Mare

He strung, and strak Sounds fast and clear

Out o' the Pow,

Which fir'd his Saul, and gart his Ear

With Gladness glow?

SAE some auld-gabbet Poets tell,

Jove's nimble Son and Lucky snell,

Made the first Fiddle of a \* Shell;

On which *Apollo*

With meikle Pleasure play'd himsell

Baith Jig and Solo.

O *Jonny Stocks*! what comes of thee?

I'm sure thou'lt break thy Heart and die;

Thy *Birnie* gane, thou'lt never be,

Nor blyth, nor able

To shake thy short Houghs merrily

Upon a Table.

O o z

How

\* *Tuque, Tefundo, resonare septem  
Callida nervis,*

*Hon.*

How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,  
 And dance sae finely to his Fiddle,  
 With Nose foregainst a Lass's Middle;  
 And briskly brag,  
 With cutty Steps to ding their Striddle,  
 And gar them fag.

HE catch'd a crisby Webster Lown  
 At runklung o' his Deary's Gown,  
 And wi' a Rung came o'er his Crown,  
 For being there;  
 But starker Thrums got *Patie* down,  
 And knooft him sair.

WAE worth the Dog, he maist had fell'd him;  
 Revengefu' *Pate* aft green'd to geld him,  
 He aw'd a Mends, and that he tell'd him,  
 And bann'd to do't:  
 He took the Tid, and fairly sell'd him  
 For a Recruit.

*Pate* was a Carle of canny Sense,  
 And wanted ne'er a right bein Spence,  
 And laid up Dollars in Defence,  
 'Gainst Eild and Gout;  
 Well judging Gear in Future Tense  
 Cou'd stand for Wit.

YET prudent Fowk may take the Per;

Lines thrawart Porter wad na let

Him in, while Latter-meat was her;

He gaw'd fou fair,

Hang in his Fiddle o'er the Yare,

Whilk ne'er did mair.

BUT Profit may arise frae Loss,

See Pate got Comfort by his Cross:

Soon as he wan within the Clofs,

He doufly drew in

Mair Gear frae ilka gentle Goss

Than bought a new ane.

WHEN lying Bedfast sick and fair,

To Parish Priest he promis'd fair,

He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:

But hale and tight,

He prov'd the auld Man to a Hair,

Strut ilka Night.

THE hally Dad with Care essays

To wile him frae his wanton Ways,

And tell'd him of his Promise twice:

Pate answer'd cliver,

"Wha tents what People raving says,

"When in a Fever.

At Bothwell-Brig he gade to fight,  
But being wise as he was wight,  
He thought it shawd a Saul but slight,  
Daftly to stand,  
And let Gun-powder wrang his Sight,  
Or Fiddle-Hand.

RIGHT pawkily he left the Plain,  
Nor o'er his Shoulder look'd again,  
But scowr'd o'er Moss and Moor amain,  
To Risky straight,  
And tauld how many Whigs were slain  
Before they faught.

SAE I've lamented *Patie's* End ;  
But left your Grief o'er far extend,  
Come dight ye'r Cheeks, ye'r Brows unbend,  
And lift ye'r Head,  
For to a' *Britain* be it ken'd  
He is not dead.

January, 25.  
1721.



# PROLOGU





# PROLOGUE.

*Spoke by one of the young Gentlemen,  
who, for their Improvement and Di-  
version, acted The Orphan, and  
Cheats of Scapin. the last Night  
of the Year 1719.*

**B**RAW Lads, and bonny Lassies, welcome harty;  
But wha's to entertain ye, ——— never speer;  
Quietness is best, ——— Tho' we be leal and true,  
Good Sense and Wit's mair than we dare avow,  
Some Body says to some Fowl, We're to blame,  
That 'tis a Scandal and black-burning Shame  
To thole young Callants thus to grow sae slack,  
And lear ——— O mighty Crimes! ——— to speak and act  
Stage-plays, quoth Dunce, are unco' Things indeed!  
He said, ——— he gloom'd, ——— and shook his thick boss Head:  
They're Papery Papery! cry'd his Nibour neist,  
Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant Priest,  
To witch away Fowl's Minds frae doing well,  
As faith Rab Ker, M<sup>c</sup>Millan and M<sup>c</sup>Neil.

BUT

BUT let them talk: ——— In Spite of ilk Cadaver;  
 We'll cherish Wit, and scorn their Fead or Favour;  
 We'll strive to bring in active Eloquence,  
 Tho for a While upon our Fame's Expence. ———

I'm wrang. ——— Our Fame will mount with mettled Carles;  
 And for the Rest, we'll be aboon their Stairls.

Knock down the Fools, wha dare with empty Rage  
 Spit in the Face of Virtue and the Stage.

•Cause Hereticks in Pulpits thump and rair,  
 Must naithing Orthodox b' expected there?

Because a Rump cut off a Royal Head;

Must not anither Parli'ment succeed? ———

Thus, tho the *Drama's* aft debauch'd and rude,

Must we, for some are bad, refuse the Good?

Answer me that, ——— If there be ony Log,

That's come to keek upon us here *incog*,

Ans, ——— Twice, Trice, ——— But now I think on't, stay,

I've something else to do, and must away. ———

This Prologue was design'd for Use and Sport,

The Chief that made it, let him answer for't.



*To Mr. William Aikman.*

**T**IS granted, Sir, Pains may be spar'd  
Your Merit to set forth,

When there's sac few wha claim Regard,

That disna ken your Worth.

But Poets give immortal Fame

To Mortals that excell,

Which if neglected they're to blame;

But you've done that your sell.

WHILE frae Originals of yours

Fair Copies shall be tane,

And fix'd on Brass to busk our Bow'rs

Your Mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain Deeds the maist deny'd,

Or of a Taste o'er fine,

Maybe ye're but o'er right ! afraid

To sink in Verse like mine.

THE last can ne'er the Reason prove;  
 Else wherefore with good Will  
 Do ye my nat'ral Lays approve,  
 And help me up the Hill?

By your Assistance unconstrain'd  
 To Courts I can repair,  
 And by your Art my Way I've gain'd  
 To Closets of the Fair.

HAD I a Muse like lofty Pope,  
 For tow'ring Numbers fit,  
 Then I th' ingenious Mind might hope  
 In truest Light to hit.

BUT comick Tale and Sonnet free  
 Are coosten for my Share  
 And if in these I bear the Gree,  
 I'll think it very fair.







CUPID *thrown into the South-Sea.*

**M**YRTILLA, as like *Venus*' fell,  
As e'er an Egg was like anither,

Anes *Cupid* met upon the *Mall*,  
And took her for his bonny Mither.

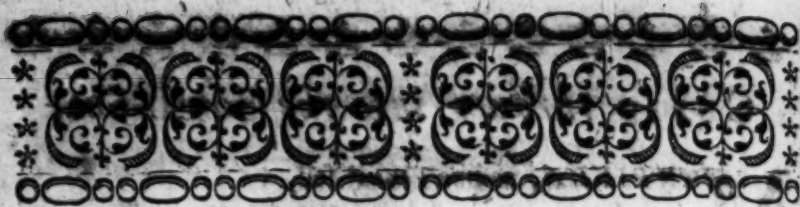
He wing'd his Way up to her Breast;  
She started, he cry'd, Mam 'tis me;  
The Beauty, in o'er rash a Jest,  
Flang the Arch-Gytling in *South-Sea*.

FRAE thence he raise wi' guilded Wings,  
His Bow and Shafts to Gowd were chang'd;  
Deel's i' the Sea, quoth he, it dings;  
Synce back to *Mall* and *Park* he rang'd.

BREATHING Mischief, the God look'd gurlly,  
With Transfers a' his Darts were feather'd;  
He made a horrid Hurly burly,  
Where *Beaus* and *Belles* were thickest gather'd.

He tentily *Myrtilla* fought,  
And in the thrang *Change-Alley* got her;  
He drew his Bow, and quick as Thought  
With a braw new Subscription shot her.





TO THE  
MUSICK CLUB

**E**'ER on old *Shinar's* Plain the Fortrefs rose,  
Rear'd by those Giants who durst Heav'n oppose;  
An universal Language Mankind us'd,  
'Till daring Crimes brought Accents more confus'd;  
Discord and Jar, for Punishment, were hurl'd  
On Hearts and Tongues of the rebellious World.

THE primar Speech with Notes harmonious clear,  
Transposing Thought, gave Pleasure to the Ear:  
Then Musick in its full Perfection shin'd,  
When Man to Man melodious spoke his Mind,

As when a richly fraughted Fleet is lost  
In rolling Deeps, far from the ebbing Coast.  
Down many Fathoms of the liquid Mass,  
The Artist dives in Ark of Oak, or Brass,  
Snatches some Ingots of *Peruvian Ore*,  
And with his Prize rejoicing makes the Shore.

At this Attempt is made, and much they find;

They swell in Wealth, tho' much is left behind.

*Amphion's* Sons, with Minds elate and bright,

Thus plunge th' unbounded Ocean of Delight.

And daily gain new Stores of pleasing Sounds

To glad the Earth, fixing to Spleen its Bounds;

While vocal Tubes and Confort Strings engage

To speak the Dialect of the Golden Age.

Then you whose Symphony of Souls proclaim

Your Kin to Heaven, add to your Country's Fame,

And shew that Musick may have as good Fate

In *Albion's* Glens, as *Umbria's* green Retreat:

And with *Correlli's* soft *Italian* Song

*Mix Cowden-Knows*, and *Winter Nights* are long.

Nor should the Martial *Pibrough* be despis'd,

Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be priz'd.

EACH ravish'd Ear extolls your heavenly Art,

Which sooths our Care, and elevates the Heart,

Whilst hoarser Sounds the Martial Ardours move,

And liquid Notes invite to Shades and Love.

HAIL, safe Restorer of distemper'd Minds,  
 That with Delight the raging Passion binds :  
 Extatick Concord, only banish't Hell,  
 Most perfect where the perfect Beings dwell.  
 Long may our Youth attend thy charming Rites,  
 Long may they relish thy transporting Sweets.



## On FRIENDSHIP.

THE Earth-born Clod who hugs his Idol, Pelf,  
 His only Friends are *Mammon* and himself :

The drunken Sots, who want the Art to think,  
 Still cease from Friendship when they cease from Drink,  
 The empty Fop, who scarce for Man will pass,  
 Ne'er sees a Friend but when he views his Glass.

FRIENDSHIP first springs from Sympathy of Mind,  
 Which to complete the Virtues all combine,  
 And only found 'mongst Men who can espy  
 The Merits of his Friend without Envy.  
 Thus all pretending Friendship's but a Dream,  
 Whose Base is not reciprocal Esteem.



TO THE

*Whin-Bush Club,*

THE

**B I L L**

O F

**ALLAN RAMSAY.**

**O** F *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Leadhill*,

Where Min'ral Springs *Glengoner* fill,

Which joins sweet flowing *Clyde*,

Between auld *Crawfurd-Lindsay's* Towers,

And where *Deneetne* rapid pours

His Stream thro' *Glotta's* Tide:

Son of *Clydsdale's* upper Ward,

Bred Fifteen Summers there,

Now, to my Loss, I'm no a Laird

By Birth, my Title's fair



To bend wi' ye, and spend wi' ye  
 An Evening, and gullaw;  
 If Merit and Spirit  
 Be found without a Flaw.

SINCE doubtly ye do not play at Random;  
 Then take my Bill to *Avifandum*;  
 And if there's nae Objection,  
 I'll deen't my Honour, and be glad  
 To come beneath your *Whin-Bush* Shade,  
 And claim to its Protection;  
 If frae the Caverns of a Head  
 That's boss, a Storm should blow,  
 Entling wi' Spite to rive my Reed,  
 And give my Muse a Fa';

When poring and soaring  
 O'er *Heliconian* Heights,  
 She traces these Places  
 Where *Cynthius* delights.





On the Great Eclipse of the SUN, the  
22d April, nine a Clock of the Morning;  
wrote a Month before it happened, 1715.

NOW I do press among the learned Throng,  
To tell a great Eclipse in little Song.

Let me nor Scheme, nor Demonstration ask,  
What is our Gregory's, or fam'd Halley's Task:  
Is they who are conversant with each Star,  
Who know how Planets Planets Rays debar,  
This to pretend my Muse is not so bold,  
She only echoes what she has been told.

OUR rolling Globe will scarce have made the Sun  
A half-way up *Olympus* to have run,  
When Night's pale Queen in her oft changed Way,  
Will intercept in direct Line his Way,  
And make black Night usurp the Throne of Day.  
The Curious will attend that Hour with Care,  
And wish no Clouds may hover in the Air,  
To dark the *Medium*, and obstruct from Sight  
The gradual Motion and Decay of Light:

Q q

Whilst

Whilst thoughtless Fools will view the Water-pail,  
 To see which of the Planets will prevail;  
 For then they think the Sun and Moon make War.  
 Thus Nurfes Tales oft times the Judgment mar.

WHEN this strange Darknefs overshades the Plains,  
 'Twill give an odd Surprise t' unwarned Swains:  
 Plain honest Hinds, who do not know the Cause,  
 Nor know of Orbs their Motions or their Laws,  
 Will from the Half-plough'd Furrows homeward bend,  
 In dire Confusion, judging that the End  
 Of Time approacheth.—— Thus possest with Fear,  
 They'll think the general Conflagration near.  
 The Traveller benighted on the Road,  
 Will turn devout, and supplicate his God.  
 Cocks with their careful Mates and younger Fry,  
 As if't were Evening, to their Roosts will fly.  
 The horned Cattle will forget to feed,  
 And come home lowing from the grassie Mead.  
 Each Bird of Day will to his Nest repair,  
 And leave to Bats and Owls the dusky Air.  
 The Lark and little Robin's softer Lay  
 Will not be heard till the Return of Day.

Now this will be great Part of *Europe's* Case,  
While *Phæbe's* as a Mask on *Phæbus'* Face.

The unlearn'd Clowns, who don't our *Æra* know,  
From this dark *Friday* will their Ages show;  
As I have often heard old Country Men  
Talk of dark *Munday*, and their Ages then.

No r long shall last this strange uncommon Gloom,  
When Light dispells the Ploughman's Fear of Doom;  
With merry Heart he'll lift his ravish'd Sight,  
Up to the Heavens, and welcome back the Light.  
How just's the Motion of these whirling Spheres!  
Which ne'er can err, while Time is mett by Years.  
How vast is little Man's capacious Soul!  
That knows how Orbs throw Wilds of *Æther* roll.  
How great's the Power of that Omnifick Hand!  
Who gave them Motion by his wise Command,  
That they should not, while Time had Being, stand.





*The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS, as debated by some of the Fellows of the Easy Club, April 1715.*

FROM different Ways of thinking comes Debate,  
 This we despise, and that we over-rate,  
 Just as the Fancy takes, we love or hate.  
 Hence Whig and Tory live in endless Jar,  
 And most of Families in civil War,  
 Hence 'mongst the easiest Men beneath the Skies,  
 Even in their easy Dome Debates arise:  
 As late they did with Strength of Judgment scan  
 These Qualities that form a Gentleman.  
 First *Tippermalloch* pled with *Spanish* Grace,  
 That Gentry only sprung from antient Race,  
 Whose Names in old Records of Time were fix'd,  
 In whose rich Veins some Royal Blood was mixt.  
 I being a Poet sprung from a *Douglas's* Loin,  
 In this proud Thought did with the Doctor join;

With this Addition, if they could speak Sense,  
 Ambitious I, ah! had no more Pretence.  
*Buchanan* with stiff Argument and bold,  
 Pled Gentry took its Birth from powerful Gold,  
 Him *Hector Boece* join'd, they argued strong,  
 Said they, to Wealth that Title must belong,  
 If Men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,  
 You'll own their Birth and Sense are soon forgot:  
 Pray say, said they, how much respectful Grace  
 Demands an old red Coat and mangled Face,  
 Or one if he could like an Angel preach,  
 If he to no rich Benefice can reach.  
 Even Progeny of Dukes are at a stand  
 How to make out bare Gentry without Land.  
 But still the Doctor would not quit the Field,  
 But that rich Upstarts should to Birth-right yield.  
 He grew more stiff, nor would the Plea let go,  
 Said he was right, and swore it should be so.

BUT happy we who have such wholesome Laws,  
 Which without pleading can decide a Cause,  
 To this good Law Recourse we had at last,  
 That throws off Wrath, and makes our Friendship fast;



In which the Legislators laid the Plot,  
To end all Controversy by a Vote.

YET that we more good Humor might display,  
We frankly turn'd the Vote another Way,  
As in each Thing we common Topicks shun,  
So the great Prize, nor Birth nor Riches won.  
The Vote was carried thus, That easy he  
Who should three Years a social Fellow be,  
And to our *Easy Club* give no Offence,  
After *Triennial* Trial, should commence  
A Gentleman, which gives as just a Claim  
To that great Title, as the Blast of Fame  
Can give to them who trade in humane Gore,  
Or those who heap up Hoords of coined Ore;  
Since in our social Friendship nought's design'd  
But what may raise and brighten up the Mind;  
We aiming close to walk by Virtue's Rules,  
To find true Honour's self, and leave her Shade to Fools.



*Inscription on the golden Tea-pot, gain'd by  
Sir James Cuninghame of Milncraig, Bar.*

**A**FTER the gaining *Edinburgh's Prize*  
The Day before with running thrice,  
Me *Milncraig's Rock* most fairly won,  
When thrice again the Course he run.  
Now for Diversion 'tis my Share  
To run three Heats, and please the Fair.

*Inscription engraven on the Piece of Plate,  
which was a Punch-bowl and Ladle, gi-  
ven by the Captains of the Train'd-Bands  
of Edinburgh, and gain'd by Captain  
Charles Crockat's Swallow.*

**C**HARGE me with Nants and limpid Spring,  
Let fowr and sweet be mixt,  
Bend round a Health syne to the King,  
To *Edinburgh's Captains* next,  
Wha form'd me in sae blyth a Shape,  
And gave me lasting Honours,  
Take up my Ladle, fill and lape,  
And say, Fairfa' the Donors.

*Spoken*

Spoken to two young Ladies, who asked if  
I could say any thing on them: One ex-  
cell'd in a beautiful Completion, the o-  
ther in fine Eyes.

*To the First.*

**U**PON your Check sits blooming Youth.

*To the other.*

Heaven sparkles in your Eye.

*To both.*

There's something sweet about each Mouth,  
Dear Ladies let me try.



To



To the Ph—— An O D E

*Vides, ut aliâ stet nive candidum*

*Soracte.*

HOR.

LOOK up to *Pentland's* towring Taps,  
Buried beneath great Wreaths of Snaw,  
O'er ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,  
As high as ony *Roman* Wa'.

DRIVING their Baws frae Whins or Tee,  
There's no ae Gowffer to be seen,  
Nor 'dousser Fowk' wyfing a-Jee  
The Byals Bowls on *Tamson's* Green.

THEN fling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs,  
And beek the House baith Butt and Ben,  
That Mutchken Stoup it hads but Dribs,  
Then let's get in the tappit Hen.

GOOD Claret best keeps out the Cauld,  
And drives away the Winter soon,  
It makes a Man baith gash and bauld,  
And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

To

R r

LEAVE

LEAVE to the Gods your ilka Care,  
If that they think us worth their While,  
They can a Rowth of Blessings spare,  
Which will our fashious Fears beguile.

FOR what they have a Mind to dō,  
That will they do, should we gang wood;  
If they command the Storms to blaw,  
Then upo' Sight the Hailstones thud.

BUT soon as e'er they cry, Bequiet,  
The blatt'ring Winds dare nae mair move,  
But cour into their Caves, and wait  
The high Command of supreme JOVE.

LET neist Day come as it thinks fit,  
The present Minute's only ours,  
On Pleasure let's imploy our Wit,  
And laugh at Fortune's feckless Powers.

BE sure ye dinna quat the Grip  
Of ilka Joy when ye are young,  
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,  
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

SWEET Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time,  
Then Lads and Lasses while 'tis May,  
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,  
Before it wither and decay.



WATCH the fast Minutes of Delyte,  
When *Jenny* speaks beneath her Breath,  
And kiffes, laying a' the Wyte  
On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

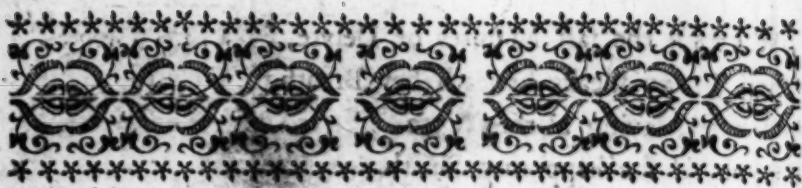
HAITH ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,  
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;  
Synce frae your Arms she'll rin away,  
And hide her sell in some dark Nook:

HER Laugh will lead you to the Place  
Where lies the Happiness ye want,  
And plainly tells you to your Face,  
Nineteen Nay-says are haff a Grant.

NOW to her heaving Bosom cling,  
And sweetly toolie for a Kifs,  
Frac her fair Finger whop a Ring,  
As Taiken of a future Blifs.

THESE Bennifons, I'm very sure,  
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant;  
Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear  
To plague us with your whining Cant.





# EPIGRAM.

**W**HEN *Nell* in Tears frae *Troy* came,  
 Thus to her Cuckold spake the Dame:  
 Tho *Paris* that young Lecher tall  
 Enjoy'd my Body, you'ad my Saul.  
 That I can well believe, quoth he;  
 But Faith the warst haff fell to me.

## A N O T H E R,

A well kend Cuckold made his brag,  
 How much by Fortune he was lov'd;  
 And said in hearing of a Wag,  
 That under him the World mov'd.  
 That your great Glory yields to few,  
 In Truth, says *he*, cannot be quarrel'd;  
 For a' the World moves under you,  
 And your Wife under a' the World.

**A N O T H E R** *against Adultery.*

A pious Parson, Flesh and Blood,

Thus to his Hearers did begin:

Believ't, beloved, for your Good,

Adultery is a hainous Sin.

I'd rather anes ilk Month, said he,

With Ten young Maidens quench my Flame,

Than anes in Ten Years verilie,

Be guilty with a married Dame.

**A N O T H E R.**

Classes, like Nuts, at Bottom brown,

Are ripe, and shou'd be fought;

Life of themselfs they will fa' down,

And syn prove good for Nought.



*The*



*The Mill, Mill, — O. A SONG.*

**B**ENEATH a green Shade I fand a fair Maid  
 Was sleeping sound and still---O,  
 A lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove,  
 Around her with good Will---O;  
 Her Bosom I press'd, but sunk in her Rest,  
 She stir'dna my Joy to spill---O:  
 While kindly she slept, closs to her I crept,  
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill---O.

**O**BLIG'D by Command in *Flanders* to land,  
 T' employ my Courage and Skill---O;  
 Frae 'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa',  
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill---O.  
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame  
 Tald me with a Voice right shill---O,  
 My Lafs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,  
 Nor kend wha'd done 'er the Ill---O.

**M**AIR fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,  
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell---O;  
 Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell---O.

Love ga'e the Command, I took her by the Hand,  
And bade her a' Fears expell---O,  
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man  
Wha had done her the Deed my fell---O.

My bonny sweet Lads on the gowany Grass,  
Beneath the *shilling-hill*---O:

If I did Offence I'll make ye Amends,  
Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*---O,  
O the Mill, Mill,---O, and the Kill, Kill,---O,  
And the Cogging of the Wheel---O;  
The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye mann leave,  
And round with a Soger reel---O.



### Colin and Grisy parting.

A SONG to the Tune of *Woes my Heart*  
*that we shou'd sunder.*

WITH broken Words and down-cast Eyes,  
Poor COLIN spoke his Passion tender;  
And parting with his GRISY, cries,  
Ah! woes my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,  
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;  
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,  
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

CHAIN'D



CHAIN'D to thy Charms I cannot range,  
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,  
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change  
 My Vows, tho we're oblig'd to funder.

THE Image of thy graceful Air,  
 And Beauties, which invite our Wonder;  
 Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare  
 Shall still be present, tho we funder.

DEAR Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,  
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;  
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,  
 Always to love me tho we funder.

YE Gods take Care of my dear Lass,  
 That as I leave her I may find her:  
 When that blest Time shall come to pass  
 We'll meet again and never funder.



K E I T H A :

A PASTORAL lamenting the Death  
of the Right Honourable MARY Coun-  
tess of Wigton.

R I N G A N.

O'ER ilka Thing a gen'ral Sadness hings !  
The Burds wi' Melancholly droop their Wings ;

My Sheep and Kye neglect to moup their Food,

And seem to think as in a dumpish Mood.

Hark how the Winds fouch' mournfou' throu' the Broom ;

The very Lift puts on a heavy Gloom ;

My Neighbour Colin too, he bears a Part,

His Face speaks out the Sairness of his Heart :

Tell, tell me Colin, for my bodding Thought,

A Bang of Fears into my Breast has brought.

C O L I N.

WHERE hast thou been, thou Simpleton, wha speers

On The Cause of a' our Sorrow and our Tears ?

S f

Wha

Wha unconcern'd can hear the common Skaith  
 The World receives by lovely *Keitha's* Death ?  
 The bonniest Sample of what's good and kind,  
 Fair was her Make, and heav'nly was her Mind.  
 But now this sweetest Flower of a' our Plain  
 Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our Sighs are vain;  
 For never mair she'll grace the heartsome Green,  
 Ay heartsome when she deign'd there to be seen.  
 Speak, flowry Meadows, where she us'd to wauk,  
 Speak, Flocks and Burds, wha've heard her sing or taulk;  
 Did ever you see meikle Beauty bear ?  
 Or ye see mony heav'nly Accents hear ?  
 Ye painted Haughs, ye Minstrels of the Air,  
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

# R I N G A N

YE westlin Winds that gently us'd to play  
 On her white Breastr, and steal some Sweets away,  
 Whilst her delicious Breath perfum'd your Breeze,  
 Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her Bees ;  
 Bear on your Wings, round Earth, her spotless Fame,  
 Worthy that noble Race from whence she came :

Resounding Braes, where e'er she us'd to lean,  
 And view the Crystal Burn glide o'er the Green,  
 Return your *Echoes* to our mournfu'Sang,  
 And let the Streams in Murmures bear't along.  
 Ye unken'd Powers, wha Water haunt or Air,  
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

## C O L I N.

AH! wha cou'd tell the Beauties of her Face,  
 Her Mouth that never op'd but wi' a Grace;  
 Her Een which did with heav'nly Sparkles low,  
 Her modest Cheek flush'd with a rose Glow;  
 Her fair brent Brow, smooth as the unrunkled Deep,  
 When a' the Winds are in their Caves asleep;  
 Her Presence, like a Simmer's Morning Ray,  
 Lighten'd our Hearts, and gart ilk Place look gay:  
 Now twin'd of Life, these Charms look cauld and blae,  
 And what before gave Joy, now makes us wae;  
 Her Goodness shin'd in ilka pious Deed, ———  
 A Subject, *Ringan*, for a lofty Reed!  
 A Shepherd's Sang maun sic high Thoughts decline,  
 Left rustick Notes should darken what's Divine.



Youth, Beauty, Graces, a' that's good and fair,  
Lament, for lovely *Keisha* is nae mair.

### R I N G A N.

How tenderly she smooth'd our Master's Mind,  
When round his manly Waist her Arms she twin'd,  
And look'd a Thousand fast Things to his Heart,  
While native Sweetness fought nae Help frae Art,  
To him her Merit still appear'd mair bright,  
As yielding She own'd his superior Right.  
Baith fast and sound he slept within her Arms,  
Gay were his Dreams, the Influence of her Charms,  
Soon as the Morning dawn'd he'd draw the Screen,  
And watch the opening of her fairer Een;  
Whence sweetest Rays gush'd out in sic a Thrang,  
Beyond Expression in my rural Sang.

### C O L I N.

O *Clementina*! sprouting fair Remains  
Of her, wha was the Glory of our Plains:  
Dear Innocence with Infant-Darkness blest,  
Which hides the Happiness that thou hast mist,



May a' thy Mither's Sweets thy Portion be,  
And a' thy Mither's Graces shine in thee,

R I N G A N.

SHE loot us ne'er gae hungry to the Hill,  
And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good Will;  
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that Day  
On which frae us she's tane sae soon away,  
Baith Hynds and Herds, wha'fe Cheeks bespake nae Scant,  
And throu' the Howms could whistle, sing and rant,  
Will miss her sair, till happily they find  
Anither in her Place sae good and kind.  
The Lasses, wha did at her Graces mint,  
Ha'e by her Death their bonniest Pattern tint.  
O ilka ane wha did her Bounty skair,  
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

C O L I N.

O *Ringan, Ringan!* Things gang sae unevn,  
I canna well take up the Will of Heaven:  
Our Crosses teughly last us mony a Year,  
But unco soön our Blessings disappear.

R I N G A N.

## R I N G A N.

I'll tell thee, *Colin*, my last *Sunday's* Note,  
 I tented well *Mefs Thomas* ilka Jot;  
 The Powers aboon are cautious as they're just,  
 And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle Trust  
 To this unconstant Earth with what's Divine,  
 Lest in laigh Damps they should their Lustre tine.  
 Sae let's leave aff our Murmuring and Tears,  
 And never value Life by Length of Years :  
 But as we can in Goodness it employ,  
 Sync wha dies first, first gains eternal Joy.  
 Come, *Colin*, dight your Cheeks, and banish Care,  
 Our Lady's happy, tho with us nae mair.





*The beautiful Rose Tree enclosed.*

**W**ITH Aw and Pleasure we behold thy Sweets;  
 Thy lovely Roses have their pointed Guards;  
 Yet tho the Gath'rer Opposition meets,  
 The fragrant Purchase all his Pain rewards.

**B**UT hedg'd about and watch'd with wary Eyes,  
 O Plant superior, beautiful and fair,  
 We view thee like yon Stars which gem the Skies,  
 But equally to gain we must despair.

**AH!** were thou growing on some secret Plain,  
 And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet  
 All thy transporting Charms to ease my Pain,  
 And feast my raptur'd Soul on all that's sweet.

**T**HUS sung poor *Symon*: *Symon* was in Love,  
 His too aspiring Passion made him smart;  
 The Rose Tree was a Mistress far above  
 The Shepherd's Hope, which broke his tender Heart.

*Spoken*

*Spoken to Three young Ladies, who would have  
me to determine which of them was the  
bonniest.*

**M**E-anes Three Beauties did surround,

And ilka Beauty gave a Wound,

Whilst they with smiling Eye,

Said, *Allan*, which think ye maist fair ?

Gi'e Judgment frankly, never spare.

Hard is the Task said I :

But added, seeing them sae free,

Ladies ye maun say mair to me,

And my Demand right fair is ;

First, like the gay Celestial Three,

Shaw a' your Charms, and then have wi' ye,

Faith I shall be your *Paris*.



**A**



A N  
EPISTLE  
T O

JAMES ARBUCKLE of Bel-  
fast, *A. M.*

*Edinburgh, Jan. 1719.*

A S Errant Knight with Sword and Pistol,  
Besrides his Steed with mighty Fistle;

Then stands some Time in jumbled Swither

To ride in this Road or that ither;

At last spurs on, and disna care for

How, a what Way, or a wherfore.



Or like extemporary Quaker,  
 Wasting his Lungs t'enlighten weaker  
 Lanthorns of Clay, where Light is wanting;  
 With formless Phrase, and formal Canting;  
 While *Jacob Behmen's* Salt does season,  
 And saves his Thought frae corrupt Reason;  
 Gowling aloud with motions queereft,  
 Yerking these Words out which ly neareft.

Thus I (no longer to illustrate  
 With Similies, lest I should frustrate  
 Design *Laconick* of a Letter,  
 With Heap of Language and no Matter,)  
 Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd Whistle;  
 To sowf ye o'er a short Epistle,  
 Without Rule, Compasses or Charcoal,  
 Or serious Study in a dark Hóle.  
 Three Times I ga'e the Muse a Rug,  
 Then bate my Nails and claw'd my Lugs;  
 Still heavy, at the last my Nose  
 I prim'd with an inspiring Dose,  
 Then did Ideas dance, (dear safe us!)  
 As they'd been dast. — Here ends the Preface.

GOOD Mr. *James Arbuckle*, Sir,  
 (That's Merchant's Stile as clean as Fir )  
 Ye're welcome back to *Caledonie*,  
 Lang Life and Thriving light upon ye,  
 Harvest, Winter, Spring and Summer,  
 And ay keep up your heartsome humor,  
 That ye may thro' your lucky Task go,  
 Of brushing up our Sister *Glasgow*;  
 Where Lads are dextrous at improving,  
 And docile Lassies fair and loving:  
 But never tent these Fellows Girning,  
 Wha wear their Faces ay in Mourning,  
 And frae pure Dulness are malicious,  
 Terming ilk Turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, *Jamie*, in neist Place, *Secundo*,  
 To give you what's your Due in *mundo*;  
 That is to say in hame-o'er Phrases,  
 To tell ye, Men of Mettle praises  
 Ilk Verse of yours, when they can light on't,  
 And trowth I think they're in the right on't;  
 For there's ay something *sae auld farran*,  
*Sae slid*, *sae unconstrain'd* and *darrin*,

In ilka Sample we have seen yet,  
 That little better e'er has been yet.  
 Sae much for that. — My Friend *Arbuckle*,  
 I ne'er afore roos'd ane sae muckle.  
 Fause Flat'ry nane but Fools will tickle,  
 That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol*:  
 But when ane's of his Merit conscious,  
 He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunthes.

*Thirdly*, Nōt tether'd to Connection,  
 But rattling by inspir'd Direction,  
 When ever Fame, with Voice like Thunder,  
 Sets up a Chield a Warld's Wonder,  
 Either for flashing Fowk to dead,  
 Or having Wind-mills in his Head,  
 Or Poet, or an airy Beau,  
 Or ony twa Leg'd Rary-show,  
 They wha have never seen't are biffy  
 To speer what like a Carlie is he.

*Imprimis* then, for Tallness I  
 Am five Foot and four Inches high;  
 A Black-avic'd snod daper Fallow,  
 Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' Tallow;

With Phiz of a *Morocco* Cut,  
 Resembling a late Man of Wit,  
 Auld-gabbet Spec, wha was fae cunning  
 To be a Dummie ten Years running.

THEN for the Fabrick of my Mind,  
 'Tis mair to Mirth than Grief inclin'd.  
 I rather choose to laugh at Folly,  
 Then show Dislike by Melancholly:  
 Well judging a fowr heavy Face  
 Is not the trueest Mark of Grace.

I hate a Drunkard or a Glutton,  
 Yet am nae Fae to Wine and Mutton.  
 Great Tables ne'er engag'd my Wishes,  
 When crowded with o'er mony Dishes;  
 A healthfu' Stomach sharply set  
 Prefers a Back-sey piping het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious  
 Of a fair Fame to be ambitious:  
 Proud to be thought a comick Poet,  
 And let a Judge of Numbers know it;  
 I court Occasion thus to show it.

*Second* of thirdly, — pray take heed,  
 Ye's get a short Swatch of my Creed.  
 To follow Method negatively  
 Ye ken takes Place of positively.  
 Well then, I'm nower Whig nor Tory,  
 Nor Credit give to Purgatory,  
*Transub, Loretta-houfe*, and mae Tricks,  
 As Prayers to Saints, *Katties* and *Patrick's* ;  
 Nor *Afgilite*, nor *Bess Clarksonian*,  
 Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian*;  
 Nor can believe, an'tis nae great Ferly  
 In *Cotmoor Fowk*, and *Andrew Harley*.

NEIST, *Anti-Toland*, *Blunt* and *Wh*—  
 Know positively I'm a Christian,  
 Believing Truths and thinking free,  
 Wishing thrawn Parties wad agree.

SAY, wad ye ken my Gate of Fending,  
 My Income, Management and Spending ?  
 Born to nae Lairdship, mair's the Pity!  
 Yet Denison of this fair City.



I make what honest Shift I can,  
 And in my ain House am Good-man,  
 Which stands on *Edinburgh's* Street the Sun-side,  
 Where I theeke th'our, and line the In-side  
 Of mony a doule and witty Path,  
 And baith Ways gather in the Cash;  
 Thus heartily I graze and beau it,  
 And keep a Wife ay great wi Poet.  
 Contented: I have sic a Skair,  
 As does my Businefs to a Hair;  
 And fain wa'd prove to ilka Scot  
 That Poortith's no the Poet's Lot.

FOURTHLY and lastly baith together,  
 Pray let us ken when ye come hither;  
 There's mony a canty Carle and me  
 Wa'd be much comforted to see ye:  
 But if your outward be refractory,  
 Send us your inward Manufactory;  
 That when we're kedgy o'er our Claret,  
 We correspond may with your Spirit.

ACCEPT

ACCEPT of my kind Wishes, with  
 The same to Dons *Buttler* and *Smith* ;  
 Health, Wit and Joy, Souls large and free,  
 Be a' your Fates, — — — fac GOD be wi' ye.



M  
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## On W I T.

**M**Y easy Friends, since ye think fit  
 This Night to lucubrate on Wit;  
 And since ye judge that I compose  
 My Thoughts in Rhyme better than Prose,  
 I'll give my Judgment in a Sang,  
 And here it comes be't right or wrang!  
 But first of a' I'll tell a Tale  
 That with my Case runs parallel.

THERE was a manting Lad in *Fife*;  
 Wha cou'd na for his very Life  
 Speak without stammering very lang,  
 Yet never manted when he sang.  
 His Father's Kiln he anes saw burning;  
 Which gart the Lad run breathless mourning;  
 Hameward with cliver Strides he lap,  
 To tell his Daddy his Mishap.

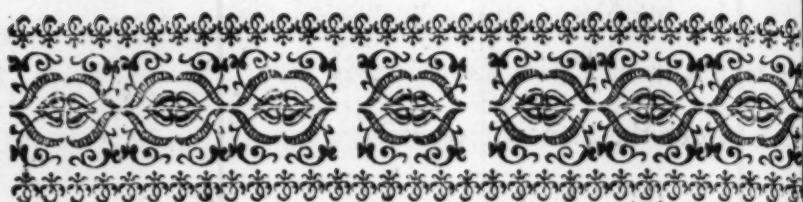
At Distance e'er he reach'd the Door,  
 He stood and rais'd a hideous Roar.  
 His Father when he heard his Voice,  
 Stept out and said, Why a' this Noise?  
 The Callant gap'd and glowr'd about,  
 But no ae Word could he lug out.  
 His Dad cry'd, kenning his Defect,  
 Sing, sing, or I shall break your Neck.  
 Then soon he gratify'd his Sire,  
 And sang aloud, *Your Kiln's a Fire.*

Now ye'll allow there's Wit in that,  
 To tell a Tale so very pat.  
 Bright Wit appears in mony a Shape,  
 Which some invent and others ape.  
 Some shaw their Wit in wearing Claiths,  
 And some in coining of new Aiths;  
 There's crambo Wit in making Rhime,  
 And dancing Wit in beating Time:  
 There's mettld Wit in Story-telling,  
 In writing Grammar, and right Spelling.  
 Wit shines in Knowledge of Politicks,  
 And wow! what Wit's amang the Criticks.

So far, my Mates, excuse me while I play  
 In Strains Ironick with that heavenly Ray,  
 Rays which the humane Intellects refine,  
 And make the Man with brilliant Lustre shine,  
 Marking him sprung from Origine Divine.  
 Yet may a well rig'd Ship be full of Flaws,  
 So may loose Wits regard no sacred Laws:  
 That Ship the Waves will soon to Pieces shake,  
 So 'midst his Vices sinks the witty Rake.  
 But when on First-rate-virtues Wit attends,  
 It both itself and Virtue recommends,  
 And challenges Respect where e'er its Blaze extends.







To the Right Honourable,  
 The Town Council of EDINBURGH,  
 THE  
 ADDRESS  
 OF  
 ALLAN RAMSAY.

**Y**OUR Poet humbly means and shaws,  
 That contrair to just Rights and Laws  
 I've suffer'd muckle Wrang,  
 By Lucky *Reid* and Ballad Singers,  
 Wha thum'd with their coarse dirty Fingers  
 Sweet *Edie's* Funeral Sang.  
 They spoil'd my Sense, and staw my Cash,  
 My Muse's Pride margully'd,

And printing it like their vile Trash,

The honest Lieges whilly'd.

Thus undone to *London*

It gade to my Disgrace,

Sae pimpin and limpin

In Rags wi' bluther'd Face.

YET gleg ey'd Friends, throw the Disguise

Receiv'd it as a dainty Prize,

For a' it was sae hav'ren,

Gart *Lintot* take it to his Press,

And clead it in a braw new Dress,

Syne took it to the Tavern.

But tho it was made clean and braw,

Sae fair it had been knoited,

It blather'd Buff before them a',

And aftentimes turn'd doited.

It griev'd me, and reav'd me

Of kindly Sleep and Rest,

By Carlin and Gorlings

To be sae fair oppress.

WHEREFORE to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,

But wisely hadd the good Town's Bridle,

My

My Case I plainly tell,  
 And, as your ain, plead I may have  
 Your Word of Weight, when now I crave  
 To guide my Gear my fell.  
 Then clean and fair the Type shall be,  
 The Paper like the Snaw,  
 Nor shall our Town think shame wi' me,  
 When we gang far awa.

What's wanted, if granted  
 Beneath your honour'd Wing,  
 Baith hantily and cantily  
 Your Supplicant shall sing.



To To pr  
 We



*To some young Ladies who had been displeas'd at a Gentleman's too imprudently asserting, That to be condemn'd to perpetual Virginity was the greatest Punishment could be inflicted on any of their Sex.*

**W**HETHER condemn'd t' a Virgin State  
By the superior Powers,

Would to your Sex prove cruel Fate,

I'm sure it would to ours.

FROM you the numerous Nations spring,

Your Breasts our Beings save,

Your Beauties make the Youthful sing,

And sooth the Old and Grave.

ALAS! how soon would every Wight

Despise both Wit and Arms?

To primitive old Chaos Night

We'd sink without your Charms.

No more our Breath would be our Care,  
 Were Love from us exil'd,  
 Sent back to Heaven with all the Fair,  
 This World would turn a Wild.

REGARDLESS of these sacred Ties,  
 Wife, Husband, Father, Son,  
 All Government we would despise,  
 And like wild Tygers run.

THEN, Ladies, pardon the Mistake,  
 And with th' accus'd agree,  
 I beg it for each Lover's Sake,  
 Low bended on my Knee.

AND frankly with what has been said  
 By the audacious Youth,  
 Might be your Thought, but I'm afraid  
 It will not prove a Truth.

FOR often, ah ! you make us groan  
 By your too cold Disdain,  
 Then quarrel with us when we moan  
 And rave amidst our Pain.





To the Right Honourable

W I L L I A M

*Earl of DALHOUSIE.*

---

*Mecenas atavis edite Regibus,*  
H O R.

---

DALHOUSIE of an auld Descent,  
My Chief, my Stoup and Ornament,  
at Entertainment a wee while,  
cept this Sonnet with a Smile;  
ting great *Horace* in my View,  
e to *Mecenas*, I to you:  
t that my Muse may sing with Ease,  
T keep or drap him as I please.

X x

How

How differently are Fowk inclin'd ?  
 There's hardly twa of the same Mind:  
 Some like to study, some to play,  
 Some on the Links to win the Day,  
 And gar the Courser rin like wood,  
 A' drapin down with Sweat and Blood:  
 The Winner syne assumes a Look  
 Might gain a Monarch or a Duke.  
 Neist, view the Man with pauky Face  
 Has mounted to a fashous Place,  
 Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling Fate,  
 He's pleas'd with his uneasy State:  
 Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,  
 Till frae his kittle Post he fa'.

THE *Lothian* Farmer he likes best  
 To be of good faugh Riggs posselt,  
 And fen upon a frugal Stock,  
 Where his Forbears had us'd the Yoke:  
 Nor is he fond to leave his Wark,  
 And venture in a rotten Bark,  
 Syne unto far aff Countries steer  
 On tumbling Waves to gather Gear.

THE Merchant wreck'd upon the Main

wears he'll ne'er venture on't again;

That he had rather live on Cakes,

and shyrest Swats, with Landart Maiks,

than rin the Risk by Storms to have,

When he is dead, a living Grave,

at Seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,

and fairly take his Word again:

Who he shou'd to the Bottom sink,

of Poverty he downa think.

SOME like to laugh their Time away,

to dance while Pipes or Fiddles play,

and have nae Sense of ony Want

as lang as they can drink and rant.

THE rat'ling Drum and Trumpet's Tout,

delight young Swankies that are stout:

That his kind frighted Mother ugs,

Musick to the Soger's Lugs.

THE Hunter with his Hounds and Hawks


ings up afore his Wife awakes;

Nor speers gin she has ought to say,  
 But scowrs oe'r Highs and Hows a' Day,  
 Throw Moss and Moor; nor does he care  
 Whether the Day be foul or fair,  
 If he his trusty Hounds can Cheer  
 To hunt the Tod, or drive the Deer.

MAY I be happy in my Lays,  
 And win a lasting Wreath of Bays,  
 Is a' my Wish. — Well pleas'd to sing  
 Beneath a Tree, or by a Spring;  
 While Lads and Lasses on the Mead  
 Attend my *Caledonian* Reed,  
 And with the sweetest Notes rehearse  
 My Thoughts, and roose me for my Verse.

IF you, my Lord, class me amang  
 Those who have sung both fast and strang,  
 Of smiling Love or doughty Deed,  
 To Starns sublime I'll lift my Head.





# Clyde's Welcome

## TO HIS PRINCE.

W H A T chearful Sounds from ev'ry Side I hear,  
How beauteous on their Banks my Nymphs  
appear ;

Got throw these massy Mountains at my Source,  
O'er Rocks stupendous of my upper Course,  
To these fair Plains where I more smoothly move,  
Throw verdant Vales to meet *Evana's* Love.

Yonder she comes beneath *Dodona's* Shade,  
How blyth she looks ! How sweet and gaylie clade ;  
Her flowry Bounds bears all the Pride of *May*,  
While round her soft Meanders Shepherds play.

Hail lovely *Naid*, to my Bosom large,  
Amidst my Stores commit thy Chrystal Charge,

And



And speak these Joys all thy Deportment shews,  
 That to old Ocean I may have good News.  
 With solemn Voice thus spoke majestic *Clyde*,  
 In softer Notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd,

**G**REAT *Glotta*, long have I had Cause to mourn,  
 While my forsaken Stream gush from my Urn:  
 Since my late **L O R D**, his Nation's just Delight,  
 Greatly lamented, sunk in endless Night:  
 His hopeful **S T E M**, our chief Desire and Boast,  
 Expos'd to Danger on some foreign Coast;  
 Lonely for Years, I've murmur'd on my Way,  
 When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining Day.

**T**HE Sire return'd, Just Reasons for thy Pains,  
 So long to wind through solitary Plains:  
 Thy Loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,  
 Since one our Grievs, then share thy Joys with me.

**T**HEN hear me, liquid Chiftian of the Dale,  
 Hush all your Cat'racts, till I tell my Tale,  
 Then rise and rore, and kiss your bord'ring Flowers,  
 And sound our Joys around yon Lordly Towers?  
 Yon lordly Towers, which happy now contain  
 Our brave and youthful **P R I N C E** return'd again.

Welcome

**WELCOME**, in loudest Raptures, cry'd the Flood,  
 His Welcome echo'd from each Hill and Wood.  
 Enough *Evana*, long may they contain  
 The nob'e youth safely return'd again.  
 From the green Mountain where I lift my Head,  
 With my twin Brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*,  
 To those high Arches where, as *Culdees* sing,  
 The pious *Mungo* fish'd the Trout and Ring,  
 My fairest Nymphs shall on my Margin play,  
 And make ev'n all the Year one holy Day :  
 The *Sylvan* Powers, and Watches of each Hight,  
 Where Fleecy Flocks and climbing Goats delight,  
 Shall from their Groves and rocky Mountains roam,  
 To join with us, and sing his Welcome home.  
 With lofty Notes we'll sound his high Descent,  
 His dawning Merits and heroick Bent ;  
 These early Rays which stedfastly shall shine,  
 And add new Glories to his ancient Line ;  
 A Line ay loyal, fir'd with generous Zeal,  
 The bravest Patrons of the Common-weal.  
 From him who plung'd his Sword (so Muses sing)  
 Deep in his Breast who durst defame our King ;

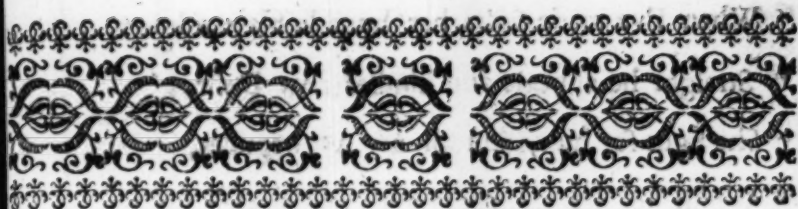
We'll

We'll sing the Fire which in his Bosom glows,  
 To warm his Friends, and scorch his daring Foes;  
 Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly Charms,  
 As fits him for the Fields of Love or Arms.  
 Fixt in an high and independent State,  
 Above to act what's little to be great.

GUARD him, first Power, whose Hand directs the Sun,  
 And teaches me throw Caverns dark to run;  
 Long may he on his own fair Plains reside,  
 And slight my Rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*:



TO



On the most Honourable

*The Marquess of BOWMONT'S*  
*Cutting off his Hair.*

SHALL *Berenice's* Tresses mount the Skies,  
 And by the Muse to shining Fame arise,  
*Belinda's* Lock invite the smoothest Lays  
 Of him whose Merit claims the *British* Bays;  
 And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young,  
 The graceful Ringlets of thy Head be sung ?  
 How many tender Hearts thine Eyes hath pain'd !  
 How many sighing Nymphs thy Locks have chain'd !

THE God of Love beheld him with Envy,  
 And on *Cyth'rea's* Lap began to cry,  
 All drench'd in Tears, " O Mother help your Son ;  
 \* Else by a mortal Rival I'm undone ;  
 \* With happy Charms h'encroaches on my Sway,  
 \* His Beauty disconcerts the Plots I lay.

Y y

" When

" When I've made *Chloe* her humble Slave admire;  
 " Straight he appears and kindles new Desire;  
 " She sighs for him, and all my Art beguiles,  
 " Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.  
 " Ah me! these sable Circles of his Hair,  
 " Which wave around his Beauties red and fair,  
 " I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,  
 " With all his flaxen Locks, if plac'd by him."

*Venus* reply'd, " No more, my dearest Boy,  
 " Shall those enchanting Curls thy Peace destroy;  
 " For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,  
 " Or round his Cheek, or on his Shoulders flow :  
 " I'll use my Slight, and make them quickly feel  
 " Their Honour's lost by the invading Steel :  
 " I'll turn my self in Shape of Mode and Health,  
 " And gain upon his youthful Mind by Stealth :  
 " Three Times the Sun shall not have rous'd the Morn,  
 " E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn."

THE Promise she perform'd, but Labour vain,  
 And still shall prove while his bright Eyes remain :  
 And of Revenge blind *Cupid* must despair,  
 As long's the lovely Sex are grac'd with Hair;



They'll yield the conquering Glories of their Heads,  
 To form around his Beauty easy Shades:  
 And in Return *Thalia* spae and sings,  
*His lop'd off Locks shall sparkle in their Rings.*



A N

## EPISTLE

*To a Friend at Florence, in his Way to  
 Rome.*

**Y**OUR steady Impulse foreign Climes to view,  
 To study Nature, and what Art can shew,

I now approve, while my warm Fancy walks

O'er *Italy*, and with your Genius talks.

orn, We trace with glowing Breast and piercing Look

The curious Galery of th' illustrious Duke,

Where all those Masters of the Arts Divine,

With Pencils, Pens and Chizels greatly shine,

Immortalizing the *Augustan* Age,

On Medals, Canvass, Stone or written Page.

The

Y y 2

Profiles

Profiles and Busts Originals express,  
 And antique Scrolls, old e'er we knew the Press.  
 For's Love to Science, and each virtuous *Scot*,  
 May Days unnumber'd be great *Cosmus*' Lot.

THE sweet *Hesperian* Fields you'll next explore,  
 'Twixt *Arnus*' Banks and *Tiber*'s fertile Shore.  
 Now, now I wish my Organs could keep Pace  
 With my fond Muse and you, these Plains to trace,  
 We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon Taste,  
 And feed our Minds on every famous Waste;  
 Amphitheatres, Columns, Royal Tombs,  
 Triumphal Arches, Ruins of vast Domes,  
 Old aerial Aqueducts and strong pav'd Roads,  
 Which seem to've been not wrought by Men, but Gods,

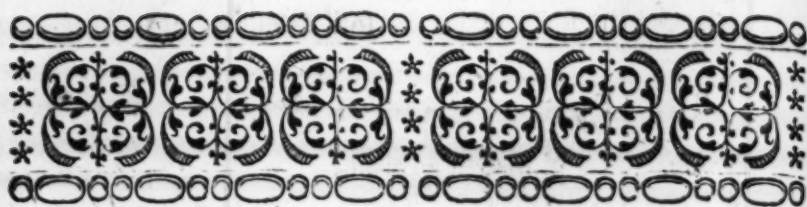
THESE view'd, we'd then survey with outmost Care  
 What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,  
 Where Buildings rise with all the Strength of Art,  
 Proclaiming their great Architect's Desert,  
 Which Citron Shades surround and Jessamine,  
 And all the Soul of *Raphael* shines within :  
 Then we'd regale our Ears with sounding Notes,  
 Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless Throats ;

Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious Strings,  
And breathing Tubes, while the soft Eunuch sings.

Of all these Dainties take a hearty Meal;  
But let your Resolution still prevail;  
Return before your Pleasure grow a Toil,  
To longing Friends, and your own native Soil:  
Preserve your Health, your Virtue still improve,  
Hence you'll invite Protection from above.



T O



*To Sir WILLIAM BENNET of  
Grubbet, Bar.*

**W**HILE now in Discord giddy Changes reel,  
And some are rack'd about on Fortune's Wheel,  
You with undaunted Stalk, and Brow serene,  
May trace your Groves, and press the dewy Green;  
No guilty Twangs your manly Joys to wound,  
Or horrid Dreams to make your Sleep unsound.

To such as you, who can what's base despise,  
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt Earth and Skies.  
Not hurried with the Thirst of unjust Gain,  
You can delight your self on Hill or Plain,  
Observing when those tender Sprouts appear,  
Which crowd with fragrant Sweets the youthful Year.  
Your lovely Scenes of *Marlefield* abound  
With as much Choise as is in *Britain* found:

Here fairest Plants from Nature's Bosom start  
 From Soil prolific, serv'd with curious Art:  
 Here oft the heedful Gazer is beguil'd,  
 And wanders through an artificial Wild,  
 While native flowry Green, and Chrystal Strands,  
 Appear the Labours of ingenious Hands.

MOST happy he who can these Sweets enjoy,  
 With Taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.  
 Not so *Plebeian* Souls, whom sporting Fate  
 Thrusts into Life upon a large Estate,  
 While Spleen their weak Imagination sours,  
 They're at a Loss how to imploy their Hours:  
 The sweetest Plants which fairest Gardens show,  
 Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.  
 Such purblind Eyes ne'er view the son'rous Page,  
 Where shines the Raptures of Poetick Rage,  
 Nor through the Microscope can take Delight,  
 T' observe the Tusks and Bristles of a Mite;  
 Nor by the lengthen'd Tube learn to descry  
 These shining Worlds which roll around the Sky.  
 Bid such read Hist'ry to improve their Skill,  
 Polite Excuse! Their Memories are ill.



*Moll's* Maps may in their Dining-rooms make Show,  
 But their Contents they're not oblig'd to know;  
 And gen'rous Friendship's out of Sight too fine,  
 They think it only means a Glafs of Wine.

BUT he whose chearful Mind hath higher flown,  
 And adds learn'd Thoughts of others to his own,  
 Has seen the World, and read the Volume Man,  
 And can the Springs and Ends of Actions scan;  
 Has fronted Deaths in Service of his King,  
 And drunken deep of the *Castalian* Spring:  
 This Man can live, — and happiest Life's his Due,  
 Can be a Friend; — a Virtue known to few;  
 Yet all such Virtues strongly shine in you.



Horace

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HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a Voyage to Athens.

*Sic te diva potens Cypri, —*

O Cyprian Goddeſs, twinkle clear,  
And *Helen's* Brithers, ay appear;

Ye Stars, wha ſhed a lucky Light,  
Auspicious ay keep in a Sight;  
King *Eol*, grant a rydie Tirl,  
But boalt the Blaſt that rudely whirl;  
Dear Ship, be canny with your Care,  
At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair:  
Syn e ſoon and ſafe, baith Lith and Spaul,  
Bring hame the tae Haff o' my Saul.

DARING and unco ſtout he was,  
With Heart hool'd in three Sloughs of Braſs,  
Wha ventur'd firſt on the rough Sea,  
ith hempen Branks and Horſe of Trees;

Z z

Wha

Wha on the weak Machine durst ride  
 Throu' Tempests and a rairing Tide;  
 Nor clinty Craigs, nor Hurrycane,  
 That drives the *Adriatick* Main,  
 And gars the Ocean gowl and quake,  
 Cou'd e'er a Saul sae sturdy shake:

The Man wha cou'd sic Rubs win o'er,  
 Without a Wink at Death might glowr;  
 Wha unconcern'd can take his Sleep  
 Amang the Monsters of the Deep.

*Jove* vainly twin'd the Sea and Eard,  
 Since Mariners are not afraid  
 With Laws of Nature to dispence,  
 And impiously treat Providence.  
 Audacious Men at nought will stand  
 When vicious Passions have Command.  
*Prometheus* ventur'd up and staw  
 A lowan Coal frae Heav'n's high Ha';  
 Unsonsy Thift, which Feavers brought  
 In Bikes, which Fowk like Sybows hought:  
 Then Death erst Slaw began to ling,  
 And fast as Haps to dart his Sting.

Neist *Dadalus* must contradict  
 Nature forsooth, and Feathers stick  
 Upon his Back, syne upward streek,  
 And in at *Jove's* high Winnocks keek,  
 While *Hercules*, wi's Timber Mell,  
 Plays Rap upo' the Yates of Hell.

WHAT is't Man winna ettle at?  
 E'en wi' the Gods he'll bell the Cat:  
 Tho *Jove* be very laith to kill,  
 They winna let his Bowt ly still.



## *An ODE to Mr. F-----.*

*Solvitur acris hyems,*

HOR.

NOW Gowans sprout and Lavrocks sing,  
 And welcome West-winds warm the Spring,  
 O'er Hill and Dale they fastly blaw,  
 And drive the Winter's Cauld awa.  
 The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer,  
 Now spread their Sails and smoothly steer.

No

Z z z

The

The Nags and Nowt hate wiffen'd Strae,  
 And frisking to the Fields they gae;  
 Nor Hynds wi' Elfon and Hemp Lingle,  
 Sit folling Shoon out o'er the Ingle.  
 Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boast,  
 That late were clad wi' Snaw and Frost.  
 With her gay Train the *Paphian* Queen  
 By Moon-light dances on the Green;  
 She leads, while Nymphs and Graces sing;  
 And trip around the Fairy Ring.  
 Mean Time poor *Vulcan* hard at Thrift,  
 Gets mony a fair and heavy Lift,  
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff blind Lads  
 Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Goads.

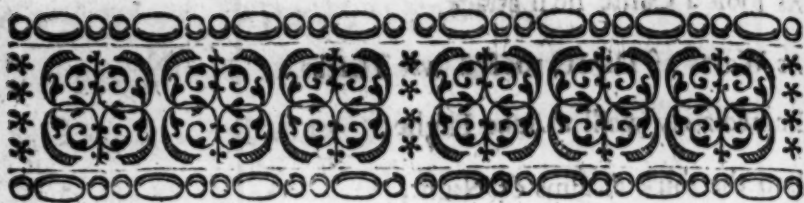
Now leave your Fifted on the Dew,  
 And busk ye'r sell in Habit new:  
 Be gratefu' to the guiding Powers,  
 And blythly spend your easy Hours.  
 O canny F——, tutor Time,  
 And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime;  
 That ill-bred Death has nae Regard  
 To King or Cottar, or a Laird;



As soon a Castle he'll attack,  
 As Waws of Divots roof'd wi' Thack.  
 Immediately we'll a' take Flight  
 Into the mirk Realms of Night,  
 As Stories gang, with Gaiſts to roam,  
 In glowmy *Pluto's* gowſty Dome:  
 Bid fair Good-day to Pleaſure ſync  
 Of bonny Laſſes and red Wine.

THEN deem ilk little Care a Crime,  
 Dares waſte an Hour of precious Time;  
 And ſince our Life's ſae unco ſhort,  
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.





*To R--- H--- B---, an ODE.*

---

*Nullum, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem,  
Circa mite solum Tiburis & mania Catili.*

HOR.

---

**O** B——, could these Fields of thine  
Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy Vine,  
How sweet the bonny Grape wou'd shine  
On Waws, where now  
Your Apricocks and Branches fine  
Their Branches bow?

SINCE humane Life is but a Blink,  
Why should we its short Joys sink?  
He disna live that canna link

The Glas about;  
When warm'd with Wine, like Men we think,  
And grow mair stout.

THE

THE cauldrie Carlies clog'd wi' Care,  
Wha gathering Gear gang hyte and gare,  
If ramn'd wi' Red, they rant and rair

Like mirthfu' Men;

It soothly shaws them they can spare

A Rowth to spend.

WHAT Sodger, when with Wine he's bung,  
Did e'er complain he had been dung,  
Or of his Toil, or empty Spung?

Na, o'er his Glas,

Nought but braw Deeds employ his Tongue,

Or some sweet Lafs.

YET Trough, 'tis proper we should stint

Our sells to a fresh mod'rate Pint;

Why should we ( the blyth Blessing ) mint

To waist or spill?

Since, aften, when our Reason's tint

We may do ill.

LET'S set these Hair-brain'd Fowk in View,

That when they're stupid, mad and fow,

Do brutal Deeds, which aft they rue

For a' their Days,

Which frequently prove very few

To such as these.

THE

THEN let us grip our Blifs mair sicker,  
And tape our Heal, and sprightly Liquor,  
Which, sober tane, makes Wit the quicker,  
And Sense mair keen;  
While graver Heads that's muckle thicker  
Grane wi' the Spleen.

MAY ne'er sic wicked Fumes arise  
In me, shall break a' sacred Ties,  
And gar me like a Fool despise  
With Stifness rude,  
What ever my best Friends advise,  
Tho ne'er so good.

'Tis best then to evite the Sin  
Of bending till our Sauls gae blin;  
Left like our Glafs our Breasts grow thin,  
And let Fowk peep  
At ilka Secret hid within,  
That we should keep.



T O

To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, on the successful Representation of a Tragedy wrote by him.

BUT Jealousy, dear Jos. which aft gives Pain  
 To scrimpit Sauls, I own my sell right vain  
 To see a native trusty Friend of mine  
 Frae brawly 'mang our bleezing Billies shine.  
 Yes, wherefore no? shaw them the frozen North  
 Can towring Minds with heav'nly Heat bring forth;  
 Minds that can mount with an uncommon Wing,  
 And frae black heath'ry headed Mountains sing,  
 As fast as he that Haughs *Hesperian* trades,  
 Or leans beneath the *Aromatick* Shades.  
 Red to the Love of Lit'rature and Arms,  
 Will something great a *Scottish* Bosom warms:  
 Who nurs'd on Ice, and educate in Snaw,  
 Honour and Liberty eags him to draw  
 O Hero's Sword, or an heroick Quill,  
 The monst'rous Faes of Right and Wit to kill.

A a a

Well



WELL may ye further in your leal Design,  
 To thwart the Gowks, and gar the Brethren tine  
 The wrang Opinion which they lang have had,  
 That a' which mounts the Stage — is surely bad.  
 Stupidly dull! But Fools ay Fools will be,  
 And nane's fae blind as them that winna see.  
 Where's Vice and Virtue set in juster Light?  
 Where can a glancing Genious shine mair bright?  
 Where can we humane Life review mair plain  
 Than in the happy Plot and curious Scene?

IF in themfells sic fair Designs were ill,  
 We ne'er had priev'd the sweet drammatick Skill  
 Of *Congrave*, *Addison*, *Steel*, *Rowe* and *Hill*;  
*Hill*, wha the highest Road to Fame doth chuse,  
 And has some upper Seraph for his Muse:  
 It maun be fae; else how could he display  
 With so just Strength the great tremendous Day?

SIC Patterns, *Joseph*, always keep in View,  
 Ne'er fash if ye can please the thinking Few,  
 Then Spite of Malice, Worth shall have its Due.





*The Poet's Wish: An ODE.*

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
Vates? —*

HOR.

**F**RAE great *Apolle*, Poet say,  
What is thy Wish, what wadst thou hae,

When thou bows at his Shrine?

Not *Karfs* o' *Gowrie's* fertile Field,  
Nor a' the Flocks the *Grampians* yield,

That are baith sleek and fine:

Not costly Things brought frae afar,

As Ivory, Pearl and Gems;

Nor those fair Straths that water'd are

With *Tay* and *Tweed's* smoooth Streams,

Which gently and daintily

Eat down the flowry Braes;

As greatly and quietly

They wimple to the Seas.

A a a z

Whaeve

WHAEVER by his kanny Fate  
 Is Master of a good Estate,  
 That can ilk Thing afford,  
 Let him enjoy't withoutten Care,  
 And with the wale of curious Fare  
 Cover his ample Board.

Much dawted by the Gods is he,  
 Wha to the *Indian* Plain,  
 Successfu' ploughs the wally Sea,  
 And safe returns again

With Riches, that hitches  
 Him high aboon the rest  
 Of sma' Fowk, and a' Fowk  
 That are wi' Poortith prest.

FOR me I can be well content  
 To eat my Bannock on the Bent,  
 And kitchent't wi' fresh Air :  
 Of Lang-kail I can make a Feast,  
 And cantily had up my Crest,  
 And laugh at Dishes rare.  
 Nought frae *Apollo* I demand,  
 But throu' a lengthen'd Life

My outer Fabrick firm may stand,  
And Saul clear without Strife.

May he then but gi'e then  
Those Blessings for my Skair,  
I'll fairly and squairly  
Quite a' and seek nae mair.

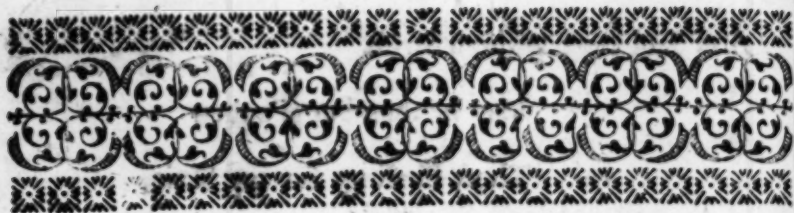
*The Response of the Oracle.*

**T**O keep thy Saul frae puny Strife,  
And heeze thee out of Vulgar Life,

We in a Morning-Dream,  
Whisper'd our Will concerning thee,  
To *Marlus* stretch'd beneath a Tree,  
Hard by a pop'ling Stream;  
He full of me shall point the Way,  
Where thou a Star shalt see,  
The Influence of whose bright Ray,  
Shall wing thy Muse to flee.

Mair speer na, and fear na,  
But set thy Mind to Rest:  
Aspire ay still high'r ay,  
And always hope the best.

THE



# T H E CONCLUSION.

*After the Manner of Horace, ad librum suum.*

**D**EAR vent'rous Book, e'en take thy Will,  
And scowp around the World thy fill:

Wow! ye're newfangle to be seen,

In guilded Turkey clade, and clean.

Daft giddy Thing! to dare thy Fate,

And spang o'er Dikes that fear the blate:

But mind when anes ye're to the Bent,

( Altho in vain ) ye may repent.

Alake, I'm flied thou aften meet

A gang that will the sourly treat,

And ca' thee dull for a' thy Pains,

When Damps distress their drouzie Brains.

I dinn



I dinna doubt whilst thou art new,  
 Thou'lt Favour find frae not a few :  
 But when thou'rt ruff'd and forlorn,  
 Sair thum'd by ilka Coof or Bairn ;  
 Then, then by Age you may grow wise,  
 And ken Things common gies nae Price.  
 I'd fret, wae's me ! to see thee ly  
 Beneath the Bottom of a Pye,  
 Or cow'd out Page by Page to wrap  
 Up Snuff or Sweeties in a Shap.

A W A Y sic Fears, gae spread my Fame,  
 And fix me an immortal Name ;  
 Ages to come shall thee rive,  
 And gar thee with new Honours live.  
 The future Criticks I forsee  
 Shall have their Notes on Notes on thee :  
 The Wits unborn shall Beauties find  
 That never enter'd in my Mind.

N o w when thou tells how I was bred,  
 But hough enough to a mean Trade :  
 To ballance that, pray let them ken  
 My Saul to higher Pitch cou'd stien :

And

And when ye shaw I'm scarce of Gear,  
 Gar a' my Virtues shine mair clear.  
 Tell, I the best and fairest please,  
 A litle Man that loo's my Ease,  
 And never thole these Passions lang  
 That rudely mint to do me Wrang.

GIN ony want to ken my Age,  
 See *Anno Dom.* on Title Page;  
 This Year when Springs, by Care and Skill,  
 The spacious Leaden Conduits fill,  
 And first flow'd up the *Castle-hill*.  
 When *South-Sea* Projects cease to thrive,  
 And only *North-Sea* seems alive,  
 Tell them your Author's Thirty five.

F I N I S.



A

## GLOSSARY,

O R

EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words us'd by the Author, which are rarely or never found in the modern *English* Writings.

Some general Rules shewing wherein many Southern and Northern Words are originally the same, having only a Letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added.

- I. In many Words ending with an l. after an a. or u. the l. is rarely sounded.

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
<b>A</b> Ba, Ca, Fa, Ga, Ha,	<b>A</b> LL. Ball. Call. Fall. Gall. Hall.	Sma, Sta, Wa, Fou, or fu, Pou, or pu, Woo, or U,	Small. Stall. Wall. Full. Pull. Wool.
		<b>A</b>	II. The

II. The *i*. changes to *a*. *w*. or *u*. *af*.  
*ter o*. or *a*. and is frequently sunk  
 before another Consonant ; as,

Scots.	English.
<b>B</b> Awm, Bauk,	<b>B</b> Alm. Baulk.
Bowk,	Bulk.
Bow,	Boll.
Bowt,	Bolt.
Caff,	Calf.
Cow,	Coll or Clip.
Faut,	Fault.
Faufe,	False.
Fowk,	Folk.
Fawn,	Fallen.
Gowd,	Gold.
Haff,	Half.
How,	Hole or Hollow.
Howms,	Holms.
Maut,	Malt.
Pow,	Poll.
Row,	Roll.
Scawd,	Scald.
Stown,	Stoln.
Wawk,	Walk.

III. An *e*. before *ld*. changes to an  
*a*. or *au* ; as,

Scots.	English.
<b>A</b> Uld, Bauld,	<b>O</b> Ld. Bold.
Cauld,	Cold.
Fauld,	Fold.
Hald or Had,	Hold.
Sald,	Sold.
Tald,	Told.
Wad,	Would.

IV. The *o*, *oe* or *ow* is changed to  
*a*, *ae*, *aw* or *ai* ; as,

Scots.	English.
<b>A</b> E, or anc, Acten,	<b>O</b> Ne. Oaten.
Aff,	Off.
Aften,	Often.
Aik,	Oak.
Aith,	Oath.
Ain, or awn,	Own.

Scots.

English.

Alane,	Alone.
Amait,	Almost.
Amang,	Among.
Airs,	Oars.
Aits,	Oats.
Apen,	Open.
Awner,	Owner.
Bain,	Bone.
Bair,	Bore.
Baith,	Both.
Blaw,	Blow.
Braid,	Broad.
Claith,	Cloath.
Craw,	Crow.
Drap,	Drop.
Fae,	Foe.
Frae,	Fro, or from.
Gae,	Go.
Gaits,	Goats.
Grane,	Groan.
Haly,	Holy.
Hale,	Whole.
Halesom,	Wholesome.
Hame,	Home.
Hait, or het,	Hot.
Laith,	Loath.
Laid,	Load.
Lain, or Len,	Loan.
Lang,	Long.
Law,	Low.
Mae,	Moe.
Mait,	Mess.
Mair,	More.
Mane,	Moan.
Maw,	Mow.
Na,	No.
Nane,	None.
Naithing,	Nothing.
Pape,	Pope.
Rae,	Roe.
Rair,	Roar.
Raip,	Rope.
Raw,	Row.
Saft,	Soft.
Saip,	Soap.
Sair,	Sore.
Sang,	Song.
Slaw,	Slow.
Snaw,	Snow.
Strake,	Stroke.

Staw,

B A  
Bann

Scots.	English.	Scots.	English.
Staw,	Stole.	Birn,	Burn.
Stane,	Stone.	Brither,	Brother.
Saul,	Soul.	Fit,	Foot.
Tac,	Toe.	Fither,	Fother.
Taiken,	Token.	Hinny,	Honey.
Tangs,	Tongs.	Ither,	Other.
Tap,	Top.	Mither,	Mother.
Thrang,	Throng.	Nits,	Nuts.
Wac,	Woe.	Nisc,	Nose.
Wame,	Womb.	Pit,	Put.
Wan,	Won.	Rin,	Run.
War,	Worse.	Sin,	Sun.
Wark,	Work.		
World,	World.		
Wha,	Who.		

V. The o or u is frequently changed into i; as,

Scots.	English.
<b>A</b> Nither,	<b>A</b> Nother.
Bill,	Bull.

## A B

**A** Blins, Perhaps.  
 Aboon, Above.  
 Aikerbraid, The Breadth of an Acre.  
 Air, Long since. It. Early. Air up, Soon up in the Morning.  
 Anew, Enow.  
 Arles, Earnest of a Bargain.  
 Atains, or Atanes, At once, At the same Time.  
 Auldsarran, Ingenious.  
 Aurglebargin, or Eggglebargin, To contend or wrangle.  
 Aynd, The Breath.

Balen, Whale-bone.  
 Bang, Is sometimes an Action of Haste. We say, He or it came with a Bang. A Bang also means a great Number.  
 Of Customers she had a Bang.  
 Bangster, A blustering roaring Person.  
 Bannocks, A Sort of Bread thicker than Cakes, and round.  
 Barken'd, When Mire, Blood, &c. hardens upon a Thing like Bark.  
 Barlikhood, A Fit of Passion or ill Humor.  
 Barrow Trams, The Staves of a Hand-barrow.  
 Batts, Colick.  
 Bawbie, Halfpenny.  
 Bawsy, Bawland fac'd, is a Cow or Horse with a white Face.  
 Bedeen, Immediately, In haste.

## B A

**B** Ack-sey, A Surloin.  
 Baid, Stayed, Abode.  
 Banns, Children.



**Best, Beaten:**  
**Begon, Began.**  
**Begrutten, All in Tears:**  
**Leik, To bask.**  
**Beild, Shelter.**  
**Bein, or Been, Wealthy. A been**  
**House, A warm well furnished**  
**one.**

**Beit, or Beet, To help, repair.**  
**Bells, Bubbles.**  
**Belton, The 3d of May, or Rood-**  
**day.**

**Bended, Drunk hard.**  
**Benn, The Inner-room of a House.**  
**Bennison, Blessing.**  
**Bensell, or Bensail, Force.**  
**Bent, The open Field.**  
**Benk, Baked.**

**Bicker, A wooden Dish.**  
**Bickering, Fighting, running quick-**  
**ly, School-boys battling with**  
**Stones.**

**Bigg, Build. Bigget, Built. Big-**  
**gings, Buildings.**

**Billy, Brother.**

**Bire, or Byar, A Cow-stall.**

**Birks, Birch Trees.**

**Birle, To drink. Common People**  
**joining their Farthings for pur-**  
**chasing Liquor, they call it, Bir-**  
**ling a Barbie.**

**Birn, A burnt Mark.**

**Birr, Force, flying swiftly with a**  
**Noise.**

**Birs'd, Bruised.**

**Bittle, or Beetle, A wooden Mell**  
**for beating Hemp, or a Fuller's**  
**Club.**

**Black a-vic'd, Of a black Com-**  
**plexion.**

**Blac, Pale blew, the Colour of the**  
**Skin when bruised. 'Tis used**  
**as a Proverb, when one looks**  
**pale, or out of Countenance, He**  
**looks blac fac'd.**

**Blate, Rashfull.**

**Blatter, A rattling Noise.**

**Blacc, Blaze.**

**Blether, Foolish Discourse. Blether-**  
**er, A Babler. Stammering is**  
**called Blethering.**

**Blin, Cease. Never blin, Never**  
**have done.**

**Blinkan, The Flame raising and**  
**faiilng, as of a Lamp when the**  
**Oyl is exhausted.**

**Boak, or boke, Vomit.**

**Bodin, or bodden, Provided or fur-**  
**nished.**

**Bodle, Two Pennies Scots, or one**  
**Sixth of a Penny English.**

**Bodword, An ominous Message.**  
**Bodwords are now used to express**  
**ill-natur'd Messages.**

**Boglebo, Hobgoblin, or Spectre.**

**Boss, Empty. Applied to a Reed,**  
**Bone, or Head, &c.**

**Bowrd, Jest or Dalley. We say, A**  
**south Bowrd is nae Bowrd.**

**Bowze, To drink.**

**Brachen, A Kind of Water-Gruel**  
**of Oat-meal, Butter and Honey.**

**Brae, The Side of a Hill, Bank of**  
**a River.**

**Brander, A Gridiron.**

**Brannis, Calves of the Legs.**

**Brankan, Prancing, A-capering.**

**Branks, Wherewith the Rusticks**  
**bridle their Horses, A Halter**  
**fix'd to two Pieces of Wood,**  
**which hang on either Side of the**  
**Nose.**

**Brattle, Noise, as of Horse Feet.**

**Brats, Rags.**

**Braw, Brave, Fine in Apparel.**

**Brecken, Fearn.**

**Brent Brow, Smooth high Fore-**  
**head.**

**Brigs, Bridges.**

**Brock, A Badger.**

**Browden, Fond.**

**Browster, Brewer.**

**Bruliment, A Broil.**

**Bucky, The large Sea-Snail. A**  
**Term of Reproach, when we ex-**  
**press a cross natur'd Fellow, by**  
**Bucky.**

**Buff, Nonsense; as, He blether'd**  
**Buff.**

**Bughr, The little Fold where the**  
**Ews are inclosed at Milking-**  
**time.**

**Buller,**

**Buller**, To bubble. The Motion of Water at a Spring-head, or a Noise of a rising Tide.

**Bum-bazed**, Confused, Made to stare and look like an Idiot.

**Bung**, Completely fuddled, as it were to the Bung.

**Bunkers**, A Bench, or Sort of long low Chests that serve for Seats.

**Bumlar**, A Bungler, One that cannot perform his Work handsomely.

**Burn**, A Brook, Any little Torrent of Water.

**Busk**, To deck, Dress.

**Bustine**, Fustian (Cloath.)

**But**, often for *Without*; As, *But Feed or Favour*.

**Bykes**, or *Bikes*, *Nests* or *Hives* of Bees or *Pismires*.

## CA

**Cadge**, Carry. *Cadger* is a Country-Carrier, who jogs about with his Fish, Fowls, Eggs, &c.

**Callan**, Boy.

**Camsbough**, Stern, grim, of a distorted Countenance.

**Cankerd**, Angry, passionately snarling.

**Canna**, Cannot.

**Cannt**, To tell merry old Tales.

**Cannt**, Cheerful and merry.

**Capernoited**, Whimsical, One who has got a Blow or *Knoit* on the Head that has turned his Judgment wrong. Ill natur'd.

**Car**, Sledge.

**Carle**, An old Word for a Man.

**Carlin**, An old Woman. *Gire-Carline*, A Giant's Wife.

**Cathel**, An hot Pot, made of Ale, Sugar and Eggs.

**Cauldribe**, Spiritless, Wanting cheerfulness in Address.

**Cauler**, Cool or fresh.

**Chasts**, Chops.

**Chaping**, An Ale Measure or Stoup,

somewhat less than an *English* Quart.

**A-Char** or *a-jar*, Aside. When any Thing is beat a little out of its Position, or a Door or Window a little opened, we say they're *a-Char*, or *a-jar*.

**Charlewain**, Charles-wain. The Constellation called the Plow, or *Ursa major*.

**Chancy**, Fortunate, good natur'd.

**Chat**, A cant Name for the Gallows.

**Chiel**, A general Term, like *Fellow*, used sometimes with Respect; as, *He's a very good Chiel*; and contemptuously, *That Chiel*.

**Chirm**, Chirp and sing like a Bird.

**Chucky**, A Hen.

**Clan**, Tribe, Family.

**Clank**, The Din of a Pot Lid, when the Drinker makes it speak for more Liquor; or, a sharp Blow.

**Clashes**, Chat.

**Claight**, Took held.

**Claw**, Scratch.

**Cleek**, To catch as with a Hook.

**Cleugh**, A Den betwixt Rocks.

**Clinty**, Hard, stony.

**Clock**, Beetle.

**Cloited**, The Fall of any soft moist Thing. When one falls carelessly, *He's said to cloit down*.

**Closs**, A Court or Square. And frequently a Lane or Alley.

**Clour**, The little Lump that rises on the Head, occasioned by a Blow or Fall.

**Clute**, Hoof of Cows, or Sheep.

**Cockernony**, The gathering of a Woman's Hair, when 'tis wrapt or *snooded* up with a Band or *Snood*.

**Cod**, A Pillow.

**Cog**, A pretty large wooden Dist the Country People put their Pottage in.

**Cogle**, When a Thing moves backwards and forwards, inclining to fall.

**Coef**, A stupid Fellow.

*Coofery*

**Cooser**, A Ston'd Horse.  
**Coest**, Did cast. **Coosten**, Thrown.  
**Corby**, A Raven.  
**Cotier**, A Sub-tenant.  
**Cowp**, To fall; also a Fall.  
**Cowp**, To change or barter.  
**Cowp**, A Company of People; as, merry, senseless, corky **Cowp**.  
**Cowr**, To crouch and creep.  
**Creel**, Basket.  
**Crisp**, Grease.  
**Croon** or **Crunne**, To murmur, or hum o'er a Song. The Lowing of Bulls.  
**Crouse**, Bold.  
**Cryn**, Shrink, or become less by drying.  
**Culzie**, Intice or flatter.  
**Cun**, To taste, Learn, Know.  
**Cunzie** or **Coonie**, Coin.  
**Cursche**, A Kerchief. A Linnen Dress worn by our *Highland Women*.  
**Cutled**, Used kind and gaining Methods for obtaining Love and Friendship, like little Children pressing in upon, and prating agreeably to their Parents.  
**Cutts**, Lots. These **Cutts** are usually made of Straws unequally cut, which one hides between his Finger and Thumb while another draws his Fate.  
**Cutty**, Short.

## D A

**D** **Ad**, To beat one Thing against another. He fell with a **Dad**. He **dadded** his Head against the Wall, &c.  
**Daft**, Foolish. And sometimes, Wanton.  
**Daffin**, Folly, Wagrie.  
**Dail** or **Dale**, A Valley, Plain.  
**Daintiths**, Delicates, Dainties.  
**Deinty**, Is used as an Epithet of a fine Man or Woman.  
**Dander**, Wander to and fro, or saunter.

**Dang**, Did ding, Beat, Thrust, Drive. **Ding dang**, Moving hastily one on the Back of another.  
**Dawny**, A Fondling, Darling. To **dawt**, To cocker, and caress with Tenderness.  
**Deave**, To stun the Ears with Noise.  
**Deray**, Merriment, Jollity, Solemnity, Tumult, Disorder, Noise.  
**Dern**, Secret; Hidden, Lonely. When one has hid himself, we say, He's **dern'd** in some Place.  
**Deval**, To descend, Fall, Hurry, or dip down.  
**Dewgs**, Rag's or Shapings of Cloth.  
**Didle**, To act or move like a Dwarf.  
**Dight**, Deck'd, Made ready. Also, To clean.  
**Dinna**, Do not.  
**Dirle**, A smarting Pain quickly over.  
**Dit**, To stop or close up a Hole. **Dit ye'r Gab wi' ye'r Meat**.  
**Divet**, Broad Turf.  
**Docken**, A Dock, (the Herb.)  
**Doilt**, Confused and silly.  
**Doited**, Doxed or crazy, as in old Age. **Daft young, and doited auld**, The two Times of foolishness.  
**Marriage**.  
**Doll**, A large Piece, Dole or Share.  
**Donk**, Moist.  
**Donfie**, Affectedly neat. Clean, when applied to any little Person.  
**Doofart**, A dull heavy headed Fellow.  
**Dool** or **Drule**, The Goal which Gamesters strive to gain first (as at Football.)  
**Dorts**, A proud Pet.  
**Dorty**, Proud, not to be spoken to; Conceited, appearing as disobliged.  
**Dought**, Could, Avail'd.  
**Doughty**, Strong, valiant and able.  
**Donks**, Dives under Water.  
**Dense**, Solid, Grave, Prudent.

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**Edge**,  
**Top**  
**Een**,  
**Eild**,  
**Eith**,  
**Elbuck**  
**Dow**

*Dow*, To will, to incline, to thrive, to do good.  
*Dow'd*, (Liquor) that's dead, or has lost the Spirits, Or, (with-er'd) Plant.  
*Dowff*, Mournful, wanting Vivacity.  
*Dowie*, Melancholy, Sad, Doleful.  
*Downa*, *Dow not*, i. e. 'Tho' one has the Power, he wants the Heart to it.  
*Dowp*, The A--se. The small Remains of a Candle. The Bottom of an Egg-shell. Better haff Egg as toom Dowp.  
*Drant*, To speak slow, after a sighing Manner.  
*Dree*, To suffer, Endure.  
*Dreery*, Wearysome, Frightful.  
*Dreigh*, Slow, keeping at Distance. Hence an ill Payer of his Debts, we call *dreigh*. Or when on Journey, if the Way prove longer than we expected, we say, 'Tis a *dreigh Road*.  
*Dribs*, Drops.  
*Drizel*, A little Water in a Rivulet, scarce appearing to run.  
*Droning*, Sitting lazily, or moving heavily. Speaking with Groans.  
*Dronked*, Drench'd, All wet.  
*Dubs*, Mire.  
*Dunt*, Stroke or Blow.  
*Durk*, A Poinyard or Dagger.  
*Dynles*, Trembles, Shakes; To have a Touch of a Pain, as Gout or Tooth-ach.  
*Dyver*, A Bankrupt.

## E A

**E** *Ags*, Incites, Stirs up;  
*Eard*, Earth, The Ground.  
*Edge*, Of a Hill, is the Side or Top.  
*Een*, Eyes.  
*Eild*, Age.  
*Eith*, Easy. *Eithar*, Easier.  
*Elbowk*, Elbow.

*Elf shot*, Shot by an Elf or Fairy?  
*Elson*, A Shoe maker's Awl.  
*Elritch*, Wild, Hideous, Uninhabited, except by imaginary Ghosts.  
*Endlang*, Along.  
*Ergb*, Scrupulous. When one makes faint Attempts to do a Thing without a steady Resolution.  
*Erst*, Time past.  
*Estler*, Hewn stone. Buildings of such we call *Estler-work*.  
*Ether*, An Adder.  
*Etle*, To aim, Design.  
*Eydent*, Diligent, Laborious.

## F A

**F** *A*, A Trap, such as is used for catching Rats or Mice.  
*Fadge*, A spongy Sort of Bread, in Shape of a Roll.  
*Fag*, To tire, or turn weary.  
*Fail*, Thick Turf, such as are used for building Dikes for Folds, Inclosures, &c.  
*Fain*, This Word used in England expresses Desire or Willingness to do a Thing; as, *Fain would I*. Besides its being used in the same Sense with us, it likewise means joyful, tickled with Pleasure. As, *As fain as a Fidler*.  
*Fait*, Neat, In good Order.  
*Fairfaw*, When we wish well to one. That a good or *fair* Fate may befall him.  
*Fash*, Vex or Trouble. *Fashons*, Troublesome.  
*Faugh*, A Colour between white and red. *Faugh Rigs*, Fallow Ground.  
*Feck*, A Part, Quantity; as, *Maist Feck*, The greatest Number. *Nae Feck*, Very few.  
*Feckfow*, Able, Active.  
*Feckless*, Feeble, little and weak.  
*Feed*,



**Feed**, Feud, Hatred, Quarrel.  
**Feil**, Many, Several.  
**Fen**, Shift. *Fending*, Living by Industry. *Make a Fen*, Fall upon Methods.  
**Ferlie**, Wonder.  
**Fernzier**, The last or fore-run Year.  
**File**, To defile or dirty.  
**Fireslaught**, A Flash of Lightning.  
**Fistle**, To stir, A Stir.  
**Fistled**, The Print of the Foot.  
**Fixxing**, Whizzing.  
**Flaffing**, Moving up and down, raising Wind by Motion, as Birds with their Wings.  
**Flags**, Flashes, as of Wind and Fire.  
**Flane**, An Arrow.  
**Flang**, Flung.  
**Flaughter**, To pare Turf from the Ground.  
**Fleetch**, To com.  
**Fleg**, Fright.  
**Flewet**, A smart Blow on the Head.  
**Fley or flie**, To affright. *Fleyt*, Afraid or terrified.  
**Flinders**, Splinters.  
**Flit**, To remove.  
**Flits or Flytes**, To scold, Chide.  
**Flet**, Did scold.  
**Flushes**, Floods.  
**Fog**, Moss.  
**Foordays**, The Morning far advanced, Fair Day-light.  
**Forby**, Besides.  
**Forebears**, Forefathers, Ancestors.  
**Forfairn**, Abused, bespatter'd.  
**Forfoughten**, Weary, Faint and out of Breath with Fighting.  
**Forgainst**, Opposite to.  
**Forgetber**, To meet, Encounter.  
**Forleet**, To forsake.  
**Forestam**, The Fore-head.  
**Fouth**, Abundance, Plenty.  
**Foxie**, Spungy, Soft.  
**Frais**, To make a Noise. We use to say one *makes a Frais*, when they boast, wonder, and talk

more of a Matter than it is worthy of, or will bear.

**Freik**, A Fool, light, impertinent Fellow.  
**Fremit**, Strange, Not a Kin.  
**Fristed**, Trusted.  
**Frush**, Brittle, like Bread baked with Butter.  
**Fuff**, To blow. *Fuffin*, Blowing.  
**Furder**, Prosper.  
**Furthy**, Forward.  
**Fush**, Brought.  
**Fyk**, To be restless, Uneasy.

## G A

**G** *Ab*, The Mouth. To prat, *Gab sae gabh*.  
**Gabbing**, Prating pertly. To *gab* again, When Servants give saucy Returns when reprimanded.  
**Gabby**, One of a ready and easy Expression: The same with *auld Gabbet*.  
**Gadge**, To distate impertinently, Talk idly with a stupid Gravity.  
**Gafaw**, A hearty loud Laughter, To *Gawf*, Laugh.  
**Gams**, Gums.  
**Gar**, To cause, make or force.  
**Gare**, Greedy, Rapacious, earnest to have a Thing.  
**Gash**, Solid, Sagacious: One with a long out Chin, we call *Gash Gabbet*, or *Gash Beard*.  
**Gate**, Way.  
**Gaunt**, Yawn.  
**Gawky**, Idle, staring, idiotical Person.  
**Gawn**, Going.  
**Gawfy**, Jolly, Buxome.  
**Geck**, To mock.  
**Geed or Gade**, Went.  
**Genty**, Handsome, Genteel.  
**Get**, Brat; A Child, by Way of Contempt or Derision.  
**Gif**, If.  
**Gilligacus or Gilligapus**, A staring, gaping Fool.

*Gilpy*



*Gilpy*, A roguish Boy.  
*Gimmer*, A young Sheep (Ew.)  
*Gin*, If.  
*Gird*, To strike, Pierce.  
*Girn*, To grin, Snarl. Also a Snare or Trap, such as Boys make of Horse Hair to catch Birds.  
*Girth*, A Hoop.  
*Glaiks*, An idle, good for nothing Fellow. *Glaiked*, Foolish, Wanton, Light. To give the *Glaiks*, To beguile one, by giving him his Labour for his Pains.  
*Glaister*, To bawl or Bark.  
*Glamour*, Jugling When Devils, Wizards or Juglers deceive the Sight, they are said to cast *Glamour* o'er the Eyes of the Spectator.  
*Glar*, Mire, ouzy Mud.  
*Glee*, To squint.  
*Gleg*, Sharp, Quick, Active.  
*Glen*, A narrow Valley between Mountains.  
*Gloom*, To scowl or frown.  
*Glewing*, The Twilight, or Evening Gloom.  
*Glowr*, To stare, look stern.  
*Glursh*, To hang the Brow and grumble.  
*Goan*, A wooden Dish for Meat.  
*Goolie*, A large Knife  
*Gorlings* or *Gorblings*, Young unfledged Birds.  
*Gossie*, Gossip.  
*Gowans*, Dazies.  
*Gove*, To look broad and steadfast, holding up the Face.  
*Gowf*, Besides the known Game, a Racket or sound Blow on the Chaps, we call a *Gowf* on the *Haffet*.  
*Gowk*, The Cuckow. In Derision we call a thoughtless Fellow, and one who harps too long on one Subject, a *Gowk*.  
*Gowl*, A Howling, To bellow and cry.  
*Gowly*, Ghastly, Large, Waste, Desolate, and Frightful.  
*Granny*, Grandmother, Any old Woman.

*Gree*, Prize, Victory.  
*Green*, To long for.  
*Greet*, To weep. *Grat*, Wept.  
*Grieve*, An Overseer.  
*Grouf*, To ly flat on the Belly.  
*Grounche* or *Glunsh*, To murmur, Grudge.  
*Gryse*, A Pig or young Swine.  
*Gumption*, Good Sense.  
*Gurly*, Rough, bitter, cold (Weather.)  
*Gys'n'd*, When the Wood of any Vessel is shrunk with Dryness.  
*Gytlings*, Young Children.

## H A

**H** *Affet*, The Cheek Side of the Head.  
*Hags*, Hacks, Peat Pits, or Breaks in mossy Ground.  
*Hain*, To save, Manage narrowly.  
*Halefome*, Wholesome; as *Hale*, Whole.  
*Hallen*, A Screen, or Fence of Stone, Turf, &c. A Hanger on, or Parasite, is called a *Hallen-shaker*.  
*Hameld*, Domestick.  
*Hxmely*, Friendly, Frank, Open, Kind.  
*Hanty*, Convenient, Handsome.  
*Harle*, Drag.  
*Harns*, Brains. *Harn-pan*, The Skull.  
*Harship*, Ruin.  
*Haveren*, or *Havrel*, Sloven.  
*Haughs*, Valleys, or low Grounds on the Sides of Rivers.  
*Havins*, Good Breeding  
*Hawfs*, The Throat, or Fore-part of the Neck.  
*Heel*, or *Heel*, Health.  
*Heepy*, A Person hypochondriack.  
*Heez*, To lift up a heavy Thing a little. A *Hezy* is a good Lift.  
*Heght*, Promised. Also, Named.  
*Hempy*, A tricky Wag, such for whom the Hemp grows.

B

Hereit,

*Herit*, Ruined in Estate, broke, spoil'd, impoverisht.  
*Hesp*, A Clasp or Hook, Bar or Bolt; also in Yarn a certain Number of Threeds.  
*Hengb*, A Rock or steep Hill; also a Coal-Pit.  
*Hiddels*, or *Hidlings*, Lurking, hiding Places. To do a Thing in *hidlings*, i. e. privately.  
*Hirple*, To move slowly and lamely.  
*Hustle*, To move as with a rustling Noise.  
*Ho*, A single Stocking.  
*Hool*, Husk. *Hool'd*, Inclosed.  
*Hooly*, Slow.  
*Hest*, or *Wnost*, To cough.  
*How*, Low Ground, A Hollow.  
*How!* Ho!  
*Hawk*, To dig.  
*Howms*, Plains on River sides.  
*Howt!* Fy!  
*Huckle*, To crouch or bow together like a Cat, Hedge-hog or Hare.  
*Hyt*, Mad.

## J A

*Jack*, Jacket.  
*Jag*, To prick as with a Pin.  
*Jaw*, A Wave or Gush of Water.  
*Jawp*, The dashing of Water.  
*Icehogles*, Icicles.  
*Jee*, To incline to one Side. To *jee* back and fore, is to move like a Balk up and down to this and the other Side.  
*Fig*, To crack, make a Noise like a Cart-wheel.  
*Jimp*, Slender.  
*Ilk*, Each. *Ilka*, Every.  
*Ingle*, Fire.  
*Jo*, Sweet-heart.  
*Jouk*, A low Bow.  
*Jrie*, Fearful, terrified, as if afraid of some Ghost or Apparition; also, Melancholy.  
*Jse*, I shall; as, I'll for I will.  
*Jsles*, Embers.

*Junt*, A large Joint or Piece of Meat.  
*Jute*, Sour or dead Liquor.  
*Jybe*, To mock. *Gibe*, Taunt.

## K A

*K* *Aber*, A Rafter.  
*Kale*, or *Kail*, Colewort, and sometimes, Broth.  
*Kame*, Comb.  
*Kanny*, or *Canny*, Fortunate; also wary: One who manages his Affairs discreetly.  
*Kebuck*, A Cheese.  
*Keckle*, To laugh, to be noisic.  
*Kedgy*, Jovial.  
*Keek*, To peep.  
*Kemp*, To strive who shall perform most of the same Work in the same Time; equal to that Proverb, (*Fool's Haste is no Speed*) is, *Kempers shear nae Corn*.  
*Ken*, To know; used in England as a Noun. A Thing within *Ken*, i. e. within View.  
*Kent*, A long Staff, such as Shepherds use for leaping over Ditches.  
*Kepp*, To catch a Thing that moves towards one.  
*Kist*, Did cast. *vid. Coost*.  
*Kilted*, Tuck'd up.  
*Kimmer*, A Female Gossip.  
*Kirn*, A Churn. *Item*, To churn.  
*Kirtle*, An upper Petticoat.  
*Kitchen*, All Sorts of Eatables, except Bread.  
*Kittle*, Difficult, Mysterious, Knotty (Writings)  
*Kittle*, To tickle, Ticklish.  
*Knacky*, Witty and facetious.  
*Knoit*, To bear or strike sharply.  
*Knoos'd*, Bufteted and bruised.  
*Knoo*, A Hillock.  
*Knublock*, A Knob.  
*Knuckles*, Only used in Scots for the Joints of the Fingers next the Back of the Hand.  
*Knuist*, A Lump or large Quantity.  
*Kew*, A Goblin, or any Person one stands

stands in aw to disoblige, and fears.

*Ky*, Kine, or Cows.

*Kyth*, To appear. *He'll kyth in his ain Colours.*

## L A

**L** Aggert, Bespatter'd, Cover'd with Clay.

*Laigh*, Low.

*Lais*, Manners.

*Lak*, or *Lack*, Undervalue, Contemn; as, *He that laks my Mare, would buy my Mare.*

*Landart*, The Country, or belonging to it. Rustick.

*Langour*, Languishing, Melancholy. To hold one out of *Langour*, i. e. divert him.

*Lankale*, Coleworts uncut down.

*Lap*, Leaped.

*Lapper'd*, Crudled, or clotted.

*Lare*, A Place for lying, or that has been lyeen in.

*Lare*, Bog.

*Lave*, The Rest, or Remainder.

*Lawin*, A Tavern Reckoning.

*Lawland*, Low Country.

*Lavrock*, The Lark.

*Lawty*, or *Lowtith*, Justice, Fidelity, Honesty.

*Leal*, True, Upright, Honest, faithful to Trust, Loyal. *A leal Heart never lied.*

*Lear*, Learning, to learn:

*Lee*, Untill'd Ground; also an open Grassy Plain.

*Leplen*, A Milking-Pale with one *Lug* or Handle.

*Lend's*, Buttocks, Loins.

*Lough*, Laughed.

*Lew warm*, Lukewarm.

*Libbit*, Gelded.

*Lick*, To whip or beat. *It. A Wag, or Cheat*, we call a great *Lick*.

*List*, The Sky or Firmament.

*Ligg*, Lyes.

*Lills*, The Holes of a Wind Instrument of Musick: Hence, *Lilt up a Spring*, *Lilt it out*, Take off your Drink merrily.

*Limp*, To halt.

*Lin*, A Cataract.

*Ling*, A quick Carrere, in a straight Line. To gallop.

*Lingle*, Cord, Shoe-makers Thread.

*Linkan*, Walking Speedily.

*Live*, Breasts. *Item*, The most muscular Parts; sometimes the Air or Complexion of the Face.

*Lisk*, The Flank.

*Lith*, A Joint.

*Loan*, A little Common near to Country Villages, where they milk their Cows.

*Loch*, A Lake.

*Loo*, To love.

*Loof*, The Hollow of the Hand.

*Looms*, Tools, Instruments in general, Vessels.

*Loot*, Did let.

*Low*, Flame. *Lowan*, Flaming.

*Lown*, Calm. *Keep lown*, Be secret. *He sits fou lown that has a riven Breech.*

*Loun*, Rogue, Whore, Villain.

*Lout*, To bow down, making Courtessie, To stoop.

*Luck*, To enclose, Shut up, Fasten.

Hence, *Lucken banded*, Close Fisted, *Lucken Gorpans*, Booths, &c.

*Lucky*, Grandmother, or Goody.

*Lug*, Ear, Handle of a Pot or Vessel.

*Lyart*, Hoary or Gray-haired.

## M A

**M** Agil, To mangle.

*Maik*, or *Make*, Match, Equal, *Maiklefs*, Matchless.

*Makly*, Seemly, Well proportion'd.

*Melison*, A Curse, Malediction.

B a

Mangit,

*Mangit*, Gall'd or bruised by Toil or Stripes.  
*Mank*, A Want.  
*Mant*, To stammer in Speech.  
*March*, or *Merch*, A Land-mark, Border of Lands.  
*March*, The Marrow.  
*Marrow*, Mate, Fellow, Equal, Comrade. We say, *Half-Marrow*, Husband or Wife, and the *Marrow* of a Shoe or Glove.  
*Mask*, To mash, in Brewing.  
*Masking-Loom*, Mash-Vat.  
*Mann*, Muft. *Mannna*, Muft not, May not.  
*Meikle*, Much, Big, Great, Large.  
*Meith*, Limit, Mark, Sign.  
*Mends*, Satisfaction, Revenge, Retaliation. To make a *Mends*, To make a grateful Return.  
*Menſe*, Discretion, Sobriety, good Breeding. *Mensfou*, Mannerly.  
*Menzie*, Company of Men, Army, Assembly; One's Followers.  
*Mess'n*, A little Dog, Lap-dog.  
*Midding*, A Dunghill.  
*Midges*, Gnats, little Flies.  
*Mim*, Affectedly modest.  
*Mint*, Aim, Endeavour.  
*Mirk*, Dark.  
*Miscaw*, To give Names.  
*Mischance*, Misfortune.  
*Misken*, To neglect or not take Notice of one; also, Let alone.  
*Mistushous*, Malicious, Rough.  
*Misters*, Necessities, Wants.  
*Mony*, Many.  
*Mou*, Mouth.  
*Mow*, A Pile or Bing, as of Fewel, Hay, Sheaves of Corn, &c.  
*Moup*, To eat, generally used of Children, or of old People, who have but few Teeth, and make their Lips move fast, tho' they eat but slow.  
*Muckle*, vid. *Meikle*.  
*Margullied*, Mismanaged, Abused.  
*Mutch*, A Coif.  
*Mutchken*, An English Pint.

## N A

**N** *Acky*, or *Knacky*, Clever, active in small Affairs.  
*Neeſe*, Nose.  
*Nettle*, To fret or vex.  
*Newſangle*, Fond of a new Thing.  
*Nevel*, A sound Blow with the Nive or Fiſt.  
*Nick*, To bite or cheat. *Nicked*, Cheated; also as a cant Word, to drink heartily; as, *He nicks fine*.  
*Nieſt*, Next.  
*Niffer*, To exchange or barter.  
*Nither*, To straiten. *Nithered*, Hungered or half starved in Maintenance.  
*Nive*, The Fiſt.  
*Nock*, Notch or Nick on an Arrow or Spindle.  
*Noit*, See *Knoit*.  
*Nowt*, Cows, Kine.  
*Nowther*, Neither.  
*Nuckle*, New calv'd (Cows.)

## O E

**O** *E*, A Grandchild.  
*O'er*, or *Owre*, Too much; as, *A' O'ens is Nice*.  
*O'ercome*, Superplus.  
*Ony*, Any.  
*Or*, Sometimes used for *e're* or *before*. Or *Day*, i. e. before Day brake.  
*Oughilens*, In the least.  
*Owſen*, Oxen.  
*Owther*, Either.  
*Oxter*, The Arm-pits

## P A



## P A

**Paddock**, A Frog. **Paddock Ride**,  
The Spawn of Frogs.  
**Paik**, Chastisement. **To paik**, To  
beat or belabour one soundly.  
**Pang**, To squeez, press or pack one  
Thing into another.  
**Paughty**, Proud, haughty.  
**Patky**, Witty or sly in Word or  
Action, without any Harm or  
bad Desigus.  
**Peer**, A Key or Wharf.  
**Pets**, Turf for Fire.  
**Pb**, To pant.  
**Pussy**, Finical, foppish, conceited.  
**Perquire**, By Heart.  
**Pett**, A Favourite, a Fondling.  
**To pettle**, To dandle, feed, che-  
rish, flatter. Hence to take the  
**Pett**, is to be peevish, or sullen,  
as commonly **Petts** are when in  
the least disoblighd.  
**Proughs**, Such *Highland* Tunes  
as are play'd on Bag Pipes before  
them when they go out to Battle.  
**Pug**, An Earthen-pitcher.  
**Pick**, To pick, pick out, or chuse.  
**Pimpin**, Pimping, mean, scurvy.  
**Pine**, Pain or Pining.  
**Pngle**, To contend, strive or work  
hard.  
**Pn**, The Spool or Quill within  
the Shuttle, which receives the  
Yarn. **Pirny**, (Cloath or a Web)  
of unequal Threads or Colours,  
stripped.  
**Pk**, Strength, Might, Force.  
**Pack**, Two *Bodles*, or the 3d of a  
*Tenny English*.  
**Ple**, or **Paple**, The Bubbling, Purl-  
ing or Boyling up of Water.  
**Popling**.  
**Potish**, Poverty.  
**Pony**, A little Horse or Gallo.  
**Pay**; also a *Turky*.  
**Push**, To push.  
**Puch**, A Pocket.

**Pratick**, Practice, Art, Stratagem.

**Priving Pratick**, Trying ridicu-  
lous Experiments.

**Prets**, Tricks, Rogueries. We say,  
*He play'd me a Pret*, i. e. Cheat-  
ed. *The Callan's su' of Prets*,  
i. e. Has Abundance of waggish  
Tricks.

**Prig**, To cheapen, or importune  
for a lower Price of Goods one is  
buying.

**Prin**, A Pin.

**Prive**, To prove or taste.

**Propine**, Gift or Present.

**Prym**, or **Prime**, To fill or stuff.

## R A

**Rackless**, Careless. One who  
does Things without regard-  
ing whether they be good or bad,  
we call him *rackless Handed*.

**Raffan**, Merry, roving, hearty.

**Raird**, A loud Sound.

**Rak**, or **Ronk**, A Mist or Fog.

**Rampage**, To speak and act furi-  
ously.

**Rashes**, Rushes.

**Rave**, Did rive or tear.

**Raught**, Reached.

**Rax**, To stretch. *Rax'd*, Reached.

**Ream**, Cream. Whence, *Ream-*  
*ing*; as, *Reaming Liquor*.

**Redd**, To rid, unravel, To sepa-  
rate Folks that are fighting,  
where one oft gets what we call  
the *Redding Strake*. It also si-  
gnifies clearing of any Passage.

**Rede**, Counsel, Advice; as, *I wad*  
*na rede ye to do that*.

**Rest**, Bereft, robbed, forc'd or  
carried away.

**Reif**, Rapine, Robbery.

**Reik**, or **Rink**, A Course or Race.

**Rice**, or **Rife**, Bkushes, Bramble  
Branches, or Twigs of Trees,  
such as are used for Partition  
Walls plaister'd with Clay.

*Rift*,



**Rift**, To belch.  
**Rigging**, The Back, or Rig-back, the Top or Ridge of a House.  
**Rock**, A Distaff.  
**Roose**, or **Ruse**, To commend, ex toll.  
**Rowan**, Rolling.  
**Roundel**, A witty, and often Satyrick Kind of Rhime, commonly of 8 Lines, some of which are repeated as the Fancy requires.  
**Rowt**, To roar, especially the lowing of Bulls and Cows.  
**Rowth**, Plenty.  
**Ruck**, A Rick or Stack of Hay, or Corns.  
**Rude**, The red Taint of the Complexion.  
**Rueful**, Doleful.  
**Rug**, To pull, take away by Force.  
**Rumple**, The Rump.  
**Rungs**, Small Boughs of Trees lopped off, which serve for Staves to Country People.  
**Runkle**, A Wrinkle. *Runkle*, To ruffle.  
**Rype**, To search.

## S A

**S** **Aebiens**, Seeing it is, since.  
**Saikless**, Guiltless, free.  
**Sall**, Shall. Like **Soud**, for Should.  
**Sand-blind**, Pur blind, Short-sighted.  
**Sare**, Savour or Smell.  
**Sark**, A Shirt.  
**Saugb**, A Willow or Sallow Tree.  
**Saw**, An old Saying, or Proverbial Expression.  
**Scar**, The bare Places on the Sides of Hills washen down with Rains.  
**Scart**, To scratch.  
**Scawp**, A bare, dry Piece of stony Ground.  
**Scon**, Bread the Country People bake over the Fire, thinner and broader than a **Bannock**.  
**Scowp**, To leap or move hastily from one Place to another.  
**Scrimp**, Narrow, straitned, little.

**Scroggs**, Shrubs, Thorns, Briers;  
**Scroggy**, Thorny.  
**Scuds**, Ale. A late Name given it by the Benders, perhaps from its easy and clever Motion.  
**Sell**, Self.  
**Sench**, Furrow, Ditch.  
**Sey**, To try.  
**Seybow**, A young Onion.  
**Shan**, Pitiful, silly, poor.  
**Shaw**, A Wood or Forrest.  
**Shill**, Shrill, having a sharp Sound.  
**Shire**, Clear, thin. We call thin Cloath, or clear Liquor, **Shire**. Also a clever Wag, *A Shire Lick*.  
**Shog**, To wag, shake, or jog backwards or forwards.  
**Shool**, Shovel.  
**Shoon**, Shoes.  
**Shore**, To threaten.  
**Shottle**, A Drawer.  
**Sib**, A kin.  
**Sic**, Such.  
**Sicker**, Firm, secure.  
**Sike**, A Rill or Rivulet, commonly dry in Summer.  
**Siller**, Silver.  
**Sinsyne**, Since that Time. *Lang sinsyne*, Long ago.  
**Skail**, To scatter.  
**Skair**, Share.  
**Skaith**, Hurt, Damage, Loss.  
**Skeigh**, Skittish.  
**Skelp**, To run. Used when one runs Barefoot. Also a small Splinter of Wood. *It*. To flog the Hips.  
**Skiff**, To move smoothly away.  
**Skink**, A Kind of strong Broth made of Cows Hams or Knuckles. We say, *A Spoonfu' of Skitter will spoil a Potsu' of Skink*. Also, To fill Drink in a Cup.  
**Skirl**, To shriek, or cry with a shrill Voice.  
**Sklate**, Slate. *Skailie*, is the fine blue Slate.  
**Skowrie**, Ragged, Nasty, Idle. We call a vagrant lazy Fellow, *A Skowrie*.

*Skewrie*, or *Skurriewaig*, i. e. A Scourer or Vagrant.  
*Skyt*, To fly out hastily.  
*Slade* or *Slaid*, Did slide, moved, or made a Thing move easily.  
*Slap* or *Slak*, A Gap, or narrow Pass between two Hills. *Slap*, A Breach in a Wall.  
*Slid*, Smooth, cunning, slippery; as, *He's a slid Lown*. *Slidry*, Slippery.  
*Slippery*, Sleepy.  
*Slonk*, A Mire, Ditch or Slough.  
*Slot*, A Bar or Bolt for a Door.  
*Slough*, A Husk or Coat.  
*Smak*, A silly little pitiful Fellow; the same with *Smatchet*.  
*Smittle*, Infectious or Catching.  
*Smoor*, To smother.  
*Snack*, Nimble, ready, clever.  
*Sned*, To cut.  
*Sneg*, To cut; as, *Sneg'd off at the Web End*.  
*Snell*, Sharp, smarting, bitter.  
*Snib*, Snub, check or reprove, correct.  
*Snister*, To snuff or breath throw the Nose a little stopt.  
*Snod*, Metaphorically used for Neat, Handsome, Tight.  
*Snood*, The Band for tying up a Woman's Hair.  
*Snool*, To dispirit by chiding, hard Labour, and the like; also a pitiful groveling Slave.  
*Snoove*, To whirl round.  
*Snotter*, Snot.  
*Snurl*, To ruffle or wrinkle.  
*Sod*, A thick Turf.  
*Sonfy*, Happy, fortunate, lucky, sometimes used for large and lusty.  
*Sore*, Sorrel, redish coloured.  
*Sofs*, The Noise that a Thing makes when it falls to the Ground To fall down heavily, is to fall *with a Sofs*.  
*Souch*, The Sound of Wind amongst Trees, or of one sleeping.  
*Sowens*, Flumry, or Oat meal sower'd amongst Water for some

time, then boil'd to a Consistency, and eaten with Milk or Butter.  
*Sowf*, To connover a Tune on an Instrument.  
*Spae*, To fortel or divine. *Spaemen*, Prophets, Augurs.  
*Spain*, To wean from the Breast.  
*Spait*, A Torrent, Flood, or Inundation.  
*Spang*, A Leap or Jump. To leap or jump.  
*Spaul*, Shoulder, Arm.  
*Speel*, To climb.  
*Speer*, To ask, inquire.  
*Spelder*, To split, stretch, spread out, draw asunder. Whence *Speldin*, A little Fish open'd and dry'd.  
*Spence*, The Place of the House where Provisions are kept.  
*Spill*, To spoil, abuse.  
*Spoolie*, Spoil, Booty, Plunder.  
*Sprains*, Stripes of different Colours, as in Cloath.  
*Spring*, A Tune on a Musical Instrument.  
*Sprush*, Spruce.  
*Sprutt'd*, Speckled, spotted.  
*Spunk*, Tinder.  
*Stang*, Did sting; also a Sting or Pole.  
*Stank*, A Pool or Pond of standing Water.  
*Stark*, Strong, robust.  
*Starns*, The Stars. *Starn*, A small Moiety. We say, *Ne'er a Starn*.  
*Stay*, Steep; as, *Set a stout Heart to a stay Brae*.  
*Steek*, To shut, close.  
*Stend*, or *Sien*, To move with a hasty long Pace.  
*Stent*, To stretch or extend.  
*Stirk*, A steer or Bullock.  
*Stoit*, or *Stot*, To rebound or reflect. One is said to *stoit*, when he hits his foot against a Stone, or moves like one drunk.  
*Stou*, To cut or crop, *A Stow*, A large Cut or Piece.

*Stound*,

*Stound*, A smarting Pain or Stitch ;  
as, *A Stound of Love.*

*Stour*, Dust agitated by Winds,  
Men or Horie Feet. *To Stour*,  
*To run quickly.*

*Stowth*, Stealth.

*Strath*, A Plain on a River Side.

*Stretch*, *To stretch.*

*Striddle*, *To stride*, applied com-  
monly to one that's little.

*Strinkle*, *To sprinkle or straw.*

*Stroot or Strate*, Stuff'd full, drunk.

*Strunt*, A Pett. A Fit of ill Hu-  
mour. *To take the Strunt*, *To*  
*be petted or out of Humour.*

*Study*, An Anvil or Smith's Stithy.

*Sturdy*, Giddy-headed.

*Sture*, or *Stoor*, Stiff, strong, rough,  
hoarse.

*Sturt*, Trouble, Disturbance, Ve-  
xation.

*Stym*, A Blink, or a little Sight of  
a Thing.

*Suddle*, *To sully or defile.*

*Sumpb*, Blockhead.

*Sunkets*, Something.

*Swak*, *To throw, cast with Force.*

*Swankies*, Clever young Fellows.

*Swarf*, *To swoon away.*

*Swash*, Squar, fuddled.

*Swatch*, A Pattern.

*Swats*, Small Ale.

*Swecht*, Burden, Weight, Force.

*Sweer*, Lazy, slow.

*Sweeties*, Confections.

*Swel*, *To be suffocated, choaked*  
*to Death.*

*Swith*, Begone quickly.

*Swither*, *To be doubtful whether to*  
*do this or that, go this Way or*  
*the other.*

*Syne*, Afterwards, then.

## T A

**T** Ackel, An Arrow.

Tane, Taken.

*Tap*, A Head, or such a Quantity  
of Lint as the Spinsters put on  
the Distaff, is a *Lint-Tap*.

*Tape*, *To employ or use any Thing*  
*sparingly, that it may last long.*

*Tappit-ben*, The Scots Quart, or  
English half Gallon Stoup.

*Tartan*, Cross striped Stuff, of va-  
rious Colours, checker'd. The  
Highland Plaids.

*Tate*, A small Lock of Hair, or a  
ny little Quantity of Wool, Cos-  
ton, or the like.

*Taz*, A Whip or Scourge.

*Ted*, *To scatter, spread ; as Ted-*  
*ding Hay.*

*Tee*, A little Earth, on which Gam-  
sters at the Gowf set their Ball  
before they strike them off.

*Teen*, or *Tynd*, Anger, Rage, Sor-  
row.

*Teet*, *To peep out.*

*Tensome*, The Number of Ten.

*Tent*, Attention, *To observe. Ten-*  
*ty*, Headful, cautious.

*Thack*, Thatch. *Thacker*, Thatcher.

*Thae*, Those.

*Tharmes*, Small Tripes.

*Theek*, *To thatch.*

*Thig*, *To beg.*

*Thir*, These.

*Thole*, *To endure, suffer.*

*Thowless*, Unactive, silly, lazy,  
heavy.

*Thrawart*, Froward; cross, crabbed.

*Thrawin*, Stern and cross grain'd.

*Threep*, *To aver, alledge, urge and*  
*affirm boldly.*

*Thrimal*, *To press or squeez thro'*  
*with Difficulty.*

*Thud*, A Blast, Blow, Storm, or  
the violent Sound of these. *Cry'd*  
*beh at ilka Thud*, i. e. Gave a  
Groan at every Blow.

*Tid*, Tide or Time, proper Time,  
as, *He took the Tid.*

*Tist*, Good Order, Health.

*Tine*, *To lose, Tint, Lost.*

*Tip* or *Tippony*, Ale sold for Two-  
pence the Scots Pint.

*Tirle* or *Tirr*, *To uncover a House,*  
*or undress a Person, strip one na-*  
*ked. Sometimes a short Action*

is named a *Tirle*; *td*, They took  
a *Tirle* of Dancing, Drinking, &c.

*Töcher*, Portion, Dowry.

*Tod*, A Fox.

*Tooly*, To fight; A Fight or Quarrel.

*Toom*, Empty, applied to a Barrel, Purse, House, &c. *It*. To empty.

*Tosh*, Tight, neat, when spoke of a little Person.

*Tosie*, Warm, pleasant, half fuddled.

*To the fore*, In being, alive, unconsumed.

*Touse* or *Towse*, To rumple, teeze.

*Tout*, The Sound of a Horn or Trumpet.

*Tow*, A Rope. A *Tyburn* Neck-hack, or St. *Johnstown* Ribband.

*Towmond*, A Year or Twelvemonth.

*Troes*, Hose and Breeches all of a Piece, wore by the *Highlandmen*.

*Trig*, Neat, handsomely.

*Troke*, Exchange.

*True*, To trow, trust, believe; as, *True ye sae*; or, *Love gars me true ye*.

*Truf*, Steal.

*Turs*, Turfs.

lazy, *Twin*, To part with, or separate from.

rabbed, *Ydie*, Plump, fat, lusty.

grain'd, *Ynd*, Vid. *Teen*.

erge and *Yst*, To entice, stir up, allure.

## U G

*Ugg*, To detest, hate, nauseate.  
*Ugg some*, Hateful, nauseous, horrible.

*Umobile*, The late, or deceast sometime ago. Of old.

*Undocht*, or *Wandought*, A silly weak Person.

*Uneth*, Not easy.

*Un gear'd*, Naked, not clad, unhar-  
ness'd.

*Unko*, or *Unco*, Uncouth, strange.

*Unlufome*, Unlovely.

## V O

*Vongy*, Elevated, proud. That  
boasts or brags of any Thing.

## W A

*W* *Ad*, or *Wed*, Pledge, Wa-  
ger, Pawn.

*Waff*, Wandring by itself.

*Wak*, Moist, wet.

*Wale*, To pick and chuse. *The*  
*Wale*, i. e. The best.

*Walop*, To move swiftly with much  
Agitation.

*Wally*, Chosen, beautiful, large.  
*A bonny Wally*, i. e. A fine  
Thing.

*Wame*, Womb.

*Wangrace*, Wickedness, Want of  
Grace.

*War*, Worse.

*Warlock*, Wizard.

*Wat*, or *Wit*, To know.

*Waught*, A large Draught. *Waughts*,  
drinks largely.

*Wee*, Little; as, *A wanton wee*  
*Thing*. *Wean*, or *wee Ane*, A  
Child.

*Ween*, Thought, imagined, sup-  
posed.

*Weer*, To stop or oppose.

*Weir*, War.

*Weird*, Fate or Destiny.

*Weit*, Rain.

*Wesh*, Insipid, wallowish, wanting  
Salt.

*Whank*, Whip, beat, flog.

*Whid*, To fly quickly. *A Whid* is  
a hasty Flight.

*Whilk*, Which.

*Woilly*, To cheat. *Woilly-wba*, A  
Cheat.

*Windging*, Whinnying, speaking  
with a doleful Tone.

*Whins*, Fuzze.

C

*Whisht*,



*Wbist*, Hush, Hold your Peace.  
*Wisk*, To pull out hastily, as a  
 Sword out of its Sheath.  
*Wtomilt*, Turn'd upside down.  
 Whelmed.  
*Wight*, Stout, clever, active. Item,  
 A Man or Person.  
*Wimpling*, A turning backward and  
 forward, winding like the Me-  
 anders of a River.  
*Win*, To reside, dwell.  
*Winna*, Will not.  
*Winnocks*, Windows.  
*Winsom*, Gaining, desirable, agree-  
 able, complete, large; we say,  
 My winsome Love.  
*Wisent*, Parch'd, dry'd, wither'd.  
*Wistle*, To exchange (Money.)  
*Witherstins*, Cross Motion, or a-  
 gainst the Sun.  
*Woo*, or *W*, Wool; as in the  
 Whim of making five Words put  
 of four Letters, thus, z, a, e, w,  
 (i e) Is it all one Wool?  
*Wood*, Mad.  
*Woody*, The Gallows.  
*Wordy*, Worthy.  
*Wow*! Wonderful! Strange! O wow!  
 Ah strange!  
*Wreatbs*, Of Snow, when Heaps of

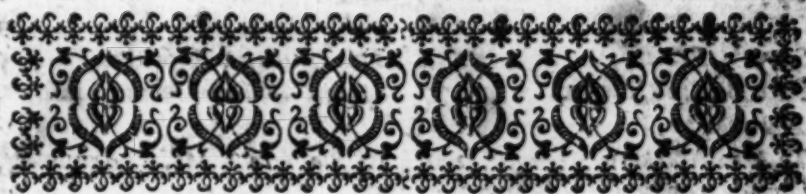
it are blown together by the  
 Wind.  
*Wyfing*, Inclining. To wyse, To  
 lead, train; as, He's no sic  
 Govok as to wise the Water by his  
 ain Mill.  
*Wyfon*, The Gullet.  
*Wyt*, To blame. Blame.

Y A

*Y Amph*, To bark, or make a  
 Noise like little Dogs.  
*Yap*, Hungry, having a longing De-  
 sire for any Thing ready.  
*Yealton*, Yea wilt thou.  
*Yed*, To contend, wrangle. Con-  
 tention, Wrangling.  
*Yeld*, Barren, as a Cow that gives  
 no Milk.  
*Yerk*, To do any Thing with Cele-  
 rity.  
*Yesk*, The Hickup.  
*Yess*, Gate.  
*Yestreen*, Yesternight.  
*Yowden*, Wearied.  
*Yowf*, A swinging Blow.  
*Yuke*, The Itch.  
*Yule*, Christmas.







# CONTENTS.

	Page.		Page.
<b>M</b> orning Interview,	1	Christ's Kirk on the Green,	89
Edinburgh's Address		Scriblers lash'd,	121
to the Country,	17	Content,	133
On Mr. Bruce and his Fellows		Richy and Sandy,	161
Distress,	23	Josiah Burchet to the Author,	169
Maggy Johnston's Elegy,	25	Answer to the foregoing,	171
John Cowper's Elegy,	29	Seven familiar Epistles pass'd	
Lucky Wood's Elegy,	33	between Lieutenant Hamil-	
Lucky Spence's last Advice,	36	ton and the Author,	173
Tartana,	41	Patie and Roger,	200
The last Time I came o'er the		Edinburgh's Salutation to the	
Moor,	65	Marquess of Carnarvon,	213
Last of Patie's Mill,	67	Wealth or the Woody,	217
Green Sleeves,	69	North-Sea,	229
Yellow-hair'd Laddie,	71	Spoke to Mrs. N.	245
Nannio,	72	Mary Scor,	246
Bonny Jean,	73	Wine and Musick,	247
Auld lang syne,	75	O'er Bogie,	249
Last of Livingstone,	77	O'er the Moor to Maggy,	251
Peggy I must love thee,	79	I'll never leave thee,	252
Ode on Drinking,	82	Polwart on the Green,	254
Bessy Bell,	83	John Hay's bony Lassie,	255
Young Laird and Edinburgh		Genty Tiby and sonfy Nelly,	257
Katy,	85	Up in the Air,	259
My Mither's ay glowring o'er		Epistle	
me,	87		

<i>Epistle to my Lord Ramsay,</i>	261	<i>Pastoral on the Countess of</i>	309
<i>Sayer's Project,</i>	272	<i>Wigton,</i>	309
<i>Pate Burnie's Elegy,</i>	277	<i>The beautiful Rose Tree,</i>	315
<i>A Prologue,</i>	183	<i>Spoken to three young Ladies,</i>	316
<i>To Mr. Alkman,</i>	285	<i>Epistle to Mr. Arbuckle,</i>	317
<i>Cupid thrown in South-Sea,</i>	287	<i>On Wit,</i>	325
<i>To the Musick Club,</i>	288	<i>Address to the Town-Council of</i>	328
<i>On Friendship,</i>	290	<i>Edinburgh,</i>	328
<i>Bill to the Whin Bush,</i>	291	<i>To some young Ladies,</i>	331
<i>On the Eclipse of the Sun 1715,</i>	293	<i>Clyde's Welcome to his Prince,</i>	337
<i>The Gentleman's Qualifications</i>	296	<i>To the Earl of Dalhousie,</i>	338
<i>debated,</i>	296	<i>On the Marquess of Bowmont's</i>	341
<i>Inscription on a Gold Tea-pot,</i>	299	<i>cutting off his Hair,</i>	341
<i>Inscription on a Punch bowl,</i>	299	<i>To Mr. Smibert,</i>	343
<i>Spoken to two Ladies,</i>	300	<i>To Sir William Bennet,</i>	346
<i>Ode to the Ph—, sings to</i>	301	<i>Horace to Virgil,</i>	349
<i>the Tune of Rub her o'er</i>	301	<i>One to Mr. F—,</i>	351
<i>Wi' Strac,</i>	301	<i>To R— H— B—,</i>	354
<i>Patie and Peggy,</i>	304	<i>To Mr Mitchel,</i>	357
<i>The Mill Mill—O,</i>	306	<i>The Poet's Wish,</i>	359
<i>Woes my Heart that we shau'd</i>	307	<i>Conclusion,</i>	362
<i>find,</i>	307		

F I N I S.

